

GERMAN LITERATURE

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OF
WOLFGANG MENZEL.



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As wine and oil are imported to us from abroad, so must ripe understanding, and many civil virtues, be imported into our minds from foreign writings; — we shall else miscarry still, and come short in the attempts of any great enterprise.

MILTON, *History of Britain*, Book III.

GERMAN LITERATURE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

WOLFGANG MENZEL.

By C. C. FELTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MENZEL.

MENZEL.

HISTORY.

THE study of history is at present the order of the day. Formerly, abstraction and the faculty of imagination reigned in theology, philosophy, and poetry; but these have now given way to experimental knowledge. People had deserted the *terra firma* of reality, to live in heaven, on dreamy intellectual heights, in the apparition land of the poetic art; now, when they have begun to feel the unsatisfying character of this unreal life, or rather when we have been so rudely frightened from our dreams, by the terrors of the French revolution and Napoleon's stormy career, we have been compelled, against our will, to learn the value of what exists, and the worthlessness of what is only imagined — we would wholly and gladly return to practical life. But the German is still condemned to do nothing but think and write. His longing for action is only shown by the fact that he studies the actions of the past — that he studies history with a zeal before unknown.

Add to this, that nearly all the other muses have outlived their time. There is no longer a fresh impulse, either in theology or philosophy; and poetry,

even, is suffering from surfeit. Unsatisfied with these appearances of the present, we go back to the past, in all the sciences and arts, and study them historically, in order to discover again somewhat better, or to console ourselves, by an exact knowledge of every thing, for being incapable of enthusiasm for any thing.

Hence our immeasurable historical literature — hence the thousands of works in which we have drawn universal history, the history of particular ages, nations, countries, or persons, of states, of religions, of manners, of sciences and arts, like an almost boundless panorama within the sphere of our observation. Hence in poetry, also, the predominating historical tendency, the prodigious quantity of historical novels and tragedies.

Although such a lively movement towards historical investigation could come only from abroad, by the spirit of the age, and by the tendency of a whole people, yet the carrying it forward was, and always is, first in the hands of the professional literati; and hence this study is still involved in all the chaos of scholastic faults, and has by no means raised itself from an affair of scholastic pedantry to the object of a free and elevated national spirit.

Before the school had attained to a principle of criticism, it started from the point of *polyhistory*. It collected only historical information, and heaped it up mountain high. Writers devoted collections, in many folio and quarto volumes, not only to the history of a great nation, but even to the history of the pettiest princes and noble families. They wrote monstrous commentaries on the genealogy, not only of the princes, but even of the ordinary nobility and city

patricians. It was, in fact, historiography of servants for their lords. The works were properly mere appendages to the dedication. As yet they had no idea of a public which enjoys and judges historical works; they could have no idea of it, for as yet there was no such public. Only the families, the official successors, the native place, interested themselves in the long-winded erudition of those historiographers in bag wigs. Besides the valuable collections of old historical works, — besides a few useful histories of the empire, and first essays towards general views in history, — nothing had yet been furnished adapted to excite a general interest; and although a particular history of a superior character appeared here and there, yet it was physically impossible to found an historical culture of the nation on the reading of local histories, so innumerable, corpulent, and so swelled out with the most useless details. Umpires must first arise, and particularly critics, to separate the wheat from the chaff.

For this isolation of historical details, in the absolute want of broad general views, the school certainly was not in the outset to blame, but the unhappy division of Germany into many small states. But the school is exposed to the just reproach of having cherished the evil spirit of disunion and private jealousy, of political pettiness and Little Pedlingtonism¹

¹ [*Krahwinkeli*, in the original. The allusion is to *Krahwinkel*, the scene of one of Kotzebue's comedies, in which the narrow spirit of the inhabitants of small towns is ridiculed. I have substituted the word in the text, deriving it from Mr. Poole's witty and excellent little work, called "Little Pedlington." — TRANSL.]

in the very bosom of our great nation, and deliberately too, from a base servility, even when a better spirit had long been awakened. Very recently, since the appearance of Johannes Müller's history of Switzerland, the Bavarian history of Zschokke, and so forth, those special histories have first, properly speaking, come into fashion, in which not only single branches of the German stock, but even portions of one branch accidentally torn asunder or cobbled together, have been proclaimed as primeval and independent nations. These miserable historians affected not to perceive a collective character of the German nation; but the limits of nationality consist, in their view, in the whimsical lines which the feudal tenure and family inheritance have drawn directly through those of the same nation, and in defiance of national peculiarities. This kind of pedantry and this provincial spirit, which is a traitor to patriotism, reigned, with a certain *naïveté*, down to the middle of the last century. So long there was, properly speaking, no principle of criticism among us, and learned men thought they had done the best they could, if they followed the old custom, and added to it a little elegance borrowed from the French courtiers.

Now, however, the critical period commenced. The great English historians became our models. The ancient Germans had conquered England; given a new population and a new language to the country; and, as if moved by an unconscious anticipation, had vindicated their primeval freedom on that happy island, that a lively recollection of it might there be preserved, and in order, perhaps, to receive it back again some time or other from thence. In free England

there were still manly spirits, endowed with independent creative powers, while the degenerate Germans could as yet do nothing but imitate. We had drawn all our culture from France and Italy, and had become wholly spoilt by these models. All the soundness that had been left us by Italian scholasticism, Italian jurisprudence, Italian medicine, was completely destroyed by French dissoluteness and sentimentality, after the time of Rousseau. It was fortunate for us that the passion for aping, which unhappily animated our miserable grandsires, for once, at least, led them to England, there to learn again what is the dignity of man.

The English acted history; they understood, therefore, how to write it. The citizen scholar was not there, as among us, a despised servant, in whom it would have been thought too ridiculous, and a thing to be punished, had he taken any part in politics. The most common Englishman took part in the government by parliamentary elections, by the publicity of legislative proceedings and of the courts, and by the freedom of the press. Their scholars were themselves statesmen—had a clear view of the condition of their own country, and hence learned to comprehend with greater facility the conditions of other nations and states, both ancient and modern. Their view was free and great. The view of the German scholars was cloudy and contracted. The former were high-spirited men; the latter, effeminate pedants and schoolmasters.

The German, however, would have been still more wretched than he was, had not his better nature turned to the light which broke in through his dark prison walls. Now, the poets brought up the *Anglomania* in

place of the *Gallomania*, which had heretofore prevailed; and, as a great German province, Hanover, was dependent on England, the Hanover and Brunswick scholars at Göttingen and Wolfenbüttel, such as Lessing, Schlözer, Spittler, Lichtenberg, were able to praise the English character, and even the British constitution, without being impeached for high treason.

Meantime, it would still have been impossible for the German scholars to write the history of their own country from so free a point of view as the English did theirs. The best minds among them, therefore, turned from German history, and devoted themselves to the general history of the world, or the history of ancient and foreign nations.

The courage of these new historical writers was not, however, and scarcely could be, generally political. Even Schlözer, who certainly was an intrepid man, could not say to the great what he said to the petty tyrants. In the greater number of historians, their plain-dealing was limited to the very cheap condemnation or derision of ancient superstition. Since Voltaire had become the fashionable writer, the courts had adopted this kind of illumination, and the learned could do no less than introduce it into the schools. To do this required no heroic spirit. On the part of the Catholics, the Illuminati united with the Anglomaniacs, the followers of Voltaire and the reformers of Rousseau's school, to scoff at the middle ages in company. Both in style and thought, the ancient and sacred cumbrousness of the Roman empire was thrown aside, and people became wanton scoffers, reasoners, and gay young sparks. The venerable perukes were thrown

into the fire, and people thought themselves amazingly enlightened in cues and bags, and showed by their meshes the zephyrlike flight of their minds.

Gentlemen took the matter very easily. What they did not understand they denied away. The celebrated historical skepticism, which was brought into fashion by Schlözer, Rühs, and others, went so far as to reject as stupid fable every thing which did not appear rational and natural to their comprehension.

The genuineness of the *mythi* was denied, and they were pronounced the invention of priests. Rühs maintained that the old northern *Edda* was a composition of Anglo-Saxon monks. Voss was convinced that the Hindoo *Sacotala* was a composition of Alexandrian Greeks. It came to be thought proper, in historical works, either to omit entirely the most ancient sagas, or to speak of them with diffidence as idle tales. This folly was natural. Before this, too much had been believed: now, too little was believed. Before this, the Jesuits had perverted the ancient and venerable historical sagas, and made them contemptible by the silliest legends of the priests; but the Protestant black-coats had done the same by the most atrocious stories of the devil, of ghosts, and of witches. It was natural that even the beautiful and the true, which are concealed in the sagas, should be condemned, for a time, from a general hatred of the lies that had been connected with religion. No great disadvantage, however, has accrued to science from this; for the later romanticists have taken special care to have all the old sagas brought up again. Meantime, we have also to complain that, precisely in the second half of the last

century, while the historical skepticism and the contempt of the mythi were at their height, so many and great voyages of discovery to other lands were made, and that the scientific travellers were generally true to the fashion of the times, in that they were ashamed to communicate to us the interesting sagas of foreign and savage nations, or thought nothing at all about the matter.

But the hatred and contempt for the middle ages was more striking still. The ancient grudge of Protestants against Papacy was now converted into a noble wrath of political liberalists at feudalism. The time was coming when the reformation should be changed to a revolution. The less could be done, the more energetically this hatred was uttered in books. Hence, the French wrote more vehemently against the middle ages before the revolution than they have since, and the Germans write now more vehemently against them than the French. Indignation at the original cause of that whose consequences annoy us is natural; but it has gone beyond all bounds. People went so far as to consider the noble works of Gothic architecture tasteless, simply because they sprung from the middle ages. They gave no credit to the ancient knights and their exploits, simply because those knights were feudal lords. Nay, even the free institutions of the middle ages were rejected, merely because they belonged to that time. Serviles were not wanting, who took advantage of this detestation of the middle ages, and recommended modern absolutism, as it had been introduced by Louis XIV., and still more by Frederick II., as the only way of salvation. So long as all the ecclesiastical states

were not yet secularized, and the petty princes and counts of the empire were not mediatized — so long as some small restraint was imposed upon the greater princes by the constitution of the empire — so long every one might boldly deride the middle ages, in which those still existing relations took root which they would *gladly have destroyed.

Thus the liberal and servile historians rivalled each other in scoffing at every thing that lay beyond the reformation.

But, as by far the greater part of German Scholars cultivated history, in their honest fashion, as they would any other science, — for its own sake alone, — and never understood how to give it a practical application to the present, the influence of those political antipathies was not very important. In general, they cultivated the history of the ancient world, and of foreign nations more than their own ; or, at least, the most profound historians, and those who exercised the greatest influence, preferred to discuss those histories which lay farthest off from us, and to neglect what was immediately at hand.

Thus, with the better sort of skeptics, a great number of indifferent but profound historical investigators arrayed themselves, who joined to the industry of former times in making collections the acute criticism of the moderns, and endeavored to throw light upon every, even the remotest, corner of history, with that universal love which is eminently characteristic of the Germans. We took a deeper interest in foreign parts than the English, although we had no colonies there. We studied — without a commission,

without any immediate gain or thanks—the remotest antiquity, the most distant land and nation, merely for the sake of knowledge. Thus it was with Heeren, Schlosser, Niebühr, Mannert, and others.

Herder was the first who sought the internal connection in such varied efforts, and the harmony in this new historiographical concert. He showed how the sense for the most isolated fact, in foreign nationalities and manners, rests in the higher and universal sense of the Germans for the entire harmony of the world, in the effort to embrace all, and to survey all. His “Ideas for a Philosophy of the History of the Human Race” is one of the most important works of the last century, even for all times.

Long before Schelling, this admired work taught that history furnishes the same multiplicity, subject to certain laws, in time, that nature does in space; and it would be as perverse to reject whole cycles of time, as whole kingdoms of nature. He showed that the truth can only be discovered by surveying history in its connection as a whole; that, on the other hand, the bringing some single thing into prominent view, and leaving another unnoticed, must necessarily, in every case, lead only to a onesided, and, for the most part, an unfair view.

From this position, people began again, first, to excuse the middle ages; next, to admire them; and, finally, they fell into the opposite extreme, and would admit the claims of nothing else but the middle ages.

A high appreciation was first awarded them by the noble Justus Möser. The greatest of political geniuses among the French, Montesquieu, had, not long before,

pointedly declared, that all the freedom of modern times had proceeded from the German forests. Justus Möser now produced the proof of this, in his excellent "History of Osnabrück," since he was the first to establish the now no longer mentioned fact of the former freedom of the German nation, by the profoundest study of the histories and original documents of his old Saxon birth-place. People had not the least notion what to make of these old original documents, but they loved the man who could tell the descendants, themselves degraded and branded with the seal of slavery, such fine things about the freedom and honor of their ancestors. At the time when many thousand Germans, sold for money and chained by their princes, were dragged off to the Cape, to Batavia, to the West Indies, there to assist the Dutch and English in subduing other nations — at the time when Germany was full of Versailles on a small scale, in which French licentiousness and the French language alone prevailed — while Jesuits here, and Protestant black-coats there, vied with each other in supporting despotism as an institution of God — then it must have been a comfort to some few souls, not yet crushed under this hideous pressure, to hear about the former freedom of the great German nation. The same Möser wrote also "Patriotic Fantasies," in which he gave much good advice for practical life, and endeavored to clear the head and exalt the heart of his countrymen. They were addressed, not to the learned, but directly to the people, and discussed their nearest interests. But the exclusive spirit of a learned caste was too strong. The example of Möser found no imitators.

A very different man—the very antipodes of Möser in his way of thinking—commanded the attention of the public, by putting on the appearance of the greatest liberality, and by adopting a style which affected the old German heartiness, and the *naïveté* of the middle ages. Scarcely ever has the German public been more basely deceived. This man was Johannes Müller, for whom, of all the German writers, I entertain the deepest contempt. Under the mask of a republican, he served and betrayed every patron. Under the mask of freedom, he was always a cringer; under the mask of patriotism, a traitor; under the mask of honesty and integrity, an accomplished knave. He was always prating of freedom, of allies, of ancestors, and put on intolerable airs with his Tell and Winkelried, but paid his court, at the same time, to all and each of the petty tyrants in Switzerland; praised the democrats here, the aristocrats there, the oligarchs here, the priests there, just where they were in power; fawned upon every one, even the pettiest tyrant; and called all that freedom, and made a great flourish with freedom. Hirzel and Zimmermann alone had the courage to expose the baseness of the Swiss gentry of that time. Hirzel told the Bernese they had struck off the head of the noble Henzi, because it was the only head among them; and Zimmermann said, “A foreign scholar, some years ago, came to Switzerland, in order to settle himself in a country where freedom of thought was permitted. He remained ten days in Zürich, and then went to Portugal.”

Thus the lovers of truth were then compelled to judge of Switzerland. But Johannes Müller made his

bows to the right and left, and saw nothing but free Swiss, and honorable and brave Confederates before and behind, while he trumpeted forth the most hardened cockneys of Zürich, the most brutal aristocrats of Bern, and the most barbarous boors of Appenzell, — who butchered the noble Suter, — all without distinction, as the true successors of Tell, the pillars of freedom and right. But he did not remain true even to this Switzerland he had praised so much — took no part in the great movements of his native land, but chose rather to grow fat in the service of princes. He sold himself to the priests, and wrote the travels of the popes. Then the revolution broke out. Instantly, false to his Mentz master and benefactor, he conjured the people of Mentz to join the French republic, came expressly, for this purpose, back again to Mentz, sold himself to the Jacobins, accepted the rights of French citizenship, and was used by the Jacobin General Dumouriez, in the negotiation with Prussia. Then he turned traitor again to the French republic, and sold himself to Prussia, to royalty, and to the Russian party. The hypocrite, always still studying effect by his affectation of Swiss freedom, the former agent of the Jacobins and the honorary citizen of the French republic, now wrote pamphlets in the Russian interest against France, and in his "Trumpet," urged the country with the voice of thunder to that unhappy war, which ended with the peace of Tilsit. But, far from remaining faithful to his master in misfortune, he deserted him, and went over to Napoleon, who gave him a place at the court of his brother in the new kingdom of Westphalia. The same Johannes Müller,

who seemed willing to die for the honor of Prussia, who had stimulated the war against France with the sublimest phrases—the same man now derided Prussia, in the uniform of Jerome Napoleon, who had built up his new kingdom on the ruins of Prussia.

He has exercised a very injurious influence on historical literature, by his provincialism, and by his affected style, because both have been frequently imitated.

Johannes Müller isolated the Swiss completely from the Germans, and knew how to write their history with so skilful a tact in selecting what to pass over without notice or to make prominent, that it really assumed the appearance as if they had been from all eternity an independent and primeval people, and not merely a branch of the great German stock—a member of the great German empire. Since an accursed system of policy has led us into misfortune, and misfortune to forgetfulness of ourselves, we have, indeed, completely lost sight of the historical and natural unity of the German nation. It is the interest of some, and the mischievous custom of others, to confound the accidental and changing boundaries of small states, with the permanent and natural boundaries of nationality; in a word, not to allow a unity of Germany, in the ideal sense, but to say, with Marshal Davoust, who had such a tender affection for Germany, “There are no Germans, but only Swiss, Würtembergers, Bavarians, and so forth.” If there is any person whatever whose duty it is to contradict these assertions of our bitterest enemies, of our most insolent despisers, and to remind us, if not of what should be the state

of Germany, yet of what has been — that duty belongs to the historical inquirer. Johannes Müller, however, perverted the abilities he possessed, to vindicate, applaud, and bring in fashion, precisely that petty, false, unpatriotic, and unnatural provincialism, at the expense of nationality. The old and honest special histories had been satisfied to select from the whole confederated empire a particular princely house, or a particular city, and to give a separate account of it, without, for that reason, disclaiming the unity of the German nation. After Johannes Müller, however, took the lead, it was the fashion to consider the Germans to be distributed, not only among different princes, but also into different nations wholly foreign to each other. This affected estrangement of those who were neighbors, and descended from the same stock, spread all over Germany; and attempts were made to regard the people of the very next village, if one of the eight and thirty German boundaries lay between, as New Zealanders. The most ridiculous thing is the usurpation of the former history of certain provinces, if they happen to fall to this or that state by a new distribution. Thus, formerly, all the past annals of Anspach and Baireuth belonged to the history of the Prussian, an entirely separate and primeval nation. Now, the same past annals, all at once, pertain to the history of the Bavarians, an equally separate and primeval nation. Lately, some one wrote old Prussian legends, and there, side by side with the ancient Sclavonian legends of the Baltic and the Vistula, stood the legends of the Rhine. People not only stamp the present, but they want to alter the stamp of the past.

We have further to thank the worthless Johannes Müller for the introduction of the most affected style in historical composition. This dishonorable soul, who had no feeling for the truth, was naturally unable to play the hypocrite, except in fine speeches. A bombastic style is always the sign of a dishonest way of thinking, for the truth expresses itself with simplicity; the knave is always recognized by the far-fetched good feeling, the watery mawkishness of his style.

The style of Johannes Müller — which, in the simple opinion of many of our school pedants, is unsurpassed, and which is unhesitatingly pronounced classical — is thoroughly affected, partly aping Tacitus, and partly Tschudi; a disgusting, and heterogeneous mixture, and every where false. Where there is nothing to feel, he mingles in a sentimental phrase. On the smallest occasion, he puffs out his cheeks and assumes a lofty tone. Where the emphasis does not belong to the subject, he lays it upon the language, like bad readers, who read off an invitation to be a godfather like an ode of Pindar.

I should say nothing of this tastelessness of language, if it did not go hand in hand with a mischievous tendency; that is to say, this affectation of fine phrases always comes up when the good people are to be lathered with soft-soap, and any kind of political baseness is to be sold to them for patriotism and lofty virtue. Where the game was merely to scoff at the unhappy, and arm gentle dulness against a noble principle, there they tuned up with the trumpet tones of Johannes Müller, and studied that lying tongue

of feeling, which, with the cold sneer of the gray beard in the back-ground, affects youthful enthusiasm, betrays native country in the name of country, oppresses freedom under the pretext of the most zealous activity in her behalf, nay, even of self-sacrifice in her cause; which calls the cruellest tyrant not merely a great and good prince, and father of his country, but even a deliverer and protector of freedom, just because he oppresses her; and of nationality, merely because he extirpates it. Formerly, it was enough for one to cast himself humbly at the conqueror's feet; now-a-days, however, one must thank the conqueror, in the language of Johannes Müller, for having freed us. If Napoleon dismembered and Frenchified the Germans, that meant, in the language of Johannes Müller, the restoration of nationality. Or did not Johannes Müller, declare, in the Westphalian chamber, that Napoleon had restored the German nationality, because the dull Germans would have been able to make nothing out of themselves without a "jog from abroad"? And did not Johannes Müller thank Napoleon, in the most pathetic language of German sensibility, for all the honor he had done to Germany? Let one read our historical, political, and first of all, merely our periodical literature, and he will be amply convinced how far this sentimental lying language has spread.

Fortunately, the smooth talkers among us are much less numerous than the laborious historical inquirers, who have merely collected materials and made investigations without troubling themselves much about style.

Otherwise, Johannes Müller would have been much more frequently imitated.

Johannes Müller formed the transition from the revolution to the restoration. By means of the latter, a new class of historical inquirers came up.

The timid attempts to restore the middle ages to honor, were changed to an enthusiasm for that period, as soon as the French revolution had prepared such bitter grief for the princes of Europe, that they cast a longing look back to the earlier and more obedient times, and repented that they had themselves furnished the means of advancing the frivolous spirit of modern times. What had the overthrow of the ancient church, in which the princes had been so active, led to? The ancient religious foundation, in the spirit of nations, had been undermined. With the overthrow of faith, their loyalty wavered. What had modern philosophy and poetry, which had been in such high favor with the court, led to in France? To the revolution. Ah! had they but remained true to the Jesuits, to the ancient church, to the ancient aristocracy, to the distinction of ranks, in short, to the middle ages! So thought these governments now, and approved and supported all the attempts which individual scholars, artists, and poets, were making, for wholly different reasons, in part, to give a living freshness to the recollection of the middle ages.

Philosophy under the banner of Schelling, the poets under that of Tieck, gained such a brilliant victory for romanticism in literature, that even historical composition took a romantic coloring. Now,

the legendary history, which had been despised by Schlözer, was again taken up, and while the historical skeptics have started from the fundamental proposition, that the human race have gradually raised themselves from beastly rudeness to a cultivated state, by fortunate inventions, Frederick Schlegel now set up just the opposite doctrine, that the human race had originally possessed the highest perfection, but had at length gradually lost the higher powers, imparted to them by God, through sin and degeneracy. Did those skeptics wish to have the old, confused, and obscure lumber of the supernatural tales set aside, that they might turn themselves towards the serene light of illuminated times; so these romanticists, taking exactly the opposite course, advised to desert the vulgar prose of modern and corrupted times, and to trace out, in those ancient and sacred legends, the original fountain of all knowledge, all poetry, and all life. Hence the profound investigations of Görres, Creuzer, Ritter, Kanne, Rhode, Windischmann, and others.

Meantime, romanticism found but little admission into the history of the middle ages and modern times. Here the skeptics, the rationalists, the enlightened, the *illuminati*, and the wholly impartial historians, always had their own way. The middle ages were openly praised only in ecclesiastical histories, like those of Stollberg and Katerkamp; only in philosophical and political systems, like those of Frederick Schlegel, Haller, and so forth; and principally in poetry, as in Tieck, Arnim, Fouqué, and so forth; but not in works which were devoted to political history. In these, as a general rule, men acknowledged the greatness of

that time, without preferring it unconditionally to our own, or even wanting to restore it.

This circumstance I must lay particular stress upon. All the professions favored, more or less, the romantic principle of the restoration; but historical composition gave in to it least. And this was natural. A closer historical investigation of the middle ages must directly moderate that enthusiasm for them, which had been awakened by ancient art and poetry, and particularly by the external splendor of the ancient church. Thus, even in the moment when the unity of Germany appeared no longer necessary, a political consideration of some weight stood in the way of an unconditional approbation of the middle ages. Against France, union was necessary; in this utmost need, in the period between the years 1809-13, those who spoke of one united Germany, of the ancient glory and power of the German empire under one emperor, were gladly listened to. But this period did not last long. When Napoleon was overthrown, the old distinctions prominently reappeared. Then one could praise in the middle ages only so much as referred to the rigid distinction of ranks, to the privileges of the nobility, to the slavery of the peasants, but not that which related to the unity of the empire, and to the subordination of the princes under the emperor. Hence it happened that the historical writers, who were subservient to the spirit of the times, paid to the middle ages only a limited admiration, and under certain conditions, after the restoration. Far from praising them on the whole, and doing justice to their two great institutions, the church and the empire, they only

singled out the romantic histories of particular princely families, and invested them with the charm of the pathetic and the marvellous, by pointing to their rise out of the rather recent demolition of the empire, as to something mythical, and as the proper commencement of history. As under Louis XIV. the whole mythology and art of the ancients were ransacked, for the purpose of wreathing the bag wigs of the seven electoral princes, with all the pagan gods and goddesses, so now romanticism, the German legends, old German art and poetry, were plundered as a rich and hitherto unjustly neglected armory of flattery.

In the latest historical compositions of the Germans, a certain aristocratic coldness, an affected impartiality, a would-be sublime but in reality uneasy *nonchalance*, have appeared as its characteristic marks. That also is a consequence of the circumstances of the age. This must be pardoned in Mr. von Raumer, and many others of this class. In the service of the state; with aristocratic relations; not only under the censorship, but a censor himself; under circumstances where it seems becoming to recommend publicly that the historians of the ancestors of the dynasty should speak only to praise, — how can any body in this situation write otherwise than Mr. von Raumer writes? It is not a little vexatious, however, to observe how the human mind has to wriggle and writhe, to appear unconfined and free under such circumstances.

Such may be considered, in a few words, the circuit of the historiographical tendencies since the middle of the last century. We proceed now to

consider the historical works according to their subjects.

The history of the world had, for a very long time, been a problem proposed to themselves by the historians, and the oldest chroniclers had endeavored to solve it; nay, even later, the historical writers of some cloister or imperial city, if they ended the series of persons of historical importance with some petty abbot, or burgomaster only, yet were fond of beginning with Adam, and repeating throughout the whole Scripture and Roman history. Universal history was generally divided into the so called four monarchies, and it was assumed that we were still living under the last. The imperial crown was the visible symbol of universal empire, and consequently of universal history.

The scholastic mode of treating universal history came in with the reformation and classical learning. Manuals for instruction, a systematic survey for the pupils, and at the same time the greatest completeness for the teachers, were aimed at. Thus came into existence the *Chronicon Carionis*, which acquired no common celebrity as the first attempt at a comprehensive general history. But *polyhistory* weighed down the rest. Writers lost their way in details; and, after the thirty years' war, a petty barbarism prevailed at the schools and universities, which resisted all great and comprehensive views. Nothing but industry in making collections, at that time, gained distinguished approbation. Along with the great collections of original documents and historical monuments, which were printed

together in beautiful folio editions, two extensive works on general history attracted particular attention—the so called Basil Lexicon of Iselin, which gave an account of all historical persons and localities, in alphabetical order; and Ziegler's "Theatre of Time," (*Schauplatz der Zeit*,) which related all historical events in the order of their dates.

The war of the Spanish succession again roused up the Germans, and brought them into collision in particular with the English and French. So great a European war accustomed the learned to general views, and the example of the celebrated historians and politicians, who made their appearance in France and England, could not remain wholly without influence on Germany. Then the relations of affairs, the connection of historical events, as cause and effect, began to be considered of importance. Schmauss, who had a good head for politics, gave the first example, and taught the Germans to connect their erudition and passion for system with broad and practical views. In this spirit, Gatterer became the proper reformer of school instruction in history. Schrökh also, the ecclesiastical historian, wrote a universal history in the spirit of rationalism, which was much read. The demands of illumination became more and more urgent, and expelled the ignorance of former times, and the old uncritical method of amassing information. But the greatest abilities confined themselves to narrower matter, in order not to come to a stand in their labor. Schlözer, Spittler, Justus Möser, and so forth, did not embrace the whole extent of universal history.

Herder appreciated the difficulty of the problem.

He saw clearly that the old pragmatical mode of treating historical subjects was not the thing; that political history was not the only history; that the history of religion, manners, culture, and so forth, belonged to it likewise. But he did not believe himself capable of writing a work in this broad spirit. He merely furnished "Ideas" towards it.

Since that time, the difficult task has been undertaken in the most various ways, and partly for very different ends.

Remer first attempted to unite the details of the history of culture with political history, but was not master of his subject, and did nothing but collect names together. The work of Beck was much more useful. He arranged universal history, down to the fifteenth century, in four thick volumes, in a simple, chronological, and ethnographical order, and placed under the little, well rubricated text, statements of all the historical sources, which threw light upon the details, in a prodigious quantity of notes, so far as his colossal industry had put him in possession of them. On the other hand, Eichhorn wrote after the model of the ancient classics and the English, in a coherent style, and had an eye rather to a rich and harmonious text, than to learned notes. But his somewhat dry work demonstrated that academical men, and especially theologians, are not born to be historians of the world. Statesmen and philosophers are the men for that; but we must be content with not even possessing such at present.

Heeren perceived the right extent within which it is permitted the academic to be an historian. He

contented himself with critical investigation, in his "Ideas upon the Politics, Intercourse, and Commerce of the most distinguished Nations of Antiquity," and with clear views of the leading events, in his manuals of ancient and modern history — not of the middle ages. Deeper historical judgment, and greater beauty of style, he leaves to others who are not university men, whose destiny and abilities stamp them as true historical writers. This perception of the boundaries, how far an academic may be an historian, and where he must stop, has always appeared to me worthy of great respect in Heeren.

Schlosser evidently proposed to transcend these limits, in forming the gigantic resolution to unite with Beck's industry in making collections, the grand views of the ancient and the English historians, and, at the same time, to surpass the critical acuteness of all preceding historians put together. His great work on universal history is a proof of the rarest vigor of mind, but is none the less a monster. At once a philosophical general history, and the most detailed particular history — at once a free narrative, and a controversial investigation — this work manifestly aims at too much at the same time, and its very excellences stand in each other's way, and make the whole unwieldy. If he could divide himself — if he could constitute two or three men of letters — they perhaps would gain singly more reputation than he in whom they are all united. His careful criticism — his close and acute appreciation of historical truth — is certainly a blessing which still has its influence among his disciples, and can never be sufficiently respected; so that we are filled with admiration that he, though

an academic, is still the only German who has written a history of the French revolution, which very well bears to be read with and after those that have been written by French statesmen. Such an exception by no means does away the rule, but is honorable to him who makes it.

Johannes Müller's "Universal History" would scarcely be worth mentioning, had it not become celebrated by the influence of his name. It consists of a series of pictures, arranged in succession, which are meant to be clever, but which have no inward coherence, and no logical connection of views.

Luden, who had this work in his eye, endeavored to sketch a broader and more coherent picture of universal history, and presumed a little, not without justice, upon his skill in dealing with affairs. He has a peculiar tact for the development of political intrigues, but not for seizing upon what might be called the romantic element of history, and which is the true soul of history. In his eye, also, the cause is worth more, by half, than the effect; and he takes a disproportionate satisfaction in exhausting himself by conjectures, even though they have no foundation. His style, too, has been spoiled by Johannes Müller; it is strutting and pathetic, and, even in the driest investigations, declamatory.

I shall say nothing of a mass of manuals of universal history, written for the use of students at the universities and gymnasia; for where should I stop? I mention only Bredow's "Tables," and Kruse's "Historical Atlas," the usefulness of which has been fully proved.

Attempts, also, have been made, beyond the precincts of the school, to teach universal history, and make it popular. Becker's "Universal History for the Young" became very celebrated, and obtained a wide circulation, and, like "Robinson Crusoe," Rochow's "Children's Friend," and Gellert's "Fables," ranked among the most favorite reading-books, although it contains a great deal of gossip unfit to be there. Bredow's "Manual," calculated for citizen and countryman, took it too readily for granted, that the public, for which it was designed, was narrow-minded and boorish, and, on this very account, found no accord from the people. If the artisan and countryman ever trouble themselves about universal history, they want to hear about great affairs, about church and state, and war and heroes, and not particularly when glass was invented, potatoes and tobacco introduced, and so forth.

It is remarkable, that, in Protestant Germany, no universal history of a decidedly liberal tendency had been written. Illumination was spread so rapidly and universally, and in such a monarchical direction, under the ægis of Frederick the Great, that it never had the opportunity of coming forward in the character of an opposition, but much rather fell into the errors of a dominant party. In Catholic Germany, it was just the reverse; the opposition here in the historical writers came from it, and appeared, first in Westenrieder, then in Rottek.

Westenrieder was the historian of illumination in Bavaria, as Salat was its philosopher. He endeavored to gain a large public by elegance, by an agreeable

style, and by engravings; but the competition of Protestant scholars always threw him somewhat into the shade.

Rottek attracted much greater attention, and boldly entered the lists with his Protestant competitors; inasmuch as, at the very point of time in which the latter began to grow servile, he, on his part, became the more liberal. In the Catholic writers, there was always a certain something — however enlightened they were — which was derided with an air of superiority, on the part of the Protestants, as awkwardness. A learned pride of nobility had already grown up among the Protestants, which would not admit an equality of birth among the Catholics. There was nothing by which these overbearing men could be put to deeper shame, than the fact that the farther the spirit of the age advanced, the more they remained in the rear of the liberal spirit of the Catholics, who had once been so much despised by them. Proud of the liberality of their predecessors, the revivers of letters, and the reformers, they thought themselves entitled to live upon their credit in eternal and comfortable repose. The Catholics had no such exemplars, but dared to be liberal themselves. Rottek's great fame rests upon this. As an investigator, he makes no pretensions to the amazing erudition of Göttingen, Heidelberg, and Berlin; but, as an historical writer for the people, he has outflanked them all. His "Universal History" is circulated every where in numberless copies. For what reason? Because he is liberal — because he is incomparably more so than all the Protestant writers of general history. Erudition has

no decided part in this matter, but the spirit of the age. Taste, too, has not much to do with it, but the spirit of the age. In Rottek's celebrated work, many exceptions may justly be taken, as to investigation and taste; but he is thoroughly penetrated with a deep sense of justice, with an animated love of freedom, with a holy reverence for every thing noble in man and his history. This is the kind of historian the people want. They are no longer satisfied with learned quotations that they do not understand, and fine phrases after the manner of Johannes Müller, the lying spirit of which they find out at last.

In theology even, I have noticed that remarkable change of poles, by virtue of which the Protestants have become servile and Jesuitical, and Catholics liberal and favorable to reform. This shows itself, likewise, in historical composition. Rottek, as a born Catholic, and Frederick Schlegel, as a born Protestant, have interchanged characters. The latter, in his philosophico-literary works, has condemned the reformation and revolution, every thing great which has been done since the middle ages, as the works of Satan, and hopes to have the universal monarchy of the Romish papacy and of feudalism, his only hope of salvation, with villanage, and so forth, restored by an immediate divine interposition. These views have remained just as unpopular as those of Rottek have become popular. Even Görres, who was liberal twice, at the time of the French republic, before Napoleon, and at the time of discontent after Napoleon's downfall — even Görres, who wrote less with

ink than with flames — lost all his popularity when he advocated the hierarchy and feudalism. People inquired not after the philosophical principle, but only the practical consequence ; and no reputation was so completely founded on a rock, that it would not have been shivered into fragments by the ostracism of public opinion. Undoubtedly, it was for the disadvantage of these ultramontanists, that they lauded especially the ancient powerless church. She could neither defend nor thank them. This could only be done by the state ; and hence we see, in their disciples and followers, ecclesiastical Jesuitism converted into political.

More useless still are those systems of universal history, which, as integral parts of this or that particular philosophy, knead history as they please, like soft dough, after the form of the system. In them all, great nations and heroes, destinies and conditions, of history, only serve to illustrate the paragraphs of some wooden professor. If a philosopher is paid by I know not whom, for demonstrating, out of universal history, that the pope is the real vicegerent of Christ ; that the Holy Ghost is contained in all the ordinances of the popes ; that the institution of monks is a salutary one ; that the feudal aristocracy is a divine institution, — we know well what all this is for ; we see for whose advantage it is. Thus the matter has a practical importance, though not important in its results. But if a professor of universal knowledge, whose small brains are splitting with pride, without the least reference to church or politics, for no other reason in the world but merely to gratify his own

vanity, lays the egg of his absurdity in a philosophy of universal history, in order to hatch it out giant-sized therein — all this is something utterly useless for life. I can advert to it here only for the curiosity of the thing. Several such crazy systems have issued from the school of Schelling and Hegel, in which universal history is very sincerely congratulated for fitting into the paragraphs of Mr. Professor; then, if perchance it would not fit in, the fault would lie in itself, not in the professors; and, if one must yield to the other, universal history plainly would have to yield, and not the professor.

With such nonsense the heads of students are universally filled, wherever Hegelianism has settled. Abstraction spreads itself, like a dark cloud of locusts, over the experience of nature and history, and excludes all sound knowledge, leaving us nothing but dead locusts.

But this extreme, too, could not but find its opposite, and found it, in fact, at Berlin, under the very eyes of Hegel himself. The excellent Ritter laid the foundation of a new mode of treating general history, in a thoroughly experimental way, inasmuch as he replaced history upon its proper theatre, and within its natural limitations, and brought it into the closest connection with physical geography. To ecclesiastical and political history were now added the history of manners and the history of art — a knowledge of the manner of life of the collective nation, in all its moral and physical phenomena, its destinies, monuments, and conditions, together with the peculiar circumstances of the provinces. In this

manner, universal history was called upon to solve a much higher problem by Ritter, than by Beck; and a much more circumstantial collection of details was required of Ritter, than of Beck; but he was so much the less able also to make himself master of the immeasurable materials; he could only lay out a work, which many others were to carry on after him, even if it is to have only a relative completeness. His industry is worthy of admiration. In the arrangement of his topics, we miss, on the other hand, a just proportion, for physical geography, political and mercantile statistics, the history of manners, and political history, are not equally distributed. The whole has not a sufficiently well proportioned structure, and is too much a conglomeration of details. But it was impossible as yet to furnish any thing more complete and coherent. Even now, the preparations are far from being sufficient.

The single colors must first be prepared, before the whole rainbow can appear. The history of religions, of the arts, of sciences, of languages, the knowledge of differences between races, of the physical and moral peculiarities of nations, must be cultivated much more thoroughly, in order to make the necessary additions to political history and geography, which have hitherto been the principal objects of attention. Vater has introduced a comparison of all languages, and William von Humboldt and Klaproth have rendered the highest services to the investigation of the northern and Tartar languages, which had hitherto been but slightly regarded.

It is worthy of observation that the history of man-

ners has yet had no thorough treatment. There are a few compilations which describe superficially the usages of religion, war, marriage, and burial, and which are commonly illustrated by miserable engravings; but they are made up of spiritless extracts from the descriptions of travellers. There are a great number of "Anthropologies," in which an attempt is made to systematize the different peculiarities and anomalies of the human character, and the human body; but they are all destitute of historical completeness. A history of manners, profound in a philosophical and an historical point of view at once, is still wanting, and would be a task worthy of a great mind.

Let us now consider the single epochs of universal history. The most ancient history of the East has been for some time the favorite subject of our more aristocratic scholars. True, ever since the reformation, there have been great Orientalists among the theologians, who, starting from the study of the Scriptures, illustrated the Oriental languages and antiquities generally, as, lately, Reiske, Michaelis, Eichhorn, Gesenius, and so forth; but the poets must needs come first, in order to spread, beyond the limits of theology, the taste for the ancient East. They went on from the Jews to the Arabs, Turks, and Persians, then to the Indians and Chinese. Herder gave the first impulse to the poets. He seized the poetical aspect of Judaism, and thus led the way to the poetry of Mohammedanism. But with this the profound investigations of Mohammedan history also began.

Hartmann went no further than the poetry. We

are indebted to him for the excellent translations of the Moallakat, and of Medschnun and Leila. Joseph von Hammer also began with poetry; opened the mines of the East, translated the divine Schirin of the Persians, Hafiz, Baki, Montenabbi, the Rose and Nightingale of the Turks, and so forth; then proceeded to history, and in his immortal work, the history of the Osmanlis, gave us the first great and faithful picture of the Turkish empire, at the moment when it is hastening to its downfall. Habicht gave us the "Thousand and One Nights," in their genuine form. Tholuck made us acquainted with Mohammedan mysticism.

From thence, the spirit of investigation went on, and opened for itself a new world in Farther Asia. Heeren's "Ideas upon the Trade and Politics of the Ancient Oriental Nations," Görres' "History of Asiatic Mythologies," and Creuzer's "Symbolism," aimed — the former in relation to politics, but the latter, in reference rather to religion — to draw the most ancient civilized world out of the darkness which had hitherto overshadowed it. That the religious aspect of the subject should be raised to special importance was to be expected. Those most ancient states were priestly states, and their history is buried entirely in the *mythi*. The philosophy of Schelling, which consecrated every thing that has been, and held it up in a new light, (when formerly the old had been held in contempt for the sake of the new,) and the doctrine of Frederick Schlegel, that mankind had degenerated from perfection to corruption, introduced great activity into the study of the remotest antiquity. An

enthusiasm was excited on the subject, and the poetry and philosophy that was found, particularly among the Hindoos, increased the zeal. The connection which Görres first discovered in the whole paganism of the ancient world, and which Creuzer afterwards farther developed with inexhaustible industry, could not but be surprising. But the dark and entangled materials admitted very different modes of treatment, and gave altogether too free scope to mere conjectures. Hence this study was soon taken possession of by learned subtlety, and the fanaticism of philosophical inference. The labors of Kanne, Rhode, Windischmann, and several others, give evidence of the greatest love and enthusiasm for the subject, of prodigious industry in collecting, of admirable acuteness; but, unhappily, they only show, by their mutual contradictions, either that only one, or that none, of them is right, and that, in every case, a precious amount of study has been expended, merely to produce empty imaginations. Nevertheless, all errors must be passed through, in order to approach the truth. The most ancient history of the human race remains forever a very important and interesting subject of investigation, and what the Germans have done for it far surpasses the labors of other nations. A more comprehensive work on this subject has been for a very long time expected of Schelling, but he has kept it back.

As to single departments, there was least activity in the study of the Persian. Kleuker properly only transferred Anquetil du Perron to the German. Rhode gave only historical hypotheses upon Bactra. Schmidt and Plath have written two very instructive

historical works upon the Mongolian nations and China. But we have bestowed the most attention to the East Indies. The two brothers Schlegel are entitled to the fame of having first introduced the study of Sanscrit into Germany, and of having extended the taste for Hindoo philosophy and poetry. Next to them, Bopp, and Peter von Bohlen have done most; the former, by his philological inquiries and editions; the latter, by his historical investigations. Earlier still, the *Sacotala* had been translated by George Forster, and other things by others, but most of the translations had been in prose, and taken from the English at second hand; and the love of Oriental learning, so far, is nothing new among us, but has only augmented.

The followers of ancient Oriental philosophy and poetic art have united with the romanticists against the classicists. There is something in the hierarchy of the Hindoos, Egyptians, the Magi, and Chinese, in harmony with that of the romantic middle ages; and the more exclusively classicism predominated, the more natural was the mutual approximation of the weaker parties of Orientalism and romanticism for their common defence against it. This controversy has had a beneficial effect. It has shaken the classicists out of their partiality and prejudices.

Classical antiquity, Greece and Rome, since the reformation, passed for the ideal of culture, and was deified to the same degree that the old Catholic middle ages were condemned. The first cultivators of classical learning, and even the Dutch after their glorious revolution, had the life and spirit of the

ancients constantly before their eyes, and they looked upon language only as a means for acquiring a knowledge of the matter expressed in it. Afterwards, however, such a universal dulness and pedantry took possession of all the world (except Paris) that those classical studies, too, degenerated into mere trifling about syllables. Heyne, of Göttingen, first began again to look after the kernel of the matter in the shell of language. Since that time, a distinction has been made between mere philological inquirers, and inquirers into the substance, though still, in many cases, erudition was equally distinguished, in regard to the form and the substance.

As a learned philological inquirer, translator, and literary historian, Frederick Augustus Wolf, a man who united taste and spirit to the learning of the letter in a high degree, stands in the front rank. Among the grammarians of the Greek language, Buttmann and Thiersch had the greatest circulation; of the Latin language, Bröder and Grotefend; among the lexicographers, Schneider and Passow in Greek, and Scheller and Bauer in Latin, were the most known.

A prodigious deal has been done in translations from classical antiquity. Wolf endeavored to unite taste and fidelity, but for this very reason translated but little. Other translators aimed more at taste, following the footsteps of Wieland; or at fidelity, after the example of Johann Heinrich Voss. The free translations of Wieland will always remain worthy of imitation, for they make that easy to us which other translators make hard; they introduce us to the spirit of antiquity, without torture and without ped-

antry, and they are only so far free as ease of movement requires, without injury to fidelity. On the contrary, they are so much the more faithful to the spirit and matter of the ancients, by sometimes deserting a slavish fidelity to the form. Voss, on the other hand, has considered metrical fidelity, the clatter of syllables, for the first, then grammatical fidelity, a slavish copying of every word, and even of the position of words, for the second requisite of a masterly translation, and has, therefore, left the third, the requisite of a free, natural movement, entirely out of view. Hence his language is every where hard, stiff, pedantic, whether he translate a sublime or a frivolous, a solemn or a simple poem; and he converts the reading of those very works, in which the most delightful gracefulness ought to prevail, into an intolerable torment. Other translators have mostly guided themselves by the example of Wieland or Voss. Among the many distinguished translations, I will only mention the excellent one of Herodotus, by Lange — of Demosthenes, by Jacobs — of Virgil, by Neuffer, and so forth. Much was once made of Schleiermacher's Plato; but this translation is as faulty as those of Voss; its style is distorted, affected, and totally destitute of the Platonic grace.

For the history of classical literature in single departments, much has always been done by the editors of new editions, and in periodicals and small works. Wolf, Eschenburg, Frederick Schlegel, and, lastly, Bähr, the most profound of all of them, have given general views of the subject.

Next to Heyne, Hermann distinguished himself

particularly in mythological investigations. The controversy between two parties, namely, the Oriental, at whose head stood Creuzer, and the classical, whose champion was Voss, excited the greatest attention. Both lived in Heidelberg together, and the hatred between them became personal. Voss would know nothing of the ancient East, and pronounced its fairest monuments spurious, and modern forgeries of the priests, and, as Orientalism still flourished, went to such a pitch of madness, that he openly accused Creuzer of making it his object to introduce the orgies and bacchanalian revelries, confusion of sexes, pederasty, and all the abominations of paganism, and Eastern asceticism, of the worship of Baal and Moloch. The remarkable character of this learned madness led me, at the time, ten years ago, to write the little work called "Voss and Symbolism."

German industry and the German intellect have accomplished a great deal for the proper history of antiquity, and have surpassed in depth, the earlier labors of the English and French. Heeren, Schlosser, and Bredow, gave general views of ancient history; Mannert and Uckert, of ancient geography. Greek history was handled best by Ottfried, Müller, and Zinkeisen; and in particular departments again, Athenian history by Bökh and Jacobs, Lacedæmonian history by Manso, and Macedonian history by Flathe. Roman history was treated by Niebuhr, Wachsmuth, Eisendecker; the latter of whom, in a very interesting work, pointed out the coincidence of the emancipation of the plebeians in the Roman republic with emancipation in modern times.

The art, manners, and life of the ancients have been no less copiously discussed. In this department, the great Winkelmann stands at the head of all. I shall return to him, when I shall have to speak of the influence of antique taste on art and poetry. Lessing, Fernow, and Schorn, rank with him in reference to art. Upon life and manners, there were already earlier manuals, by Nitsch and others; but Wieland and Jacobs were the first who introduced us, by their tasteful representations, into antique life. Böttiger, of Dresden, brought together a prodigious amount of information upon both the art and the domestic life of the ancients, and surpassed all others in circumstantial details. It is unfair that he has been so much reproached for his somewhat bombastic style, and the often truly comical enthusiasm with which he rides his antique hobby. This language takes nothing from his merit as a man of learning, and is only a *naïve* symptom of honest zeal.

The later Byzantine history was for a long time considerably neglected. The path of wider investigation has, in this also, been laid open by a great edition of the Byzantine historians, and by the critical works of Fallmerayer, (on Morea and Trebizond,) and of Zinkeisen.

The history of the middle ages was subjected to a special treatment by Rühls, a man of a thoroughly rationalist turn of mind. Leo has published a similar manual, which has been very much enriched by the study of original sources — a study since then infinitely advanced. Wilken wrote a work on the crusades, which is extensive, profound, and, in every view,

excellent. Hüllmann furnished many valuable works on the ecclesiastical and political constitution of the middle ages. We have already spoken of the history of the church. Savigny's "History of Civil Law in the Middle Ages," and many other works which treat of particular nations or branches of literature, must still be specially mentioned.

As a useful compendium on modern times, the work of Heeren is most distinguished by its clearness and precision. Eichhorn is more complete, and is particularly at home in the history of the states and nations beyond the boundaries of Europe. Schlosser's "History of the Eighteenth Century" contains the best representation of the French revolution that had been written by a German. The works of Raumer, Carl Adolph Menzel, Hormayr, Münch, are of different degrees of value, but all alike have a political bearing. The first would fain convince people that he might stand on the pinnacle of the age, if he did not consider it more advisable to remain standing below it. The second, under the canons of absolutism, delivers fatherly and severe lectures to the liberals. The third, with all his understanding, frequently behaves as if nature had destined him merely for a court gilder. And the fourth has been obliged to turn his back upon historical and political fidelity at once.

Raumer has great merit, in regard to the investigation of the history of the middle ages and of modern times; and I am far from finding fault with him for striving, in style and reasoning, after the higher point of the French and English *doctrinaires* — after the elegance of a political science, at once

philosophical and fit for the saloon. On the contrary, I have always wished that our historians, who have been crooked over the writing-desk in their libraries altogether too long, might devote themselves more to the politics of the day, to the present form of civil life, and study, in the passions and interests of this age, those of the past. But the peculiar situation of the *doctrinaires* is such, that they are compelled to form their views as servants of the state, and to modify their philosophical politics, their historical views of the world, according to certain directions of the wind.

Among the historical writers who find themselves in this condition, Ranke has best understood how to treat these views, in his exhibitions of foreign histories, in the way of simple representation, and with the least possible reasoning. Leo has not understood it so well; and as, in spite of his style, — which is often artificially cold, — he has a great deal of inward warmth, and can never keep back a fundamental view or a final judgment, he has, since he laid aside his republicanism at the university, entrenched himself in a romantic doctrine.

As to Mr. von Hormayr, it would be doing him an injustice to make his halls of heroes, and monumental honors of every description, a matter of reproach, since it must be admitted that, in the time of need, and in the remembrance of it, he has always defended the German cause against the French; and, though he has occasionally exacted too much servilism from the historic muse, it cannot, on the other hand, be denied, that his excellent historical investigations of

particular points — as they appear, for instance, in his "Patriotic Pocket-book" — are a mine of free thoughts and reminiscences from the times of ancient German freedom. His style is not the best, for he imitates somewhat the bombast of Johannes Müller.

Modern history has been resumed, first by Posselt, in the periodicals and annuals, then by Buchholz, Venturini, and, a short time since, by myself. In the nature of the case, this amounts only to a first general survey, and an introduction for future historians; for a classical history can only be written when events have reached a definite conclusion — when the facts and their impelling causes, the characters, and so forth, which belong to it, are no longer wrapped in mystery, but are placed within every body's view by means of memoirs, and by throwing open the public archives.

Let us now go through, one by one, the modern countries, for whose history we have labored. It is readily understood, that the manufactures for conversation-libraries, and the like, cannot here be considered. Real inquiries only deserve to be mentioned.

Upon Spain, Schmidt is best in the history of Aragon; Aschbach, on the Visi-Goths; Lembke, on Spain in general; Schepeler, on the war of freedom against Napoleon, in which the author was present in the Spanish service.

We have but little on France, as the French have spared us the trouble of writing upon it. Heinrich's history is insignificant. On the other hand, the researches which Raumer and Ranke have made in the French and Italian archives, on the early history of France, are valuable, and the excellent history of

the Provençal Troubadours, by Diez, still more so. Depping, a German naturalized in Paris, has written very interesting memoirs on his own residence in that city. Carové, and, before him, Jochmann, have written much on the ecclesiastical relations of France. Lately, the sketches of France by the ingenious Heine have appeared, interesting not merely as satirical party effusions, but also in an historical view.

Italy, also, has not found it necessary to wait for German historians. In ecclesiastical history alone, we have presumed to write with more accuracy and profoundness, and generally in a different manner from the Italians. As to the political history of Italy, we have let it take care of itself. Lebreton's history of Venice was a valuable essay, but has been far surpassed by Daru. Leo has undertaken, the first in our times, to write a complete history of Italy. Türk's researches into the history of the Longobards are valuable. Bouterweck has written the best literary history of Italy that has yet appeared. Italian art first gained its great influence over recent times by means of Winkelmann. In the same way, Fernow, Göthe, Kephallides, Frederica Brun, Rehfuß, Rumohr, Hirt, Bunsen, have exercised an influence, as friends of art and enthusiastic travellers. An anonymous book, lately written, called "Rome in 1833," is excellent.

England has had greater historians than all other European nations. We have only followed after them. Archenholz was of great service, by making us accurately acquainted with the circumstances of England. We have, however, nothing classical upon England, except the description of the manners of the English

aristocracy in the "Letters of a Defunct," by Prince Pückler Muskau. In general, we limited ourselves to the appropriation of all the good which English literature furnishes, by means of translations.

We possess able works on Scandinavia, by Schlözer and Rühs; and their omissions in relation to the history of legends and culture have been richly made up by the two Grimms, Mone, Gräter, and so forth.

On Poland, we have had a complete work, first by Lengnich, next by Jeckel, and a liberal history by Hammerdörfer, besides various newspaper essays in the Saxon, and afterward in the Prussian interest. More recently, the sketches of the government of Constantine, by Harro Harring, and the great history of the revolution, by Spazier, for which the refugee Polish statesmen and generals furnished the materials, have been distinguished. We do not, however, yet possess a complete and critical history of Poland; and, what is more singular, nobody has taken the trouble of translating the better Polish historians.

The learned have taken a greater interest in Russia because many Germans established themselves there. In Müller's "Russian Library," and Schlözer's "Russian Annals," the old Russian histories were, for the first time, collected together and sifted. Bacmeister, Ewers, Bellermann, and Storch, rendered great service to Russian history; and, in particular, many accomplished travellers illustrated, in treating of geography, the Russian tribes and their history also: of these I shall have something to say hereafter.

The history of Hungary has also been completely illustrated by Germans; first by Fetzler and Engel; of

late more profoundly by Count Mailath, who, although a Hungarian, wrote German, and therefore belongs to our literature, and is one of its ornaments. Count Mailath belongs to the few historians who are not ashamed to do justice to the agreeable and characteristic popular legends. On Transylvania, we have the works of Schlözer, Eder, Gebhardi, Haner, and Lebrecht. On Servia, we have the works of Rancke and of Pirch.

As it concerns German history, in the second edition of my "History of the Germans," I have attempted an ample list of the historians of our country, which yet must always continue imperfect, and I will not repeat it here; on the other hand, I shall be pardoned for saying more on their literary peculiarities, who are characteristically prominent, than I could in that work, when literary history was only an affair of secondary importance.

If we have gained the fame of having our learned men interest themselves in the history of foreign nations with the most comprehensive love and passion for inquiry, it redounds also to the satisfaction of a moderate patriotism, that inquirers into German history have not altogether, at least, lagged in the rear.

But if we consider how often German history had been treated by minds of moderate capacity—how often our greatest scholars and acutest historical critics have preferred to occupy themselves upon ancient Greece or Rome, upon the distant Indies or China, upon England or Italy, and have looked upon the history of their native country with a certain con-

temptuous aversion — we cannot help complaining of the wrong direction of a nationality which can lead to such a neglectfulness of self.

Perhaps it is to be ascribed to this circumstance chiefly, that our own general history is so strange and dark, so difficult to be surveyed and so hard to be retained. But the great number of our governments, the provincial spirit, the exclusiveness, which are to be found not only in the small towns, but preëminently at the courts and the universities; in a word, the disorganization of the German people, the great and long-continued process of corruption, which wasted away the beautiful corpse of our empire, have turned away our eyes, as well as our hearts, from the great whole to the petty parts, and the German has become a man of detail. How could a cit of an imperial town, or a poor little court counsellor of Wied-Runkel, or of Reuss-Greiz-Schleitz, or a professor in Duisburg, write a history of his great nation, like Hume or Thiers? He knew nothing whatever of a great nation; he knew only his native city or his employer. The division of the German races had ceased to be any thing to him; for those who belonged to the same race, the Strasburger, and the Würtemberger, the man of Anhalt, and the man of Voigtland, were entire strangers to each other. No man of letters had the opportunity of merely passing judgment upon the connection and the destinies of our common country, as a whole, to say nothing of exerting any influence upon them; and the statesmen either did not write at all, or wrote only for a most partial interest, and from a provincial point of view, in opposition to the

general interest of Germany, like Frederick the Great. Büнау wrote a general history of the Germans, but as a general historian he is unwieldy; Pütter and Häberlin had only the state and the constitution of the empire in view, and gave us only manuals; the Catholic Schmidt was the first who wrote a history of the Germans, in a popular and modern style, but without depth and judgment. Besides this, we had nothing but particular history; and even the good which this contained, was, and is, made difficult and troublesome to the curious, by the ballast which is tied to it; by the affectation of importance with which the smallest member of the empire is every where set above the great whole; by the uncritical jumbling together of reminiscences which are really of general interest with those which are merely local, or even wholly insignificant; and by a diffuse, obscure, and ignoble style, which shows but too plainly that no great subject inspired these historians.

What the elder provincial historians did, unconsciously and simply, in the spirit of that dismemberment which has unhappily become a second nature to the Germans, venal writers have purposely raised to a law, in order to stifle in the people the voice of conscience, which was beginning to stir softly. Johannes Müller, Zschokke, and many others, stamped every population of every petty province as a nationality, which had been isolated from all eternity, and which would continue so to all eternity, although history shows us, to this very day, that these newly-baked, provincial, primeval nations were never any thing else than constituent parts of the great German nation.

It was necessary that Napoleon should first come, and give us a thorough shaking, to bring us to a living feeling of ourselves. Honor and love had been unable to unite us; disgrace and hatred were needed to unite us. Great deeds were done, and literature would not remain behind the reality.

Since then, a new spirit has been awakened in the study of German history. Attempts have been made to treat it as a whole, and from a general German point of view; and even particular histories have been so subordinated as to serve this higher end. Soon after the war of 1813-1815, the popular history of the Germans, by Kohlrausch, made its appearance, which, being written wholly in the spirit of the age, and compressed into a narrow space, was a very favorite reading book at the schools, and passed through many editions. What it wanted in profoundness and critical value, was made up by its glowing patriotism. The histories of the Germans, also, by Carl Adolph Menzel, were animated by this patriotic spirit; but the work was not learned enough for its length, and was too long for the popular purpose. The work of the Baron von Gagern aimed only at setting forth the most ancient periods of German freedom and heroic greatness, like the more ancient and beautiful work of Maskow. Then came Luden's history, in an endless row of volumes. The author evidently lingers too long upon ancient times, and will be obliged to compress the more recent and far more important periods within a narrow compass, if he means ever to get through. Some hundreds of pages

upon Ariovistus, Arminius, the long and tedious disentanglements of family quarrels under Otho I., are not calculated to excite the interest of the public. Pfister's history is complete and acute in single parts, but not so in others; he seems to me not direct and clear enough in relation to the many vile things that have occurred in German politics. Peter von Kobbe has written a useful manual of German history, the skeleton of which has indeed but very little flesh. The popular history of the Germans, by Joseph Heinrich Wolf, which appeared in Munich, would not deserve to be mentioned, were it not a prominent sign of the times by its licentiousness. Under cover of a history of the noble German nation, devoted to the young, the infamous author smuggles in vulgar obscenities, and seducing descriptions of lust.

I cannot deny that all these works failed to satisfy me; that a work seemed to me to be wanting, in which not only political history, but the history of culture; not only the history of deeds, but the history of mind; not only the leading traits of universal history, but the delicate and characteristic secondary traits of particular history; not only historical truth, but patriotic ardor;—and in patriotism again, not merely an enthusiastic eulogium of German virtues, but a candid acknowledgment and severe condemnation of German baseness, should have been contained;—and in this spirit I composed a history of the Germans, which stands in a close relation to the present work. In this, I merely carry out the literary portion of that which I treated in the other

as a whole. Our literature is rooted in our history. One can hardly be learned thoroughly without the other.

The works which treat of only a part of the great whole which is called German history, are prodigiously numerous, (the consequence of our disunion,) and among them we find the best we have, since our love for the single and the small was always greater than our love for the whole and the great.

The brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, Jacob in particular, stand foremost in investigations of the German language and antiquities. His "Grammar," which shows historically the formation of the German language, is a classical work, such as no other nation has to offer. His legal antiquities, his investigations into and labors upon the ancient popular legends, his editions of old poems, belong to the best part of what has been accomplished for German antiquity.

In regard to the language, the hitherto arbitrary manner of prescribing laws to the language, was put down by the historical mode of treatment of Grimm. Great as are the merits of Adelung and Campe, in relation to the clearing up of our language, yet, so far as they forgot the historical principle, they opened the way for all the follies of the so called purifiers of the language, who wanted to introduce now this and now that orthography and pronunciation. Between these usurping tyrants of language and the historical principle of Grimm, stood Jahn, the reviver of gymnastic exercises, who recommended, in a

somewhat exclusive manner, in his "German Nationality," to *be* German, and to speak German.

The return to the monuments of language in the middle ages first led to a profound study of our antiquity in general. Before Grimm, Gräter prosecuted the study of the old northern literature, and acquired great applause as a leader, which we will not abridge, though we must confess that he was often wanting in taste. The profoundest feeling for the middle ages, and at the same time the most refined and the choicest taste in the treatment of them, manifested themselves in Görres. Being doubly connected, by his earlier residence at Heidelberg, with Creuzer on the one hand, and with the romantic poets on the other, his fiery spirit has exercised an influence on both. Mone, the disciple of Creuzer, subjoined to his "Symbolism," in which the ancient Oriental, Greek, and Roman mythologies are expounded, a history of northern and German paganism, which unites, with great learning and all the excellencies of enthusiasm, some of its errors. The poets Arnim and Brentano collected, in the "Boy's Wonderhorn," a great treasure of popular songs. Büsching and von der Hagen, by collecting and editing with the greatest industry; Lachmann, by sifting with remarkable thoroughness; Hoffmann von Fallersleben, by bringing the ancient German literature to life again, by means of editions and commentaries, gained great distinction.

After the example thus set by the poets, the historians have not remained in the rear. A beginning was made by putting to press the hitherto unpublished chroni-

cles and important original documents. To be sure, in the first ages, after the invention of printing, the wealthy inhabitants of the imperial cities, the universities, several princely historiographers, and the Benedictine monks had taken care of large folio editions. A multitude of the *Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum*, collections of legends, collections of original documents, collections of laws, were brought to light. But the later *Scriptores* of our laborious Pertz, the *Monumenta Boica*, the editions of several very interesting chronicles of Switzerland, of Pomerania, of Silesia, and so forth, printed for the first time, and very numerous collections of original documents by Hormayr, Freyberg, and others, demonstrated that a great deal had still remained.

Among the new works on the civil and legal history of our country, Eichhorn, whose work very lately Philipps and Zöpfl have endeavored to correct and complete, stands at the head. Hüllmann has written some distinguished works upon single parts of the civil and ecclesiastical constitution. The celebrated work of Savigny on the civil law in the middle ages belongs no less to political than to juridical history.

An infinite quantity has been written upon the ancient Germans, principally since the reformation; for the deep debasement of Germany at that time caused a patriotic reaction in literature, as was the case at a later period under Napoleon: then, however, the "Germany" of Tacitus formed the germ of this literature, as the Nibelungen did later. Then people still wanted to be classical; and even Klopstock

could never separate German patriotism from the spirit of the ancient classics. The first who investigated very profoundly the ancient German character, and set it forth, like a historian of broad and general views, was Cluwer. Maskow exhibited the deeds of our ancestors, down to the establishment of the supremacy of the Franks, with a more historical spirit. Justus Möser delineated, in his history of Osnabrück, the ancient freedom of the Saxons, with the greatest profoundness and the most ardent patriotism. Among the innumerable single inquiries into the most ancient periods of German history, upon which I shall not here enter, the following are the most prominent, some of them recent, and some very recent — Barth, (*Deutschlands Urgeschichte*, "Early History of Germany,") on the most ancient relations of the Germans to the Romans in Upper Italy and Pannonia, the Boii, Semnones, and so forth, a part of German history hitherto very much neglected; Manso, on the Ostro-Goths; Aschbach, on the Visi-Goths; Türk, on the Longobards; Gaupp, on the Thuringians; Mannert, on the Franks.

Among the books which have been written particularly on the Carlovingians, the "Major Domo," by Pertz, and "Louis the Pious," by Funk, merit the greatest distinction.

Much has been written of the Othos, but a profound inquiry into the Sclavonian wars is still wanted. The introduction of the German language and manners among the Wends and Serbians belongs to the most important and influential events in German history; and perhaps nothing but a sense of shame

for the great cruelties with which it was accompanied, has prevented the German historians from going deeper into the discussion of it.

Stenzel has written the leading work on the age of the Salic emperors, and Friedrich von Raumer, as is well known, on that of the Hohenstaufen. The latter has been variously illustrated in the department of ecclesiastical history, also by the history of the crusades, and of the art and poetry of the middle ages.

But little notice, in proportion, has been hitherto taken of the Luxemburg emperors. The history of Henry VII., by Barthold, only, is a very profound and distinguished work. On the other hand, Charles IV., one of our most remarkable emperors, and even the wars of the Hussites, have, as yet, found no historian who solved the great problem in a satisfactory manner. The history of the Hanseatic league, by Sartorius, does not answer all demands; and we still want a history of the confederacy of the Upper German and Rhenish cities, written, as it should have been written, from the point of view taken by the present style of historical composition, although a great deal has been done for the history of single cities.

The age of the reformation has been pretty well worked over, and it is continually receiving fresh illustrations. The first able history of it was written by Woltmann: lately F. C. von Buchholz has very completely described it, in his life of Ferdinand I., from the Catholic point of view, and with the greatest learning, to say nothing of innumerable other works upon

single scenes and persons of the reformation, among which the "Illustrations of the Peasants' War," by Oechsle, are the most remarkable. The thirty years' war, likewise, has been very particularly treated. The latest works upon this subject are, the "Illustrations of the Character of Wallenstein," by Friedrich Förster and Schottky; the "History of Bavaria under Maximilian I.," by Wolf; "of the Brunswick Provinces under the Archduke George," by Count von der Decken. By such inquiries, the older narratives have been filled out, and, in some respects, entirely new views have been gained.

The influence of the age of Louis XIV. upon Germany has not yet been coherently set forth; this might be the subject of a very excellent work. The Spanish war of inheritance, too, has not been written since the elder and still useful Herchenhahn, from the point of view of the new principles of historical composition, and on the basis of newly-discovered original documents. Förster has been the first to open here a new path with his "History of Frederick William I." The work of Preuss on Frederick the Great is more profound than all the earlier ones by Archenholz and others. Later times have not yet been able to find an historian at once comprehensive and wholly impartial. Manso's history of Prussia's misfortunes and her triumph is the best thing that has hitherto been done in this connection. Upon Austria, Schneller's work is the most remarkable.

By far the most numerous and the best particular histories are upon single provinces, or even single cities, of Germany. As I cannot and will not enter

upon the numberless names of authors in this department, but must again refer to my "History of the Germans," I will here merely point out some of the most distinguished. Justus Möser's "History of Osnabrück," Spittler's "History of Hanover," Lang's "History of Baireuth," are at the head, for their spirit; Voigt's "History of Prussia," Mailath's "History of Austria," Rommel's "History of Hesse," Campe's "History of the Netherlands," Warnkönig's "History of Flanders," for comprehensive clearness; Ildefons von Arx's "History of St. Gall," Gensler's "History of Grabfeld," Jäger's "History of Ulm," Kirchner's "History of Frankfort," for an exact discussion of the relations between the citizens and peasants; to say nothing of many others, scarcely less distinguished.

We Germans have never had such an affluence of memoirs as France. Our statesmen but seldom laid claim to the character of men of wit, despised authorship for the most part, or did not venture upon a stroke of the pen for reasons of loyalty and fear, and out of regard for their families. Hence we find, in former times, only the memoirs of the Baron von Pölnitz, a genteel adventurer, and those of the Margravine of Bayreuth. Both were, in spirit and in condition, independent, and both wrote in French. Then followed the memoirs of Frederick the Great, and of several statesmen — of Baron von Dohm, and Counts Görtz and von Massenbach — and, finally, those of the Barons von Gagern and von Strombek, as well as the *memorabilia* published by Rüder, and ascribed to a great minister. Grateful descendants

have begun to publish reminiscences of their ancestors. Thus lately appeared the very interesting biography of Field Marshal von der Schulenburg, who served nearly all the potentates by turn. But that which the German statesmen have left behind them in writing is the merest trifle in comparison with what they might have said.

Among the geographical works on Germany, that of Büsching was, for a long time, considered the most complete. Very lately, a great number of geographies of our country have appeared, among which, those by Stein, Vollrath Hoffmann, and others, are distinguished for clearness and concise completeness. Among the accounts of travels, the very complete one of Nicolai once passed for the highest model; but his Berlin egotism made itself so odiously conspicuous in it, that descriptions, like those of Gercken, Küttner, and others, which were of a different character in this respect, were very well received. Lastly, the humorous Weber, in his "Germany," has delineated our whole country, partly from actual inspection as a far-travelled man, partly as a *polyhistorian* from innumerable topographical surveys and particular histories, and as a humorist with inimitable wit.

POLITICAL SCIENCES.

A FOREIGN tincture is in no branch of our literature so obvious as in the political. We made the reformation ourselves; but, in all the political improvements of modern times, the French and English have been beforehand with us, and every thing among us is referred, by affirmation or denial,—by imitation or opposition,—to the doctrines and to the example of our neighbors beyond the Vosges Mountains and the Channel. At the beginning of the last century, our princes were all little Louis Fourteenth's; our Chambers are now little French Chambers of Deputies—little English Parliaments. Unhappily, we are always on a small scale what our neighbors are on a large one—we are in single things what they are in the whole. We are dismembered and petty in space—we are far in the rear in time. If we come up with them at last, we put on the cast-off clothes of our neighbors, as if we were their servants.

For a long time, it seemed as if we Germans had no further need of politics. Properly speaking, nobody troubled himself about politics, except some few people in a few cabinets, who worked the machine in perfect silence. The antipolitical disposition of the Germans, in the preceding century, was so marked, that, even in our days, Vollgraff could affirm, with

some appearance of truth, that the German was not made for the state at all.

We have been roused from this apathy only by necessity, and that, indeed, from abroad ; but a self-impulse is wanting, and with it all originality, all grandeur.

We have suffered enough to make us bestir ourselves about politics ; and, at the same time, we have done too little to be able to achieve any thing great for politics. We have too many models before us, and too little self-dependence to serve for a model ourselves. With no fixed character, our condition varies on this account, just as we happen to be driven about. The transition-state nowhere is so common as in Germany. A wish is universally felt to put things on a right footing ; and few certainly have the power, who would not feel, at the same time, the necessity of doing what is right ; but the claims are too many, and, as the principal claim, both of the present age and of German phlegm, is moderation and peace, it cannot well be otherwise. We have been forced by compulsion upon the political stage, and are not yet quite at our ease there. The little that we have been compelled to do cannot properly be called action, and our words will therefore be of still less importance.

From the earliest times, those nations only whose whole activity was concentrated in public civil life, have been, at the same time, distinguished for a political literature — as the Greeks, Romans, English, French, and, in better times, the Italians also. To these we must concede the foremost rank. True, we are not wanting in theories and the dreams of fancy ; and we are, perhaps, richer in them than other nations,

because fantasy gains a freer career, the less active man is in a noble reality. Our philosophical systems, too, produce a variety of views of social and political life. Theories, however, bear only about the same relation to life itself that poetry does. One dreams himself away into a political Eldorado, and wakes up as sober as he was before. As the Germans have no great and free political arena, they might be expected to put their whole force the more vigorously into literature. But the reverse is the case. A good political literature always proceeds first from the school of political eloquence.

For a long time, religion claimed all the interest of the nation; so that even the great revolutions of the reformation served rather to put to sleep the passion for politics than to awaken it—not at the courts, but among the people. Afterwards, a comfortable habit was formed of letting all political questions fall into utter oblivion. Prosperity did not increase so vigorously that its superabundant power could have produced great deeds and institutions; but it never decayed so utterly that despair could have led to revolutions. The princely houses enjoyed, almost without exception, the childlike confidence of their subjects, particularly after their mutual interests had been so closely united by the religious wars. The masses had enough to eat, and distinguished minds found in the sciences and arts a suitable sphere of activity. The phenomenon of the French revolution, and the manner in which it was received in Germany, have sufficiently demonstrated how little disposition and preparation there was in Germany for a stirring political life.

The German loves his family more than the state, the little circle of his friends more than society at large, quiet more than tumult, contemplation more than discussion. It must be confessed that these peculiarities have led to as many vices as misfortunes, and that they afford the only justification of the reproach that has so often and so long been justly cast into our teeth — namely, that we have been fooled and oppressed by foreigners; that we are insensible to national disgrace; that we are negligent of common interests; that we show a contracted and painful cockneyism and crabbedness in sluggish repose. On the other hand, our earlier history shows us, that the same leading traits of national character have readily blended with great political deeds and institutions. From their root has grown the gigantic tree of the ancient German constitution, under whose beneficent shadow Europe has rested century after century. The German constitution differed from all the constitutions of antiquity, by making the commonwealth secondary to individual freedom and domestic life. The state had to serve the individual, while, in Rome and Sparta, the individual was the bondman of the state. That abstract conception of a sovereign state, to which every citizen is unconditionally subjected, which has a will of its own and aims of its own, was always opposed to the nature of the Germans. This antipathy to an idolatry of the secular state afterwards opened the way for the hierarchy. At last, however, it brought us to a perfectly passive condition; we were governed, and thought nothing about it; we

bore every thing, and scarcely one among hundreds of thousands, asked wherefore.

Meantime, the love of politics has been very recently awakened to a lively activity. Great misfortunes have reminded us of the faults by which we deserved them. The revolutions of neighboring countries have partially forced us to imitation, or, at least, to attention. *Coups d'états* from without have made many alterations in our internal political condition, and we have ourselves brought about many improvements. The advanced state of culture requires great alteration. The wars we have waged for the existence of our states, have made them worth enough to us to be looked upon with greater interest than heretofore. The political honor which we have again acquired has, to our great advantage, freshened our interest in politics. Deeds have led to contemplation.

This new political science is, however, for the most part, formed in a foreign school; all parties—the cabinets, the legislatures, the liberals—have received their instruction abroad. Meantime, wherever German peculiarities are visible, they manifest themselves in the same passion for system, in the same fantastic turn, which we carry into all the sciences. The practical men who guide the helm are as little exceptions to this as the quiet enthusiasts in the garret, who govern nothing but the goose-quill. The one want to force what is impossible upon the present; the other, what is possible upon the future. The former stretch out nations upon their tablets, as Saint Lawrence was stretched upon the

gridiron; the latter form to themselves golden dreams of the future, which future, it is well known, is, like paper, content with every thing; in which, however, the cow must always starve before the grass is grown. If the utterly passive public ventures to complain of the violence of theories, or to deride the phantoms of the ideologists, both parties exclaim with Fichte, "The public is no reason for turning our wisdom to folly."

The worst of it is, that both parties think least of all about the material freedom of nations, which is yet the first we are capable of in our present degree of culture, and which alone can benefit us. The practical political reformers storm through the quiet existence of the cockneys, and sacrifice the individual to the whole; the enthusiastic reformers of the world, however, think only of moral freedom, of an ideal condition, which lies, perhaps, at the end of time.

The check which is put, to a certain extent, upon the violence of the civil reformations and reorganizations which have recently been so frequent and so extensive, affords no great consolation. By this I mean, the reverence for what is old, which is respectable in itself, but, in the condition to which the age has borne us irresistibly onward, can never lead us back to the consistency of the old system, and is, therefore, only an obstacle to the consistency of the new. A system of patch-work systems interposes between the two; it is constantly pulled in pieces, and then built up again; institutions from all ages and for all conditions have been retained, and again, in every place,

innumerable, peculiar, and new institutions have been glued on it; and all of them bear the same relation to the simple institutions which we might have, that a rag-shop full of old clothes bears to a fresh suit. Practical statesmen must not only be acquainted with theories, but with history and philology; and erudition is not so much under the protection of the state as the state is under the protection of erudition.

The check which is put upon the extravagances of the reformers of the world, on the other side, affords just as little consolation. This is the censorship; in fact, we cannot think of the defects in our political literature, without being at once reminded of the great gaps — the gaps of the censorship — which might have been filled up by all those works that have no existence, on account of the restraints upon the press. In the next place, our reflections are disagreeably turned by these upon the timid, foolish, and half-way judgments, which terror of the censorship, or the belief that the censorship will permit no competition of better judgments, so abundantly produces. But we have already discussed this subject. The evils of the censorship are nothing new; they only change the place which they fall upon, and seem to belong to the diseases of national childhood. They are a leprosy which takes off the skin here and there, but the child does not die of it.

Before we consider the literature of practical politics, let us take a look at the theories. All practice starts from theories. The time exists no longer when the nations fell into transient quarrels from a sort of animal wantonness, or from accidental and local induce-

ments. They contend much more for ideas, and on this very account the contest is universal, in the very heart of every nation, and is a contest of one nation against another, only so far as one idea preponderates with one nation, and another with another. The contest has become entirely philosophical, as it had before been religious. It is not a country, not a great man, which is the subject of contention, but it is convictions, to which nations as well as heroes must be subordinate. Nations have conquered with ideas; but as soon as they have dared to set their names in the place of the idea, they have been put to shame. Heroes have, by means of ideas, gained a sort of universal empire; but as soon as they have deserted the idea, they have been prostrate in the dust. Men have changed; ideas alone have remained the same. History never was any thing but a school of principles. The last century was richer in far-seeing speculations; the present is richer in retrospections and the results of experience. Both have the lever of actual events; by them every thing which has taken place is explained.

There are only two principles, or opposite poles, of the political world, and parties have encamped at the two extremities of the great axle, and carry on the war with increasing fury. True, every party signal is not acknowledged by every adherent of the party; true, many are scarcely aware that they belong to any particular party; true, the members of a party quarrel among themselves, so far as they draw different conclusions from one and the same principle; but, in general, the subtlest critic, as well as the

common newspaper public, must draw a line between liberalism and servilism, republicanism and autocracy. Whatever may be the shades, that *clair-obscur*, and those tints blended till color disappears, in which the two principal colors pass into each other, — these principal colors are themselves nowhere hidden; they form the great, the only opposition in politics.

Instead of a definition of liberalism, I prefer to give an historical development of it.

The reformation was liberal, so far as it opposed not only the ecclesiastical, but some of the secular institutions of the middle ages likewise. All the princes who made themselves independent of the emperor, under the pretext of religious freedom, considered themselves as very liberal. Chemnitz or Hippolytus a Lapide, and Puffendorf, who had assailed the ancient constitution of the empire in the interest of Sweden and Brandenburg, considered themselves very liberal. They were the innovators, the revolutionists of their times. The revolution, the destruction of the holy empire in the middle ages, originated with the princes, and was the affair of the princes.

Reform was the first garment, the first name of European liberalism. The second was *illumination* or philosophy, on account of which the last century was called the *philosophical*. In this, too, the princes took a very active part. Illumination served them a double purpose — partly in opposition to the church, whose last possessions were taken, partly in opposition to the nobility, whom it was desirable to bring under perfect subjection. Our Joseph II. was not

alone in opposing illumination to papacy and the aristocracy: Pombal in Portugal, and even Catharine the Second of Russia, were *illuminated* just in the same way. Illumination, as a sure means of reducing the hierarchy and aristocracy to utter imbecility, and, on the other hand, of strengthening absolute monarchy, made astonishing progress during the last century, in nearly all the states of Europe. The courts were enthusiastic in the cause, and courtiers and philosophers rushed into each other's arms.

The *human race* was the watchword of this illumination. Joseph II. opened to the citizens of Vienna a great public garden, with an inscription, "To the human race, from their lover." Every thing harmonized with the words of that romance, in which an enthusiastic youngster exclaims, "Ask me, O, I beseech you, my father, ask me what I think of the human race, that I may have the pleasure of answering, 'They are my brothers, and I love them with brotherly love'!" Rousseau's works and their influence upon German education and poetry, as well as the influence of the English philosophy, experimental psychology, and pictures of manners, advanced this universal love of man to an extraordinary degree.

The whole affair, however, was a thoughtless game, a mere affair of fashion. The courts, in fact, knew not what they were about, or they must have laughed in their sleeves when their conduct so completely contradicted all their fine words. Frederick the Great wrote an anti-Machiavel, in which he assailed furiously the political immorality of the Florentine;

Catharine II. carried on a confidential correspondence with the noblest philosophers and poets, and wrote down the humanest sentences. And what did these people *do*, who uttered such fine words? Poland can tell something about that.

Where illumination was not directed against the clergy and nobility; where it did not merely sustain the autocracy; where it should better the condition of the people also,—it was nothing but sheer mockery.

A traveller, or perhaps a whole ship, was sent off to New Holland, or into the interior of Africa, to impart to the savages our culture and our vices, and to bring back a few of them, with other curiosities, for the gratification of the High Mightinesses. People imported Swiss, and Swiss cows, or established little colonies with Dutch cottages, as a children's game for princesses, who once wanted to disguise themselves in rustic garb, and play at Arcadia. They erected beet-sugar and succory manufactories, that they might boast of West India goods made by themselves. It once happened that a whole province was compelled to plant tobacco, instead of corn, in a year of famine. These were the material benefits of the illumination of the same age, when thousands of Germans were sold to the colonies—when torture, the gauntlet, servitude, exemption of the nobility from taxation, exclusion of common citizens from military honors—were in full vigor.

Writers were not wanting, who pointed out these contradictions; but they would not, or could not, speak with perfect freedom. The few who ventured to do

so were all Würtembergers, in whom the ancient spirit of German freedom had not yet entirely died out, inasmuch as the representatives of their small country continued to spin the still unbroken thread of ancient right. Johann Jacob von Moser expiated at the fortress the crime of choosing to speak the truth among courtiers, and to be a man among women. Germany was so poor in political truth and in political courage, that this one man monopolized nearly all the fame of the last century. And yet he is already forgotten. His excellent works, in which many truths stand written for eternity, though in antiquated essays, ought, in justice, to be held in higher estimation. The poet Schubart followed Moser in boldness of language, and into prison. He was, indeed, no statesman and jurist, but he felt more deeply than any other. His Swabian Chronicles and his poems contain diamonds of the first water. The great poet Schiller also trod in his footsteps. In his "Cabal and Love," he exhibited the monstrous chasm between petty court politics and the great claims of the human race. He also was driven into banishment.

Other liberal writers escaped persecution, because they were more moderate or more prudent. Lessing exhibited, in his "Emilia Galotti," a picture of the courts, which has done the courts more harm than hundreds of works by the journalists could have done. But the delicate veil of poetry was his strong shield. Iffland afterwards brought upon the stage every possible political misery; but he never failed to shift the blame from the masters to the servants, and so the

ensorship took no offence at it. Von Meyern wrote, in the spirit of Volney, the political novel, "Dyanasore;" but this enthusiastic hymn to freedom moved in a region of ideals and theories, and produced no immediate effect. Justus Möser reminds us of ancient German freedom, and Klopstock celebrated it in song; but the age of perukes was too far removed not to make this conjuring up of the spirits of the olden time ludicrous at last. Schlözer dealt unsparingly with the petty counts, abbots, and sleek burghers, but he had to handle the great political relations very tenderly.

A more exact acquaintance with the ancients and with the English and French, was the principal means of exciting the study of politics among us Germans, and of clearing up our ideas upon the subject. Archenholz did a great deal, as a journalist, to make us familiar with the relations of the English. The views of well-educated physicians and natural philosophers, who judged the contracted feelings of their country from a higher point of view, were not without their effects. This was the case with the celebrated physician Zimmermann, in his excellent work on national pride, and with the still more celebrated circumnavigator of the globe, George Forster, in his views of the Lower Rhine, and so forth.

All these warm-headed men exerted an influence on the nation. In the school, there were only remaining stiff teachers of political law, who filled the archives of Wetzlar with records of the imperial court, which the French soon afterwards merrily set on fire. The

first rational manual of political science was the work of Spittler, who took a middle position between the liberal popular writers and the dried-up academicians, like Aristotle between the Platonists and Sophists. His system has something of the Aristotelian coldness and dryness, because he takes men and things as they are, and not as they should be. But he has had a very beneficial effect upon the scientific treatment of politics, by the perspicuity of his arrangement, and of his leading principles.

This was the first period of liberal political literature in Germany. It was, on the whole, very harmless and innocent, not unfrequently childish. People complained, and thought of better things, but scarcely spent a thought upon the means of changing the worse into the better.

This unpractical tendency was not yet to be given up. The French revolution and Napoleon's iron reign drove us first into the abyss of theories. The historical ground was trembling, and the old empire was falling to pieces. The last guaranties of freedom, which had been languishing for ages, expired. The people grasped the air with both arms, to catch hold of some transient hope, but seized upon nothing but theories and dreams. At first, we rivalled the French. They made the republic, and we demonstrated, with finger on nose, that a republic is the best form of government. Then, while we were raving about freedom, our country was slipped away from under our feet. Afterwards, we recalled the memory of our country, regained it, and raved of nothing but Ger-

many, Germany forever, and failed to observe again that our freedom, in the mean time, had been drawn away from under us.

Fichte stood at the head of those who were inspired by the French revolution with the boldest philosophy of freedom. Liberal theories had been propounded long before, and in the midst of the changes of the revolution, there were in Paris very acute systematizers; but Fichte was the first to give us a profound scientific investigation of the doctrine of freedom. He referred the conditional freedom of society to the unconditional freedom of the individual. He laid down *self-determination* as the principle, and deduced from it the social compact. He did still more by replacing civil government upon a moral foundation, and by pointing out freedom, not as a right of man, but a duty of man. This is characteristic of him as a German. We are very moral in our way of thinking. We investigate the obligations of men more than their claims. Right seems to us to have no existence until every man does his duty. Among other nations all political controversy turns upon rights. Especially the French, of all parties, have always endeavored to defend the best political condition, as a right. This condition is freedom with one party and autocracy with another; one party regarding it as an original right of man; the other party, as an ancient historical right. It is but a short time since they first attempted to introduce the principle, that "right is only duty," which German honesty has long maintained. Fichte says, "Right is that which conscience commands us, therefore duty. What conscience does

not forbid us, we may do; and what we may do is *a right*."

This enthusiasm for a freedom inseparable from virtue spread among the young men at the universities, and reached even the *Tugendbund*, (League of Virtue,) and the *Burschenschaften*, (societies of students at the universities.) Fichte's "Addresses to the German Nation" attracted great attention. On the other hand, one of his most remarkable works, a vindication of the French revolution, which appeared anonymously, failed to be heard in the tumult of war, and was forgotten.

One of our most amiable minds, George Forster, came to the same result from a different point of view. He may be compared, if one chooses, with Lafayette. He had seen the world, came back from over sea, could not choose but wonder at German pedantry, and preached the doctrine of pure humanity, as he considered it, and wanted to have it freed from national prejudices. The fiery tide of the French revolution overtook him at Mentz. In the cause of freedom he forgot his country, and joined the blockheads and miscreants who, at the command of a French general, erected on the Rhine an affiliated French republic; but he soon became conscious of his error, and died. Together with him, Wedekind was particularly active as a pamphleteer; he, however, did nothing but coarsely translate the creed of the French Jacobins into German. With much more genius, with a much abler general view, with thoughts philosophically clear, and with a poetical warmth of coloring, Görres, who afterwards underwent so complete

a change, then wrote at Coblenz his "Herguelmer, or the Political Zodiac," and his "Rübezahl," in which the most daring freedom was proclaimed. The foolish, and, in some respects, cowardly and faithless conduct of many petty ecclesiastical and secular lords of the west of Germany, especially after the Congress at Rastadt, gave rise to the occasionally spirited satires of Momus. Among the liberal journalists — particularly those who, after the peace of Basil, when the French republic was acknowledged by Prussia, had a somewhat freer circulation — Huber, who married the widow of George Forster, afterwards the celebrated novel-writer Theresa Huber, particularly distinguished himself. A great many anonymous writings, besides, made their appearance, in which sometimes the French freedom was applauded, and sometimes vengeance was taken upon the old governments. Thus many works appeared, attacking the dissolute management of Bayreuth, which the Prussian administration, under Hardenberg, brought to a much-desired termination. Patriots were not wanting, who came out with pamphlets upon the Rastadt Congress. At that time, Baron von Gagern wrote a beautiful patriotic lament, which, to be sure, did no good. All these weak appeals to reason and honor were soon silenced under the iron tyranny of Napoleon. The brave Seume, earlier still a victim of the wretched state of affairs in Germany, transported to the colonies and sold; a man raised by his ability, but afterwards surrendered in Germany a prey to want and sorrow — made his celebrated "Walk to Syracuse," in order

not to be a spectator of the woes of his country under French misrule, and left behind him—for he soon died of wounded love of country—in his “Aphorisms,” words of the deepest sorrow, and the noblest indignation. Palm, the bookseller, who gave utterance to the last voice of freedom, was sentenced by a court-martial, and shot.

Now, for the first time, voices of freedom resounded from quarters whence they would least have been expected. Those same absolute powers, who, but a short time before, had hurled a manifesto against freedom in France, then threatening universal annihilation, now appealed to freedom in Germany. Austrian, then Prussian, at last even Russian, proclamations, summoned the Germans, in the name of freedom, to battle against Napoleon. The act of confederacy promised representative constitutions for all Germany, and, in some of the small states, they were, by degrees, really introduced.

These historical occurrences could not but have a great influence on the political education and literature of the Germans. We beheld freedom no longer, like the *Fata Morgana*, in the air, in the cloud-land of dreams, or among other nations; we believed we had secured her bodily, for the first time after long ages had passed away, upon our own ground—our own soil. Hence, she began to interest people who had heretofore vouchsafed her but little attention. Liberal papers emerged from all quarters, and political good advice was offered for sale by the bushel. So loud a cry of liberalism was raised, in which the

young men at the gymnastic schools took part, that the governments grew alarmed, and made haste to repress it.

Then a great deal of feeling was at hand, but very little understanding. Whence should understanding have come? People had suddenly plunged over head and ears into politics, of which, before, they knew absolutely nothing. They were deficient in the first rudiments of the political A B C. Dim notions of universal freedom, of representation, and the like, hovered before their eyes; but they were very far from taking a clear view of the state in all the relations of the constitution and administration, in all its parts. At the schools, in the institutions of education, all political matters were usually unnoticed, set aside, and ridiculed as something in the highest degree tedious. Goethe's antipathy to politics had imparted itself to nearly all the educated German public. Nobody in good society would have thought of speaking about a municipal constitution, a code of criminal law, or a system of taxation. People knew nothing about these things, and yawned if ever they happened to hear the name.

The military enthusiasm was still too great. People were satisfied with a poetic ardor for Germany, for her ancient memories, and her newly-won honor. The country stood in the first rank, freedom in the second. Thus the liberalism of that time was Germanism. It was, properly, of a lyrical nature. The poets, Theodore Körner, Max Schenkendorf, Freimund Reinmar (Rückert) Uhland, Follen, and so forth, were in every body's mouth. Germany began, by this means,

to sing her freedom. Even prose works breathed this lyrical inspiration. Arndt wrote pamphlet after pamphlet, filled with burning hatred against the French—filled with pride and jealousy for his country, whose integrity and external freedom were more in his eyes than her internal reorganization. On the other hand, Jahn was engaged with the latter; in his "German Nationality," he preached up a modern Protestant and liberal Germanism, in an excellent spirit, but not always in good taste, and not always according to nature. He went too far in denying what has an historical existence, trampled too much on established habits, and wanted, not only, like Rousseau, to furnish a state ready made, but national manners too, which must always grow up, and can never be made. Görres had been withdrawn from the ancient recollections of Germans, and now returned to them again. His "Rhenish Mercury" had thundered and lightened so vigorously against Napoleon, that this great conqueror reckoned him among the European powers. But, even in this journal, the system was announced which Görres has since developed in separate works, to wit, the restoration of German freedom in the form of the middle ages. Then all the Protestant liberals shook their heads at a freedom which would require a restoration of the Romish hierarchy. But people praised and honored the lion-hearted champion, because, although favorably inclined to the hierarchy, he was by no means in favor of despotism—because, in spite of his ecclesiastical quirk, he was as liberal in opposition to the princes as any other whatever, and had a great deal

more courage. Baron von Gagern, also, went back to the middle ages, and tried to make the liberals understand that they could not dispense with the ancient nobility, and the ancient nobility that they could not dispense with liberalism. He constantly required, together with the representation of the princes at the meeting of the confederates, a representation of the nobility; and he recommended to the nobility to mediate, in a liberal spirit, between the princes and people, for their mutual reconciliation. But neither princes nor people would have any thing to do with it. The former want only a dependent nobility, the latter none at all.

As Germanism, in the long run, had it been permitted to extend itself farther, would naturally have prejudiced the *jura singulorum*, it was not only repressed, but all the incidental absurdities which its confessors had connected with it were carefully brought forward, for the purpose of exposing it to derision. If German scholars, and they alone, undertake an affair, some folly or other is sure to come of it. It was just so with Jahn. The perversity of a schoolmasterdom run mad was now, however, maliciously transferred to the whole subject of Germanism, as if there were any necessary connection.

The disheartened liberals, however, now laid themselves, on their side, open to ridicule; and, as it was dangerous in Germany, for five years after the battle of Leipsic, to profess oneself a German, so now they began to listen to and admire the French anew, who though vanquished, had come off much better than the conquerors. Nothing more was to be said for Ger-

many, every thing for France. Talk they would; political talk they could not dispense with. They occupied themselves, accordingly, with France and England exclusively; and, if they still cast sidelong glances to Germany, it was done only in joke, and for the purpose of deriding the good Germans. The first satirical book of this kind, which diffused a great hilarity among the discontented Germans, was "The World and the Age," by the ingenious advocate Jassoy, of Frankfort on the Main. Lang succeeded him with the "Hammelberg Tour," and Börne with excellent articles in the journals. Even the venerable Jean Paul, in the last years of his life, overflowed with bitter derision of the state of affairs in Germany.

In truth, there was something ludicrous in the fact, that we Germans should have fought so long and so terribly, and have conquered at last, merely to make France united, great, and free, while we were ourselves disunited and enslaved; that we Germans should have hated and persecuted the French with so much ardor, in order to talk about them alone a year or two later, to adopt all their fashions, as if we were destined to be afterwards, as well as before, nothing but their servants; that we Germans should have made so much talk of our Germanism, and then should have been compelled to deride ourselves.

People now had time to study English and French models; and the less they dared to trouble themselves further about external politics and national honor, the more deeply they penetrated into the internal machinery of legislation and administration. All the liberals, who took the thing up too seriously to make

it a matter of joke, struck into this direction, and some of them, at least, found an opportunity, in the small German Chambers, to attempt to apply the new doctrines. When the revolution of July broke out in France, and a great excitement followed in Germany also, this new erudition showed itself in a very obvious manner. Liberalism had again put on a new garment; it had become legislative and administrative criticism.

Rotteck forms the transition to this. He is still firmly rooted in Rousseau's and Fichte's theories, in the principle of his rights of reason; but he has also extended his observations to every branch of practical statesmanship. His ideas are not new; but this realization of ideas — the transition of a scholastic man to the full activity of a statesman — is new, and has won for him deserved fame. As a theorist, he has opposed himself preëminently to the principle of the historical right, which the political romanticists of modern times have assumed as the ground of their theory, and has set up against it the right of reason.

The whole political contest of later times may be reduced to the contest between things as they are and things as they ought to be. The political institutions, the laws, which our ancestors have left us, are perhaps — in part, at least — irrational, and so, according to the right of reason, wrong; but, if we change them, actual possession is manifestly destroyed, and wrong is again done, according to the principle of historical right, to the individuals who have to suffer. The controversy now is on the question which right shall have the preference. There is undoubtedly a political conscience, whose voice is as hard to stifle

as the moral, and this conscience tells us, reason is always in the right, and right is only reason. But the voice of conscience is not followed, because interest and prejudices would have to be given up, from which we have not the heart to separate ourselves, and in order to silence conscience we seek counter arguments, which may weaken the severe commands of reason.

The most cogent argument, by which historical right has been able to maintain for itself a sacred respect, as opposed to the right of reason, is the legitimacy of possession by prescriptive right. But to whatever extent this principle is admitted in practical life, it extends in no case whatever to theory; for every one feels that accidental, momentary possession can be no ground for preventing the introduction of the eternal right of reason, and that this eternal right, and with it the interest of all coming generations, must not be sacrificed to the momentary advantage of a single generation, but the reverse. The proposition, that wrong should be done to *all* forever, is too illogical to satisfy the defenders of historical right. Hence they have found themselves compelled to look after more cogent and unanswerable arguments. First, religion was made to serve this purpose. People began by calling the old, and next, the existing right generally, the divine right, and turned a purely political, into a theological question, in order to make their answer easier. Every political opposition became henceforth a *sacrilege*, and as unreason was deified, it was a self-evident proposition, that reason was the devil. But this extreme

has only led to the advancement of the cause of the right of reason; for men, on the whole, continued to be reasonable enough to see that God had as little to do with positive wrong as the devil has to do with reason. Reason, on the other hand, was now deified, and all the venerable phenomena of all history, were ridiculed or deplored, as not corresponding to the ideal of a commonwealth of reason. This second extreme, which appeared most decidedly in the French revolution, now led, in turn, by a natural reaction, to a vigorous defence of positive right; and an entirely new view was advanced by Schelling's school of the philosophy of nature, which exercised a great influence, beyond the limits of the school, on the views of politicians, jurists, and historical inquirers. According to this view, history, like nature, is an organic whole, which fills up the periods of its life according to certain fixed laws; and arbitrary will or accident has as little to do with the way in which nations and states are formed as with the formations of the three kingdoms of nature. Hence it follows, that, as every nation and every age has something peculiar in speech, in costume, manners, faith, and conduct, so in its notions of right it has something which corresponds to its collective phenomenon, belongs to the *whole* of its sphere of culture, and so is not only to be defended as something natural under these definite relations and circumstances, but is even to be recognized as something noble, however much it may contradict our present notions and wants. According to this view, it appears very foolish to commiserate the paria, the fakir, the Spartan or the

Persian, the monk or the serf, since and because these men made no complaint of the irrationality of their law, but, on the contrary, held it to be quite agreeable to nature; since their entire mode of thinking, the whole circle of life, in which they moved, was wholly different from ours; so different, that perhaps they would have considered what we call reason and happiness, unreason and misery. In every case, however, a deep and holy law of nature is expressed by the phenomena of history, which it can never be rational to deny or ridicule. Life, in its many forms, secures to man, at every step, the capacity of being happy and honest; and if his progress and growth in history, indeed, seems to require his progress towards reason as a condition, still the journey is much less for the sake of the end, than the end for the sake of the journey. Mr. von Rotteck does not share this opinion; he rather opposes it, as he opposes all other views by which the historical right is wont to be defended against the right of reason. He says, "There is but one right—the right of reason; and because there is only this one right, every other historical or positive right, which does not harmonize with it, is wrong." This is so plain that there is no disputing it; only Mr. von Rotteck seems to me to go too far in proceeding from this principle to condemn, *ex post facto*, every thing in former times which has not harmonized with the right of reason. No right, not even the right of reason, has a retroactive power; and the non-acknowledgment of what we acknowledge for the first time to-day, ought not to be made a reproach against former times. As that which is

rational becomes rational for the first time when it is recognized as such, so it is with *right*, and there is no wrong until it is recognized as such. Let us take the enjoyment of our better knowledge, but let us believe the evidence of history, that former times were no less happy in their simple ignorance; and while we praise Providence for having led us so far forward, we must not find fault that our fathers had not yet gone over so much of the journey. As wrong becomes wrong for the first time when it is recognized as such, it is also impossible *then* to undertake its defence; and this is the point in which the profound discussion and ardent eloquence of Rotteck have gained a decided victory. But if he is a little severe upon the view which wants to have the past judged fairly, and more as a matter of taste than of politics, yet he cannot possibly be severe enough upon the lying party, which persists in defending that which is now recognized and demonstrated to be wrong, on the ground that it was once considered right by the past. Clear as truth itself, and ardent as the love of truth should ever be, the brave Rotteck battles down the sophists who attempted to entangle or darken the simplest truth with hypocritical malice, or in consequence of the dizziness, which attacks philosophers full as often as it does sheep. He speaks with particular power against a kind of swaggering, which sports with what is terrible and revolting, as if they were small matters; against the affectation of peaceable professors, who pique themselves on playing the Nero or Napoleon, in their chairs, on a small scale, because cruelty sometimes seems to have a

touch of genius. I consider something worse than swaggering our celebrated Jurist Hugo's defence of slavery, on the grounds, first, that there have always been slaves; second, that slavery, in many states, is a positive right; and third, that slaves are fed by their masters, and have none of the public burdens to bear. Were not Mr. Hugo so vain of his original ferocity, he would, perhaps, have observed that he has said a very silly thing. To this kind of swaggering belongs the expression of the celebrated Steffens — "The nobility are born for enjoyment, the peasantry for labor; but there is nothing wrong in that, because enjoyment is toil to the nobility, and toil is enjoyment to the peasant." Mr. Hugo ought, by good rights, to be placed on a plantation in Jamaica, to enjoy the rights of slavery, and Mr. Steffens in a village where servitude prevails, in order to taste the enjoyment of the peasant. But these gentlemen are not serious. The professor's chair is a kind of theatre, and on the stage one may utter all sorts of nonsense. Yet it seems as if men of letters ought to make it a point of honor to vindicate justice in theory at least, since it is so often violated in practice. The hero and statesman who tyrannically subjects every thing to his own will alone, and tramples justice under foot, may yet be excused so far as imperative circumstances introduced his system of terrorism, or the greatness of his deeds enforces our admiration. The scholar, however, whose sacred calling it is to maintain justice in idea, even when it has entirely disappeared from actual life, the scholar, nothing excuses if he degrades himself to becoming the theoretical ape of practical

tyrants. If wisdom takes a subaltern rank, it always turns to folly. Mr. von Rotteck demonstrates that there is a right of reason, that is, a certain number of rules of right, which are as undeniable as the mathematical rules of Euclid, and which must necessarily lie at the foundation of positive right, if this is not to be irrational. He derives these rules neither from religion nor from morals. He requires no foreign sanction for them whatever. He derives them simply and directly from the matter itself. If there be, he argues,—if there be relations of right in general, there are also certain right proportions, to which all right may be referred, and a multitude of possible disproportions, in which all real wrong is contained. Proportion consists simply in the equipoise of mutual rights; disproportion, in preponderance on one side or the other. It is thus only that a science of right is possible; for if this absolute reasonableness and mathematical certainty lie not at the foundation of right, it could never be raised to a science, it could never be any thing more than an aggregate of accidental and arbitrary decisions, as they spring from the manifold and conflicting interests of parties alternating in power, but not as they arise from the nature of the thing itself. A science of absolute right like this, there must, however, be, even were it to remain forever a mere subject of investigation for the learned, and not be carried out to practical application. Mr. von Rotteck wants nothing more; he wants to vindicate and sift critically the pure mathematics of right, although, in practice, its straight lines should swerve into the

line of beauty of wrong. For the most part, we find old acquaintances again in his doctrines. The right of reason is not acknowledged at this day, for the first time, and is so simple in its nature, that it does not admit of very different explanations. Mr. von Rotteck has, however, placed some doctrines in a new and clearer light, by distinguishing his ideas with an accuracy, which, perhaps, seems to many to be carried too far, and which is yet quite necessary, and by making distinctions in things which had before been confounded. Thus a clear distinction between right and duty, between the legal *may* and the moral *ought*, is worthy of great consideration, because it makes the political question entirely independent of the moral, and therefore meets the reproach to which the right of reason has always been subjected — that it takes men as they should be, and not as they are; that it presupposes ideal and virtuous men, which never could exist. Right, however, is so independent of morals, that it is as applicable to a commonwealth of profligates as to a commonwealth of sages. The one may violate the principle oftener than the other, but the principle continues precisely the same. This point must be particularly attended to, for it is this which distinguishes the doctrine of Rotteck from the philanthropic dreams of the earlier ideologists, and gives it, along with its dignity, the appearance, too, of solidity, and scientific sobriety also — that which, when opposed to the poetical outbursts of a humane enthusiasm, is regarded, and rightly too, as the criterion of common sense.

Rotteck, and with him his colleague Welker, the

most zealous supporter of the freedom of the press, have operated in a liberal spirit upon newspaper readers, and through them upon the public in general, by their practical activity in the Baden Chamber of Deputies. Weitzel has gained an important name for liberalism by his historico-philosophical discussions, and Murhardt by discussions on public law.

Liberalism showed, however, such activity, chiefly in the debates of the Chambers, and articles in the newspapers and local publications, that one scarcely knows, among so many names, which to single out for particular notice. On the whole, political ideas and the political style have astonishingly improved. How would Justus Möser marvel, if he were to see the interest which citizen and peasant now take in politics! if he were to find papers in all corners of Germany, not only full of patriotic fancies, but of discussions of questions in public law and finance, such as we have actually lived to see!

The readers of political journals have increased prodigiously in number.

The journals are occupied no longer merely with accounts of foreign politics, but they go into questions of domestic politics also.

In spite of the censorship, there is an unconquerable impulse in the age to throw every thing open to the public. Even where the censorship suppresses all the liberal papers, the government papers and servile journals themselves bring the questions of political controversy, in their way, before the public.

Our political journalism has already acquired experience of its own; the controversy of parties has been

reduced to a fixed routine ; certain leading questions have so frequently been discussed, that ideas formerly unknown or obscure have become universally clear.

When the "Rhenish Mercury," published by Görres in Coblenz, the "Balance," by Börne in Frankfort, the "Franconian Mercury," by Wetzel in Bamberg, the "Opposition Journal," by Wieland (son of the poet) in Weimar, the "Nemesis," by Luden in Jena, had gone down, and Oken's "Isis" had been sent on its travels, no liberal journal made its appearance after the Carlsbad Protocols, except the "Neckar Gazette," by Seybold, which soon became moderate again, and the "German Observer," by Liesching in Stuttgart, who travelled into prison. After the revolution of July, a flood once more followed this ebb, and the sudden transition from chains to unrestrained freedom took people by surprise. Wirth, in the "Tribune," Siebenpfeiffer, in the "Western Messenger," and several German refugees, preached overthrow and republicanism, in the "Lower Rhenish Courier;" and some of these terrorists fell upon even Rotteck, who appeared to them far too moderate: they saw in him nothing but an aristocrat, while Rotteck's journal, the "Liberal," was prohibited by the Diet, as quite too liberal.

The local gazettes, which were devoted to the special affairs of a province or a city, and entered upon a discussion of them, which was as intelligible as it was interesting at the time and place, were much more numerous and important than those papers which undertook to discuss the higher questions of politics. Every body knows best where the shoe

pinches him. He, consequently, who touched upon the most particular wants and complaints, was listened to with much more attention than he who spoke only in general terms. To be sure, the readers of one province or one city did not interest themselves for the others; but the same interest in public questions was excited among all, though independently of each other. True, indeed, very few editors of such local papers became celebrated, and took rank with the great men of letters; but though they exercised no great influence in higher quarters, and on the whole circle of affairs, they were able to make themselves felt so much the more in their own lower spheres and in particular things, and found there a fruitful field which had not as yet been much cultivated. The great national literature had passed unnoticed by the tradesman and agriculturist. This small, local literature came home to their business and bosoms.

The papers, which started up in incredible numbers, were of very different degrees of value. In one place, they breathed a noble spirit, like Justus Möser's patriotic fantasies; in another, they were low and vulgar. Some took rank with the political gazettes, others with the lighter journals. Some used the popular style of the "Village Gazette," which had been earlier established; others, the analytic style of the lawyers; others, still, were sentimental, humorous, tutorial, hint-giving, or descended to hard words and coarse jests. In the more enlightened provinces, and among a less rude population, the papers, too, were always more decent; but they were, and are still, nowhere more filthy than at Munich, where many of them vie with each other in vulgarity.

The numerous pamphlets which were written upon provincial affairs had no less influence than the local papers. In the space of two years, Holstein alone counted over thirty of these. Hanover, Brunswick, Saxony, also produced a great many of them, and so did every German province; always just after it had passed through a more or less important crisis. These pamphlets, in connection with the voluminous legislative records, swelled into libraries, which could no longer be taken in at a glance. Alexander Müller and Dr. Zöpfl attempted to afford a view of the whole field, by journals expressly devoted to the political relations of the German states; but they could never do more than furnish fragments, as they had not room for the whole. If we add Switzerland too, with its journals and pamphlets, we see no end. Eight-and-thirty states here, two-and-twenty there, make a vast noise, with their universal hubbub of questions and answers, wishes and suppressions, demands and refusals.

It is the more difficult to comprehend the whole at once, because the greatest diversities obtrude upon us every where. The same man, who would have been regarded in one place as an aristocrat, is a liberal in another. Here men are furious about the insufficiency of a conceded right, which would have been regarded there as the greatest liberality. And now we have to add the pedantry which we Germans involuntarily transfer to all our public affairs. The smallest state has a prodigiously learned and complicated code, and ministries and chambers rival each other in elaborating it with additional clauses and corollaries. The attempt to be very thorough—nay,

even the effort to be very liberal — has produced fine-spun subtilities in legislation, which, even were they dictated by the spirit of freedom, fail of their effect, because they are withdrawn from the public view by their learned and artificial character, and the immense extent of paper they cover, and must exclusively remain the business of a few persons learned in the law. A law which I know is worth more to me than a hundred laws which slumber in thick volumes unknown. It is not enough to have laws; they must also be understood; and to be understood they must be brief and clear. This, however, is not as yet the case with us; and to study the different German codes, and compare them with each other, is a task which will soon transcend the powers of man.

As the political interest has very lately been withdrawn from general topics and devoted to local matters, so, too, the old patriotic enthusiasm, the passion for the unity of Germany, has but very seldom been awakened. Nay, the governments have had occasion to complain that public opinion has become so unpatriotic in Germany; that sufficient confidence is not placed in the Diet; that so much indifference was manifested towards the question of Luxemburg; that more sympathy was felt for the French Belgians than for the German Hollanders; that opposition has been made in many ways to the Prussian Custom's Union. The liberals are reproached with an anti-German tone of sentiment; and, in part, the same liberals who were formerly reproached with their extravagant German partialities.

When Wirth, at the well-known Hambach Festival,

gave a vigorous impulse to German national pride, as Arndt had done somewhat earlier, many people considered it singular and ill-judged.

Klüber has undertaken to edit and illustrate the constitution, the resolves and protocols, of the German Confederacy, upon purely historical principles, with no argumentative criticism. Baron von Gagern has demanded of the Diet a bench of nobles along with a bench of princes; but William Schulz has demanded a representation of the German Commonwealth — a Chamber of Deputies for all Germany — along with the peerage of the princes. Baron von Wangenheim has discussed, in a political point of view, the resolves of the Diet in 1832. Paul Pfizer has recently illustrated the entire political relations of the Confederacy in a still more comprehensive manner. Learning, strict accuracy of induction, the most clear and luminous mode of setting forth his subject, and the noblest spirit of patriotism, place this political writer in so high a rank, that the eye, which wanders over the lowering clouds of the age and of literature, lingers with delight upon this bright and beautiful phenomenon. Still, the general interest in politics has not been devoted to the affairs of the Confederacy. Is it sleepiness, indifference, or is it only the ill-humor of patriotism? Certain it is, that the public busies itself about all other things more than the questions of the Confederacy.

Among the numerous particular and inferior questions, which, in the silence upon the great leading questions, have come forward and gained a hearing, the emancipation of the Jews plays an important part.

A multitude of pamphlets, pro and con, have been written in nearly all the German states. Riesser, of Altona, has spoken out with most vigor and talent. What he, a Jew, has written, in behalf of the rights of the Jews, belongs to the masterpieces of political eloquence. But the children of Israel are compelled to suffer, even to this day, from the petty relations of Germany, and have but lately regained their poor rights, and in a very few places only. Some want to educate them, and to treat the most ancient nation on earth like a little child which cannot yet stand alone. Others want to convert them, with all gentleness; and, if they do not exactly force them to become Christians, yet they do not allow them to claim the rights of citizens, nay, hardly the rights of men, as long as they are not Christians. Some hate them openly as a foreign nation, but are ashamed to smite them to the death, and only vent upon them a barbarous spitefulness in other ways. Some assume towards them the character of the master, the gracious protector, but take good care not to emancipate them, in order not to be deprived of the gratification of playing the Mæcenas. There are even liberals, who would not have the Jews freed because Christians are not yet emancipated in all things. It is petty insolence every where that grates upon the feelings of the Jews, and tortures them now with refusals, now with half-concessions, now with cruel repulse, and now with impertinent instruction. That men of sense and education — and many such from the Jewish race have recently risen to celebrity — should become frantic under such petty ill-usage, is scarcely a subject of cen-

sure. Still, the indignation of Börne, and the pungency of Heine, are not favorable to the Jewish cause, because they afford nutriment for petty antipathies, and because they are educating under their ægis a brood of vulgar young Jews, who defile with open mockery every thing holy in the eyes of Christians and Germans.

These are the gradations of liberalism. We come now to the servile party. The names *liberal* and *servile* have been borrowed from the Spanish, and adopted by all Europe. *Servile* means *slavish*; but it always indicates only voluntary dependence upon a master, be it from conviction or from interest.

Before the breaking out of the French revolution, men lived in a remarkable state of innocence. In some respects, the princes were more liberal than their subjects. They took the lead, like Frederick II. and Joseph II., in setting the example of improvement. They ridiculed the privileges of birth, and would admit only those of ability and merit. They plumed themselves much more upon their genius than upon their birth. The numerous and henceforth all-powerful public officers set about acquiring similar enlightened views. Ministers, general government counsellors, court counsellors, sat in troops, clad in blue silk aprons, silver trowel in hand, in the great lodges of the society of mankind, and celebrated universal equality.

“Thou sister with the linen bodice,
Thou brother with the order's badge.”

What could be more republican at bottom than

this freemason communion? and yet, in Germany, it formed the closest connection with political servilism, and nobody was more zealous in the cause than the government officers. This charlatanry is remarkable in a psychological point of view. It was natural. The soul is a pair of scales. If you put too much in wakefulness upon one side, you will be compelled, involuntarily, to put so much the more in dreams and imagination upon the other side. Republicans are fond of dreaming about the pleasures of dominion. Public officers like to assume the appearance of republicans, that is, to be freemasons.

The people were just as simple as their masters and rulers. They regarded the accidental political condition of the eighteenth century as an eternal necessity. They suffered by arbitrary power, as if it were only the action of a law of nature, and complained no more of the damages done by hunting than they did of a hail-storm. Among the petty German princes, some were then seen who not only exhausted their dominions by every imaginable oppression, but who even exposed to the public gaze, their private vices; and yet these things made no change in the loyal feelings of the population. As the priesthood was held sacred in the Catholic priest, though the individual was unworthy, so Luther had introduced the political religion, which secured to royalty implicit faith and obedience, whatever might be the conduct of kings. Hence it was unnecessary, in those simple times, to use many lies and much flattery, to admonish and appease. The people needed no admonitions; they continued, of their own accord,

quiet, obedient, and faithful. As the Landgrave Philip of Hesse had formerly done, Duke Charles of Würtemberg acknowledged, in the eighteenth century, that princes were men, and had great faults; but this did no harm to their dignity, and to the estimation in which they were held among their subjects. Men were at that time very far from talking so much as now about the love of the people, "the universally beloved" monarchs, and the like; but the devotion and reverence of the people for their prince were in fact much greater and more firmly rooted then than now. Even the philosophers, the poets, the *illuminati*; all who raved about universal freedom and human happiness; the admirers of the ancient republics of Athens, Sparta, and Rome; the worshippers of Rousseau, Montesquieu, and of the North Americans, — did they not, almost universally, go to court? Did they not, almost universally, live on the favor of the princes? And were they any thing else than *notabilities*, which were kept at courts for pleasure and ornament? France set the example. There first was exhibited a menagerie of philosophers and poets, with republican lions' manes, and eagles' plumes; and in Germany, also, the court fools were forthwith dismissed, and upper court republicans introduced. The philosophical robe and the Roman toga became the livery of the day.

The breaking out of the French revolution changed all this. Pastime was turned into seriousness across the Rhine. The whole nation became republican; the brilliant court was destroyed, the king was beheaded, royalty was abolished. The people, however, adhered

to the principles they had first received from the court philosophers and the court poets, nay, from the enlightened princes and princesses themselves. There was no difference between the principles of the Jacobins and those which had been so long the object of admiration among the classical spirits of the nation, in the court circles, in the theatre, in the academies, and in the lodges of the freemasons, excepting that it occurred to the people to turn appearance into reality, and sport into earnest. At this moment, however, the courts also perceived with what a dangerous plaything they had been amusing themselves, and threw it away with horror and affright. From this time forward, nobody could venture to play the philosopher at court. The antique, flowing robes were proscribed, and the simple official livery again made its appearance.

Then, for the first time, servilism adopted a sentimental style. Men were already too much frightened from their ancient customary ways; they had divided off into two parties, one of whom ceased to be dependent, the other for this very reason doubled its dependence. From this time forward they were not content, as formerly, to pay the courts quiet and decent testimonies of respect, but lavished on them passionate declarations of love, and enthusiastic caresses. The religious romances between the bridegroom Jesus and the soul, which aspires to be his bride, were repeated in politics. The servile journalists began to dissolve in love for the princes, and to expire in the raptures of their adoration.

The unhappy fate of Louis XVI. excited a very general sympathy, and served to increase that politi-

cal sentimentality. The emigrants every where spread their own feelings. Among the German journalists who encountered the French revolution with periodicals, historical tales, pocket-books, and theorems, and who served as the instrument of the coalition, the Swiss Girtanner, Reichard, Hoffmann, and Schirach, made themselves particularly conspicuous—all men without character, without intellect, mere venal flatterers, who sold their tears and their curses for pay; weak imitators of Johannes Müller, who far surpassed them in falsehood and address, because he always had the art of assuming the liberal mask, when he wept his crocodile tears.

As these people were the echo of the outcries of the emigrants in Germany, so there appeared along with them deep thinkers, who, following in the footsteps of Edmund Burke in England, scrutinized the great event of the French revolution from an historical and philosophical point of view, and endeavored to demonstrate that it was an overstraining of the human powers, a fit of intoxication, which must lead back to the customary sobriety. Rehberg and Gentz judged in this manner. The former had always preserved his independence; the second soon became a ministerial, thinking machine, a servant who might be directed to think, as others are directed to clean boots.

Since every thing in Germany was agitated in theories, the opinion opposed to the revolution found its philosopher in Schelling, just as the opinion devoted to the revolution had found its philosopher in Fichte. To the categorical imperative, "It ought to be so," the historical principle, "It is so, and can be only so,"

was opposed. The opinion that the world can be overturned as one turns his hand; that the naturally slow progress of the development of the human race may perchance be interrupted, and history begun anew; that human nature may be cooked over again after a wholly new receipt, and managed entirely as any philosopher may happen to require, — this opinion, which had heretofore been pretty universally diffused, was now confuted on grounds of reason and experience. The altogether too high expectations, which had been formed of human nature, were lowered. That universal freedom, equality, and virtue, were nothing but a chimera, was demonstrated not only from ancient, but even from the most recent experience, since the Jacobins, who preached the doctrine, violated it themselves the most of all; for the republic in France was smothered in tyranny, oligarchy, and the slough of all human depravity; it was transformed into the very opposite of every thing that the philosophers had desired; nay, it murdered even its philosophers, after having mocked them with hellish derision.

With the sympathy which the old families, who had been ruined by the revolution, excited, with the political sobriety of Burke, and with the philosophy of Schelling, which points to the great and calm career of history, and to the everlasting laws of nature, two other tendencies were united, which gave the anti-revolutionary party the greatest moral preponderance, namely, the re-awakened religious feeling, and the re-awakened German patriotism. Both were

directed against the revolution ; for the Jacobins had abolished Christianity for a time, and France, by her conquests in Germany, had most deeply mortified our national pride. But both tendencies were united in the interesting phenomenon of romanticism putting forth its blossoms a second time, which conjured up again the great memories of the middle ages, of the good, old, pious, and faithful times, of the church, of chivalry, and of the German legends.

Frederick Schlegel, properly speaking, formed the intellectual centre in this party, which assumed a conservative attitude towards the revolution, and was in favor of restoring what had already perished ; and hence cherished piety towards the church, patriotism towards Germany, and a love of legitimacy in principles of government. He was much more important than Genz, because to the resources of political eloquence he added the resources of religious enthusiasm, of philosophy, and of romantic poetry. He became Catholic, like Genz, and had, furthermore, companions and imitators in Count Stollberg, Adam Müller, the poet Werner, and others. These conversions gave great offence to the Protestants, it is true ; but still the complaints against France were so universal, the tactics of the restoration party were so subtle and well adapted to the times, that its principles could not but find numerous adherents even in Protestant North Germany, and particularly in Prussia.

Religious feeling was placed in the foremost rank. The seriousness of the times with which the young were filled, and the remorse of the old on account

of their severely-punished sins, contributed yet more to this than the sudden apotheosis of the pious middle ages.

The principle was assumed that "man is by no means free." He is a creature of God, begotten, sustained, formed by his grace, completely dependent on God; and nothing is more foolish than the pride and arrogance of man in his presumptive freedom.

In the state, God's kingdom was to be imitated. Hence absolute monarchy was recognized as the only earthly form of government which corresponded to the heavenly. The monarch should be the vicegerent of God upon earth, and was regarded as the anointed of the Lord; and as the appointed of God; and his judgments and actions should have the force of the divine will, even if his personal character, like that of the anointed priest, might not correspond to so exalted a dignity. The eternal, unchangeable character, the infallible authority of royalty, like a sun, must not be liable to lose its splendor by accidental spots.

Moreover, as, in nature, created things, distributed into unchangeable classes, yield submission to an everlasting order, so men should do in the state. Birth was recognized as a divine ordinance. Woe to him who would transcend the boundary lines drawn by nature, and disturb the gradations of rank in society.

The liberal systems were criticised not without acuteness, and their extravagances made use of to condemn all liberalism. That foolish optimism, which believed in the possibility of introducing a universal

republic of virtue, was treated with special derision, and universal equality shared the same fate. There was no difficulty in demonstrating from history, and from the present, from the experience of ages and of every individual, that men are not formed to be perfect in all the virtues, nor like each other, nor united together. So long, therefore, as the liberals required too much of their beloved human race, they were unequally matched with the serviles, who required less of them, and made more allowance for their weaknesses.

But while the serviles appropriated to themselves a principle of nature, and borrowed from the laws of nature, as exhibited in space, the unity, the permanent authority, the sacredness of civil power, and the subordination of ranks among subjects, they forgot the higher historical principle — the principle of history in time — from which the liberals deduced, on the other hand, everlasting progress in change, everlasting emancipation, an eternal blooming again from the midst of destruction, eternal revolution.

Thus also it is formalism which is here sought in dependence, on the one hand, as in freedom on the other; and against that men have ever constantly striven. All cannot be free in the same manner, but neither can all be dependent in the same manner.

As both parties cannot unite in the truth, it follows pretty naturally that they harmonize in error so much the more, without being conscious of it. The great error common to them both is, that they dispute about modes of human action, and in doing so, start from the ideas *for* which or *in* which action should be

directed, instead of starting from the powers of men, by which action is and can be in reality effected. They are always thinking of the *should*, and forgetting the *can*. They speak of an absolute freedom, and an absolute dependence, to which every thing must adapt itself; they show us, also, that the freedom of will, and the right of self-control, or else dependence upon a higher being ruling over the body politic, and the duty of subjection to that being, lie at the foundation of all human conduct; but they always start from an ideal point of view, and want to lead on to an ideal goal — to an arrangement of human society, in which either that freedom or that dependence should be universally recognized, and the political forms corresponding to it unchangeably established. All men, according to them, ought to acquiesce in one or the other view; and the only dispute is, on the question, Which view?

This is the fundamental error of both parties. The question of absolute freedom and independence must be settled in the far more important question of the relative capacity of men, and, so far as society is concerned, of the distribution of this capacity among men. We shall find it no longer necessary to inquire, "Ought man to be free?" when it is first shown that all men possess an equal capacity for freedom. Just so we shall no longer have to inquire whether the dependence of the one or the other be necessary, if we know the capacity which has been distributed by nature to both. The republican party adjudges to all men the same rights of freedom, inasmuch as it holds that all are strong

enough to perform the duties also of freedom. The servile party adjudges to all the same duty — to feel their dependence upon a higher being, and imparts to some the privilege of ruling the dependent, in the name of that higher being. If men could in reality be all at once as either party would have them, the view and the state of each would be alike perfect, and would in fact be of no consequence which state existed, if it only corresponded perfectly to all its members. But men are not as either party would have them, and never will be, to all eternity. An everlasting conflict must, therefore, prevail. The conflict, again, would be altogether rational, if each party would extend its view only to those whose natural disposition corresponds to this view; but it becomes absurd, when each party would force its view upon all, and consequently even those whose natural disposition is opposed to it. The republicans want to elevate all men to freedom; but a great part of mankind they can only *condemn* to freedom, because there are men, many men, nay, most men, who have no sort of capacity or material in them for freedom. The serviles want to secure to all men a patriarchal government in the name of God; but a great part of mankind they only *condemn* to it, because there are many men who either can and will rule themselves, or who can and will neither rule nor be ruled. Both parties in a measure confess their error, by admitting that men are different from what they would have them; but they have no doubt that they might make them different from what they are, and are urgent for an education for freedom or dominion. This,

however, is but a new error, since education can only cultivate that which is bestowed by nature, and cannot implant anything foreign to it.

The inclinations and powers of men are variously distributed among nations and individuals. Some can be nothing else than freemen; their sensitive faculty, their preponderating talent, their way of thinking, pronounce them free from all domination; and they either rule over the weak, or the idea of justice animates them, and they wish to make all their contemporaries enjoy the same right of freedom; and even should they not be able to impart to them the same capacity for freedom, they would at least not tyrannize over others, even were they able. Others are weak, and feel their weakness, and seek instinctively for some one to govern them. They create a master to rule them, were it nothing more than the image of a dream. Between these fluctuate the capricious, who know not what they want; and the phlegmatic, who are doomed to absolute passiveness by the very laws of their being.

These are the constituent parts of the mass, out of which political science constantly endeavors to make something which, being incompatible sometimes with one element, and again with another, is, consequently, never of long duration. The republicans ennoble the populace, but the populace is unworthy of being ennobled, and forces them to the dictatorship or annihilates them; they must either trample on the multitude, or the multitude crushes them. The serviles, on the other hand, do not award the nobility of freedom even to the few who are truly free. To him who esti-

mates men too highly, they show their baseness very openly and insolently. Against him who estimates them too low, they rise up in the consciousness of their better nature. It always has been so, and in this conflict history has advanced to its present point.

The reaction against France and her revolutionary principle, which, in the time of our disasters, proceeded from pious philosophers and romanticists, was, and continued, for a time, essentially ecclesiastical and theocratical. This was the case with Frederick Schlegel and Görres. The idea of the middle ages, and, consequently, the guardianship of the church, was always hovering before the imaginations of these men. As, however, the revolutionary principle had been put down, and the secular monarchs had gained a signal triumph, and even had assumed a sacred character in their holy alliance, but had become by this time strong enough to dispense with any special aid for the future on the part of the church or her theocratical ideas, so by far the greatest part of the serviles turned from unprofitable hierarchical ideas, and devoted themselves exclusively to practical and actual monarchy. The Swiss convert Haller, grandson of the celebrated poet, formed the transition, in his "Restoration of Political Science," which derived power no longer from God, but divinity from power. To him nothing is sacred save absolute power — save despotism.

From this time no more inquiries were made about religion. There was now nothing but a political religion, unconditional submission to secular power. Its noisiest preacher was Schmalz, of Berlin, who first announced that the so called wars of freedom,

between 1813 and 1815, had been considered wars of freedom only by a blunder; that this error of the press might be corrected in the history of the world; that nothing else had been aimed at than the restoration of absolute princely power, which had been limited by Napoleon; that the object had not been popular freedom, which is, besides, an essential absurdity. He became the accuser of the "League of Virtue," which he charged with revolutionary designs, and the slanderer of all who still continued to be ardent patriots. But he did not become so celebrated as the dramatic poet Kotzebue, who, in the pay of Russia, reviled, with still greater malice, the good Germans who fancied they had been fighting for their freedom. On this account, the student Sand, in a fit of patriotic delirium, thrust the dagger into his heart.

After the Carlsbad protocols, the servile systems and periodicals naturally increased to an important extent, though it was impossible to draw from this literature any conclusion as to the real state of feeling of the age. As the censorship permitted nothing on the liberal side to appear, all shame was thrown off by those who felt very comfortable in their old academical vanity, and by those who, as young men, wanted to make their fortune speedily; and things were asserted, which were very far from being brought forward, in so distinct a form, in the darkest periods of the hierarchy, of feudalism, and of ancient despotism. As Julian the Apostate, who wanted to restore paganism again, carried heathen customs to an extravagant and prodigious length, and had hecatombs on hecatombs of lions, white elephants,

and other rare beasts, sacrificed, so our servile enthusiasts seemed desirous of going beyond all the flatteries that had been lavished upon those heathen gods.

The old literary aristocracy, the men who called themselves exclusively the genteel people, were well content with a state of things in which loud clamors were forbidden to the people and their representatives. The political stillness pleased all those who would not, perhaps, have been otherwise listened to with sufficient attention. Hence too they believed it their duty to support and applaud the governments, and did so in their own clumsy fashion, with learned timidity, pedantic bombast, and studied extravagance. Did not the philosophical system of Hegel, with its great influence, minister to the grossest, and did not Goethe preach up, on all occasions, the most insipid, servilism? Nay, even Voss, of blessed memory, who had the impudence to profess himself one of the heroes of freedom—did he not rival Mr. von Haller, in attempting to demonstrate that his creed was the most submissive to worldly power, and the most servile? But, above all, mention ought here to be made of the hero of jurisprudence, Hugo of Göttingen, who even approved of slavery to its fullest extent—the slavery of the Helots, the negroes, and the serfs—as right, reasonable, and wise. Schlegel had already said that the peasant might be ruined, for all he cared, so that the knight might enjoy the noble pleasures of youth; for romanticism goes all lengths. Steffens made a similar declaration. Fouqué overflowed the imagination of male and female

readers with knights, panoplies, brunettes, and baronesses, and identified poetry with aristocracy. It was not, however, confined to poetry, to mere opinions. In the Catholic countries, the Jesuits came back; in the Protestant, the nobility began again to exclude the citizens, and every where great scholars rose up and declared oracularly that it was all very good; that people must only go on so; that the two ancient props of thrones, the priests and the nobility, must be restored to them. They were, however, to serve only as supports, and to have no independent aim. The zeal for monarchy was much stronger than that for the hierarchy or aristocracy. But very few contended for the independence of the church; an astonishing majority of the Lutheran, as well as of the Catholic clergy, only vied with each other in abject submission to the ministries. The well-known *agenda* controversy¹ was a solemn triumph of monarchy, celebrated by nearly all the clergy, over whom the triumph had been gained. Not unfrequently was heard again the maxim *Cujus regio, ejus religio*. A certain Balzer preached this principle with perfect openness, and called upon the secular power for measures of violence against all of a different opinion. A certain Seifert said, in precisely the same spirit, "The kingly throne is the real seat of God." Finally, a very celebrated man, Feuerbach, the jurist, invented a formal political idolatry.

¹ [The dispute between part of the Protestant churches and the king of Prussia, who insisted upon the general adoption of a certain form of worship. — TRANSL.]

Among the periodicals, the "Eos" was principally devoted to the hierarchical, and Pfeilschifter's tedious "Gazette of the Nobility" to the aristocratic interest. The romantic interest was supported by all the official gazettes, and some of the philosophical journals, among which Jarke's "Weekly Paper" excited the most attention. This champion of servitude set up his tilt-yard first in Berlin, but turned Catholic, as Genz was now growing old, in order to succeed soon to his place in Vienna. Besides these, the "Frankfort Post-office Gazette," and the "Manheim Gazette," in particular, showed the greatest zeal in the cause of servilism; to say nothing of the numerous servile local papers that have been established since the July revolution, in opposition to the liberals. For a time, the liberal papers had decidedly the advantage; but, as these were again prohibited, the servile papers have had the predominance once more since 1832.

That political felonies should sometimes be committed, among such changes, and so many conditions of transition, as we have in Germany, is very natural; and it is a proof of a certain political *naïveté*, that they are not more frequent, and that they as yet have no real success. The convert is never pardoned his apostasy, whether in church or state. Even so sturdy a patriot as Görres lost all his popularity in an instant, when he changed his opinions.

The first political convert was the notorious Witt Döring, who really mystified the German public, for a time, with his absurdities. Then followed Lindner, who once had gained a great reputation for liberalism by unmasking Kotzebue's Russian intrigues, and

confirmed it by many able productions. He has been one of the most conspicuous among the venal conductors of the periodical press. Finally, Münch cherished the hope of making his fortune, under the disguise of liberal tirades, by changing his colors, just like Johannes Müller, yet without possessing his erudition or his dexterity.

With those who have sold themselves from one opinion to another are to be classed those who are unable to decide upon any opinion, and yet feel the necessity of always talking about the matter. With the immoral are to be classed the moral weaklings. With the shameless are to be classed those whose bashfulness is always in their way. These irresolute babblers have been called the political twaddlers. They would like to reconcile every thing, couple together the devils and the angels, and establish a Christian, German education of the heart. They invent a fine name for every evil, and preach universal toleration and love. In this matter, pietistic civil officers in absolute monarchies rival the parliamentary orators of the constitutional South.

How has it come to pass that impassioned sentimentality, having been nearly banished from domestic life and from literature, has taken refuge in politics, like a runaway monkey on the bench of the judge? Sensibility, in politics, has the preponderance over the understanding; nay, the understanding is placed so conspicuously below it, that, in calling politics Christian, the *contradictio in adjecto*, which sets all logic at defiance, seems to be unobserved. Love, thou sacred, and often abused word — even thou art compelled to serve this political feebleness, to help

glue together that which cannot be cut out of the entire piece of timber because the trunk has already been reduced to chips. Love, Christian love, is called the principle of this modern school of German *doctrinaires*, and they insist on having every thing done from this love, while, in France, even the most benevolent *doctrinaires* are constantly withdrawing beyond the reach of its influence, and substituting in its place the law — a cold compromise of mutual rights. The strangest of all is, that love is raised to a controlling power, while it cannot be controlled itself; and, if it is not already in existence, unloving law must step into its place. All the preaching of political love has shown nothing else than that it has no existence whatever. In our diplomatic dinners and military executions, in excises and the censorship, police and prosecutions, who can bring love into play without affectation? True, there was once a time when state and manners, science and art, struck their roots in the deep and living germ of Christian sentiment, and the church governed and united all this great system of life. But that time is gone; the church lies in ruins; and I ask how it is that we have grown so ungodly as to preach Christian politics, even where the most scandalous wantonness is practised amidst the venerable ruins of that church, and the most unrestrained worldly despotism tyrannizes over spiritual concerns? Love does not live in newspaper phraseology, addresses, prologues, dedications, and in printed theories, nor in the transient cloud pictures drawn from the Scripture; there nothing but the smoke of the long-extinguished fire still floats. It is not Christian charity and religion,

it is only fear, distrust, cunning, and force, that control civil life; and peace itself is not the calm repose of mutual love, but only the repose of an armistice, while the opposing forces look at each other with hand on sword, or the quiet of a churchyard. As we are confessedly no longer living in the golden age, when love with lily sceptre restrained the monsters of human passions, but in an iron age, when all these passions are whetting their teeth against each other, the affectation of love is either useless or even doubly dangerous; first, because, being looked upon as hypocrisy, it only envenoms more the passions on the other side; and, in the next place, because, if sincere, it closes in slumber the eyes which should ever be awake, in Jean Paul's glimmering twilights, which, according to the proverb, are always favorable to love, but equally so to thieves. Formerly, love was the mother of law. The times have changed. Law, cold and iron law, will have to bring forth love again, with many a bitter throe. Is the individual in advance of his age, to him be honor therefor. But he should not convert his own love into spectacles for his age. Whithersoever we turn our eye, the age is frightfully devoid of love, and wholly wanting the binding force of the organic powers of life, and fallen back upon the rude and primal elementary powers of unorganized or disorganized nature; and we must make the severe and vigorous law of these powers take the place of the gentle yoke of love, if we would prevent an utterly chaotic lawlessness and powerlessness from making its appearance. The truth is, that the French principle of cold, dispassionate com-

promise of rights, however much it may be contradicted in theory, has been constantly adhered to in practice. To what purpose, then, hypocrisy? To hear the German *doctrinaires* talk, one would imagine that the celebrated balance of power in Europe was a bygone affair, that had long been thrown aside into the lumber-room of antiquated abuses. And yet we are what we are, only by means of this ever-existing balance of power, to the mechanical laws of which Europe has never ceased to be subjected. The theory of Christian politics has, to be sure, substituted wholly different and mighty fine-sounding words for the technical expressions of this mechanism, but the thing remains the same. The constitutions and autocracies have concluded a peace, like Protestantism and Catholicism, in the name, it is true, of Christian love, but in fact only from mutual exhaustion, and in the conviction that each is too powerful to be entirely conquered by the other. Magnanimity even has always been a matter of calculation, and the weaker has always been spared only from fear of a third more powerful party. Where interest has been involved, little heed has been paid to the commands of disinterested love; and, wherever an opponent could be put down without disadvantage, it was always done, as much by a natural necessity as the sea breaks in if there is no dike to restrain it, or a house tumbles down when the props decay.

To acquire an exact knowledge of these natural laws of politics, is a much more important task than to be absorbed in pious wishes and the recollections of the past. If any trace whatever of love has been

discovered in modern politics, it is certainly no Christian love, but at the best the old pagan *Amor*, who waggishly and merrily forces haters to political endearments and marriage contracts here, snatches forcibly their idol away from lovers there; here makes the worn-out gray-beard ludicrously imitate the ardor of the youth, and there tempts the boy to reach after the forbidden fruit. Thus the political *Amor* has given a loose to his tricky nature under Napoleon in Spain and in Poland, under Charles X., and among the German demagogues. But Christian Love—she has known nothing of all this mad uproar;—weeping, she sat amidst the ruins of the ancient church, until the rationalists prepared their target-shooting against her, and then, like Astræa, she flew up to the place from whence she came, resting on the bosom of God, where the Berlin pietistic warrants can reach her never more.

I have such a deep distrust of all sentimentality, that I always suspect a falsehood beneath it. I see, in smooth speeches, in loving attentions, in moral preaching, and in appeals to the heart, which are designed to melt the parties in tears, and run them together, only concealed malice, triumphant hypocrisy, profligacy huzzaing as it were for delight. In truth, none but a mischievous and ever-mocking Mephistophiles can take pleasure in setting himself up as an enthusiast for morality, delivering long discourses in its behalf, shedding tears for it, and exciting, among a few stupid men, and many cunning little women, that comfortable purring in the body, which men, like

cats, feel, when they are flattered, and are persuaded that they are mighty pious and dear creatures.

Fine words are the devil's holiday garment. But fine words will not do. If men would not turn up their eyes in utter hypocrisy — if they would conduct themselves in a truly moral manner — they must either be innocent, or, if they are no longer innocent, distress must lay its giant hands upon them, terror must pass through their inmost souls, and sorrow, despair, and death call out the strength of the soul, where it still exists, to battle, that it may be awakened from its long slumbers — that strength of soul, which supplies the place of the worth and force of innocence, but which never appears in the mass unless a terrible calamity arouses it.

Among the political fine talkers, Zschökke takes the first rank. He copied in his style the whining hypocrisy and the bombast of Johannes Müller, very strikingly. But he was far from being such a moral monster as Johannes Müller. He did not serve every power for money and titles, as Müller always did. He indeed was subservient too; he wrote for tyrants against the people. In the pay of Napoleon, he defamed the unhappy Spaniards and Tyrolese, applauded the universal monarchy of the French, marched at first with him, as journalist, against the allies, ridiculed the Germans who believed in the fulfilment of their promised freedom, and even went so far as to mock at the Philhellenes. But this was not all he did; he wrote again on the other side, when the political breeze veered round, against Napo-

leon, in the cause of Germanism, of liberalism, and of the Greeks. He wrote exactly according to the temper of the majority in Switzerland, where he lives, — exactly as foreign courts paid him, or paid him no more; to-day supporting one thing, to-morrow just the opposite, with the most engaging and smiling simplicity. He spoke fairly, feelingly, with unction and warmth, on all occasions, as if it were the deepest conviction of his soul, even if he had before defended the very opposite opinions with the same warmth. But we must do him the justice to confess that he has understood the German public. The liberals reckoned him among their heroes, and honored him with festive rites; the serviles prized their good old friend no less. Character still appears to people the most incomprehensible thing in the world, and therefore nothing succeeds so well with them as want of character. They love what resembles themselves. The cockneys are valiant to-day, cowardly to-morrow — liberal to-day, servile to-morrow — just as the wind blows. A public writer who is exactly like them must of necessity please them.

The great Krug, of Leipsic, however, has given much offence to the public. He is, to be sure, no fine talker, no declaimer, like Zschokke, but only a long-winded twaddler. But he has one thing which so much delights the cockneys; he is valiant when there is no danger, and equally fond of peace when peril approaches. He is exactly the man that all the political sly-boots in Germany like. But it seems he has crossed the humor of some people by playing the tutor too much. Zschokke persuades with tongue

of sweetness, Krug indoctrinates with arrogance and tediousness.

The class of "liberal bawlers," who, we know, like certain dogs, only bark, and do not bite — and of political "tinkers," who want to solder together incompatible elements, by a loving benediction — is very great in Germany. There is no country, no petty province, where there might not be found some scribbling officials to play the liberal, and some liberal citizens to reply with loyal temperance sermons. People make each other more compliments than reproaches.

A distinction is to be made between these attempts at reconciliation, and pure political empiricism, which merely reports the opinions of others, and abstains from giving its own. This is the tendency of Pölitiz, A. Müller, and several other collectors and recorders of political literature. This also is the tendency of the "Augsburg Universal Gazette," (*Allgemeine Zeitung*,) as, earlier, of the "Hamburg Impartial Correspondent." It is worthy of notice, that the most celebrated and the most widely-circulated gazettes were precisely of this description, and are so still. In the state of affairs in Germany, it could not possibly be otherwise. It is true that the impartiality of these papers is very wavering, and the weathercock is fastened to the tongue of the scales; but, in states where one gets nothing else to read of foreign nations, one is heartily glad even of the little there is in the lighter scale. To do the "Universal Gazette" full justice, one must travel from Augsburg, not westward, but eastward.

Several teachers of jurisprudence, particularly Zachariæ, in Heidelberg, belong to the empirical inquirers. He takes the body politic throughout as it is, and not as it should be, and makes it dependent neither on an original right of man, nor on the conditions of nationality. It must be confessed that such an empirical method is entirely at home in an age and in a country where neither men nor a nation are to be found, but only individuals of the state — subjects. In single points, Zachariæ gives opinions as reasonable as they are acute.

Rehberg appears in a very peculiar light. Formerly he took sides with Burke and Genz against the French revolution; but, like the Baron von Stein, always desired reforms suited to the times, and, very lately, in his "Fantasies," has declared himself energetically in their favor. It is a pity that his opinions have always been expressed on particular occasions, and in connection with single objects only, and have never been systematically unfolded. Meantime, it is no small distinction that he censures both parties.

The "reconciliation of extremes," on which Mr. von Ancillon has presented his views, admits wholly ineffectual and powerless constitutional forms as a *succedaneum*, and, as it were, a conductor of reforms; he is, therefore, entirely opposed to the tendency of an earlier Prussian minister, the Baron von Stein, who wanted no constitutional forms, but efficient reforms within the pale of absolute monarchy, which he partially carried through.

Now as to justice.

German jurisprudence, having sprung from the civil

law, from innumerable local privileges or local customs, has very long been acknowledged as a monstrous production, a diseased excrescence of the political and literary body. Goethe, in his "Faust," utters the celebrated words —

"Our law and rights we propagate
Like a disease from age to age;"

although Goethe himself, as a minister, abhorred all reform, and anxiously struggled for the preservation of the old.

The juridical was established side by side with the Catholic theological faculty. Jurisprudence has, therefore, much in common with theology — its philologico-historical apparatus, its Bible and symbolical books, its dogmatics and exegesis, its school and its caste. As regards the civil law, the Romanists may be compared to the Catholics; the Protestants, on the other hand, are the adherents of German law; and, indeed, the advocates of the public administration of justice resemble the Calvinists; the advocates of divers systems of common law, which yet retain much of the civil law, resemble the Lutherans.

The principle of the civilians is to make logic the basis of right. They treat it, consequently, as a science, a study, and they form, therefore, a learned caste, a sort of priesthood of law, from which a particular form of the administration of law derives its origin. The common people, and the conscience which dwells in every man, to which mutual confidence in the community leaves the decision, cannot judge; but

only the initiated, the learned, can and ought to judge and decide. It follows from this, that these initiated persons cannot derive the prerogative of deciding from the people, but wholly from the authority of science, which, on the other hand, is personified, together with every other supreme political authority, only in the majesty which is independent of the people. This party required, therefore, first, the *sacra majestas* as the original source of right; the juridical papal power; the holy judgment-seat; and then the juridical priest-nobility, as the mediator of justice to the laity; partly, as judges corresponding to the secular clergy, partly as advocates corresponding to the conventual clergy, and particularly in the spirit of the mendicant orders, and of the Jesuits. Further, this party required the *corpus juris* as the universal canon, and the historical and critical commentaries as fathers of the church and scholastics. Finally, it will claim, in its temple of Themis, a separated choir, the Holy of Holies, where stand the priests, elevated high above the people, to deal out benedictions to the silent multitudes, and receive the offerings at their hands.

As the reformation had taken its origin from the monks, the advocates incline preëminently to juridical Protestantism. The new party, in opposition to science, raise conscience to a principle, and, in opposition to the exclusiveness of caste, raise republican publicity to a legal form, just as Protestantism refers us from the priest to our own hearts, from the vestibule to the very choir, to the free and equal community of Christ. We may call this party the *Germanists*, in opposition to the Romanists.

So far as the Germanists raise conscience to a principle of justice, and publicity to a form of justice, they incline towards democracy. They consider the decision of a law case as something natural, and competent to all men alike. It is not an aristocracy of the learned, but the common people who are to judge. Consequently, the people themselves have also the requisite authority, and the power of law coincides with the sovereignty of the people. The publicity of the courts is, then, only a natural consequence of the principle.

So far as the Romanists raise absolute logic to a principle of justice, and, therefore, lay the foundation of a study of legal science, to which only the initiated may devote themselves, they incline towards aristocracy. But so far as they must connect every thing in their system with an absolute thesis, nothing can correspond to this but an absolute power to enforce it, which is, therefore, autocracy. Democracy cannot be directed according to the judgment pronounced by an individual, and every absolute proposition passes only for one voice. Monarchy cannot be guided according to the decision of many, and every decision of conscience belongs to the voices of all. Consequently, civil law must, of necessity, lead to autocracy; German law, of necessity, to freedom; and, so far as it has been reproduced in modern times, it is fit only for constitutional states. Legal questions have, consequently, a political bearing. The controversy, on the principle and the form of justice, coincides exactly with that upon political principles and political forms. Constitutional states have also a literature of public law; autocratic states,

have only a literature of law administered with closed doors. German literature still shows an enormous preponderance of the latter.

It is a circumstance of some importance that the Romanists are always cosmopolites, or members of a universal church of law, and the Germanists are always nationalists, or members of a nation. Absolute legal science has as little occasion as absolute theology to trouble itself about the peculiarities of this or that nation. There is but one God, and one Right. Would religion be the one right religion, it must be adapted to all nations. Should there be but one absolute legal science, every nation must then be capable of being guided by it. This scheme holds in regard to Roman law, as in regard to Catholicism; and both have from of old been preached to the so called barbarians, with fire and sword, or with gentle proselyting zeal. An infinite amount of good has sprung from this; but so has a great deal of harm; for the heart of the nations has exhausted itself upon the iron logic of the universal dogmas; or logic and nature have compensated each other, each moulding itself somewhat upon the other; and a cultivated barbarism has stepped into the place of rude barbarism.

Before public national tribunals, on the contrary, the nature of the people, the manners of the country, must enjoy an undisturbed participation in the decision of cases in law. I see, at a glance, all the great disadvantages this brings with it. By such a mode of proceeding, all the prejudices and barbarisms of a nation are cherished, unless it has otherwise in

itself a spiritual impulse of development that carries it forward. Still there is between the unyielding logic of science and the rudeness of national manners a very passable middle course, as there is between the tyranny of the Roman universal domination and the barbarism of the Iroquois. Who says that he alone has the pure light in his keeping? Is it those Romanists, who have banished our good German law, or those Jesuits, who have gilded Paraguay with their symbol of the sun? We would not remain in the dark; but, as light originally separates into colors, so shall we be able to clear up the light of law again only from the national colors into which it has been divided. A healthy development of the nation leads only to culture and science. Where science and manners are in hostile separation, a twofold ruin will fall upon them.

The principle of the Romanists is the source, in two ways, of an immeasurable disadvantage to the nation. As far as they form a secret priest-caste, the people are not permitted to concern themselves about the administration of justice; for this action on their part would destroy the privilege of the caste, as every democracy destroys the aristocracy. So far, however, as the legal science of the Romanists requires a life-long study, it is impossible for the people to acquire a knowledge of this law in its whole extent. Now, the result, that a nation should be ignorant, I will not say of its law, but of the law by which it is governed, is manifestly a disadvantage; nay, it is a disgrace. The ancients — not only the Greeks, but the Germans, too — had their young men instructed

in law at an early age ; and with the exception of religious knowledge, and a knowledge of nature, what can be more wholesome in instruction, or more worthy to be a preparation for life, than a knowledge of law ? We ought not, however, to reproach our schools with leaving the young men in utter ignorance of law ; for what should they teach them ? Should they teach those laws which the state itself often forgets, because there are too many of them ? which vanish so frequently under the very hands of the lawgivers themselves, that they do not remember until the third diet that something has been ordained at the second, without observing that at the first diet a contradictory law was made, which has not yet been annulled, so that now both yea and nay stand in the law ? But why should even the clearest laws be made known to the young or to the people themselves, when in actual life every body must remain passive with this knowledge, and take from the legal caste whatever that caste pleases to bestow ? It would be like educating children to Protestantism, and still making them follow Catholic usages.

The Roman law, and the systems of jurisprudence derived from it, are made particularly inaccessible to the people by the Latin language. It is well known what an animated opposition the Roman advocates experienced, first under Varus at the Weser, and again five hundred years after, in the middle ages ; and now, too, the legal proceedings in the civil law are utterly distasteful to the people, the technical terms being wholly unintelligible to them. This language has referred justice from the conscience to the understanding

of the caste, and the administration of justice, from life to paper, to the bureaucracy.

The whole formless structure of mediæval law, the innumerable, ecclesiastical, feudal, imperial, provincial, city and peasant rights, and the outbuildings of privileges of rank and person, have been all prostrated, but considerable ruins are remaining, on which new dwellings have been stuck, because people are unable, or too lazy, to lay a wholly new foundation. A singular medley of codes has sprung up, which preserve the appearance of ancient cities, where dark Gothic ruins stand side by side with summer-houses freshly painted white. Assemblies of princes have overthrown the imperial power; concordats have overthrown the power of the pope. By orders in cabinet, the cloisters and personal servitude have been abolished. With the princely power the Roman law has again revived, because it coincided with the tendency of that power. That which has been preserved from the ruins of the empire, still bears the marks of the ancient law. New matter has been joined to both, according as the necessity of the times was felt by the legislators, or the humane spirit of a Frederick the Second, and a Joseph Second, acknowledged to be just. Thus the new provincial codes have been formed, and are still forming, as the age itself has been subjected to a thousand retrospections and anticipations, and to perpetual change.

They form the bridge from civil law to public law, or at least fill up the gap between them. The public administration of justice has public opinion on its side, even though it has been carried into

effect in but a small part of Germany. Unfortunately, we have received only in the shape of a present from foreigners that which was originally our own production, our own property. The *Code Napoléon*, and the forms of justice connected with it, have remained, with some of the German branches, as a good memorial of evil times. The French republic grasped at the public form of the administration of justice, because it had been shown of old to be the best adapted to freedom, and to an efficient popular activity, and absolutely agreeable to nature. The Englishman has long lived in the enjoyment of this inestimable form, which he has inherited from his Anglo-Saxon ancestors, among whom, as among all the German races, it had originally been domesticated. Form, in this, as in every thing else, is so much the supporter of the spirit, that the appearance of jury courts seems to shake the whole system of Roman law. Attention has been frequently drawn to this subject, and the feelings have not remained cold in relation to it. Romanists who have grown gray among citations and records, and the members of the bureaucracy, have sallied forth in a lofty spirit against the principles of natural law, from beyond the Rhine, and the advocates of the Rhenish provinces have known how to answer them with a mother-wit that does them great honor.

Between the two is the party which adheres to the public administration of justice, and has been sustained by the labors of the historical jurists; for these have brought to light and illustrated the ancient German laws with more and more completeness; those

laws which demonstrate the origin, the long continuance, and the advantages, of public forms, and make it clear to us that public popular tribunals, in Germany, are older than secret paper tribunals, that life is older than books, and law is older than the jurists.

The Romanists have long contended against German law. In the middle ages, they disorganized and interpolated it, and mixed it up with principles of Roman law. After the reformation, they even began to feel the wish of replacing it entirely by the Roman law. The learned zeal of the classical scholars at the universities contributed very much to this result. As such great celebrity was gained by faithful editions, commentaries, and the universal diffusion of the classics, so it was thought that the Roman, as the only classical law, should be restored in its original purity, and introduced to the modern world.

The fine enthusiasm for the free and serene world of antiquity was here turned into a curse. At an earlier period, unheard-of tortures and death-agonies, and an indescribably tedious and arbitrary legal process, had excluded the ancient honest and equitable law of the country. This ancient law, it is true, had no longer any power; the mighty law of the sword from abroad had narrowed it down very much. Now, the law of the sword ceased, but wrong usurped by legal forms the place of right. Roman law was only an instrument in the hands of the powerful, to inflict on the powerless boundless tortures under legal forms, without affording them the smallest guaranty; for it created the crime by the torture, and tried secretly,

according to a foreign law, intelligible only to the initiated. Against the rack and secrecy, innocence was of no avail. The horrors of that ancient jurisprudence have closely connected their own immortality with the names of the witch trials, and of Carpzow, the ghastly writer on criminal law.

The opposition began first with Thomasius, who wanted a rational system of law, and with Heineccius, who was the first to investigate the ancient German laws in a profound and systematic manner. But the inculcations of reason, and the historical development, were both alike of little avail. Nevertheless, the Roman law was always compelled to accommodate itself, in practice, to the old German feudal law, which was tenaciously adhered to by the aristocracy. This semi-barbarian empiricism, which was opposed to the purely classical spirit of the theorists, was closely connected with the name of Böhmer. But as, in the preceding century, the aristocracy lost its whole strength in the autocracy of the princes, Roman law was compelled once more to adapt itself to the new controlling power, and to allow itself to be modified by orders of the cabinet. About the same time, however, the study of philosophy was prosecuted with much ardor, and this enthusiasm extended itself to jurisprudence also. Attempts were no longer made to hold up the Roman law in a historical light as a treasure of the noblest experiences, but to represent it philosophically as the absolute, the eternal, and the divine *right*. This fixed idea was Hugo's starting-point; and it is something entirely natural in an age of absolute monarchies. In fact, the Roman law agrees better with modern absolutism, in

politics and in philosophy, than with the romantic spirit of the middle ages, in aristocracy and poetry. Hugo only has gone to such a length, in his classical zeal, as to reclaim even slavery. It is, to be sure, consistent and honest in him, but a little ridiculous. The English ships are careering over every sea, for the purpose of setting at liberty the unhappy slaves, who are smuggled secretly from one part of the world to another; and Hugo of Göttingen, a German professor in one of the most civilized cities in the world, in all seriousness demands the restoration of slavery!

In the mean time, the influence of Hugo, as a theorist, has not equalled that of Feuerbach—the widely-celebrated Romanist, who has raised an everlasting monument of himself, by the well-known criminal laws and particularly the royal prerogatives of Bavaria, and by sending back the trial by jury from the right bank of the Rhine. Although the infinitely subtle distinctions and subdivisions in his code of the law of treason, seem to be of a German, or much rather of a Dutch origin, by reason of the petty spirit requisite for them,—because, with the exception of Swammerdam's anatomical examination of canker-worms, in which he distinguished and described twelve hundred nerves, large and small, there is nothing to be compared with them,—yet an overmastering Romanism—nay, a fanaticism for the Roman classical spirit—cannot be denied him, since he carried it so far as to transplant even the divine worship of the emperors, long banished by Christianity, and the juridical image-worship, which had long been expelled by the theological, from the time of the Roman emperors to our age, and to the German

soil. This was the last and highest triumph of Roman law in Germany, although Savigny has as yet written no treatise upon it.

The second exploit of the great Feuerbach was the sentence of condemnation which he pronounced upon the trial by jury. It is well known that the public and *viva voce* administration of justice, and the verdict of a jury selected from among the people, are an ancient German institution. The Anglo-Saxons carried it over to England, where it has maintained its place to the present day. The Franks carried it into France, and there, it is true, it disappeared in feudalism and despotism; but the French again adopted it in their last great revolution. In consequence of the French conquest, it was restored on the left bank of the Rhine, and gained so great a popularity, was universally acknowledged to be so precious a palladium of liberty, that the Rhenish provinces were not alone unwilling to be deprived of this institution, but even on the right bank of the Rhine a multitude of voices were heard in its favor. But there was Feuerbach; to him the decision was referred, and he was sent across the Rhine to investigate the subject. One of the most powerful legal authorities, opposed to this institution, declared it not suited to the times at least, and not applicable to the state of affairs in Germany, though he did not deny its excellence in pure republics. What must have been particularly striking in this controversy was the extraordinary circumstance, — I will not say that the opposing party was made the judge, but at least that a question which can only be answered

by the common feeling of a whole age, by a tendency of civic life already struggling to birth, in short, by history itself, was made to depend upon the accidental and onesided reply of a German scholar. Were we then actually doomed to live forever in the age when it was thought that an oracular, German, university papa could, with a few smooth words, in all serenity and innocence, settle points of controversy, upon which, elsewhere, whole nations had contended for centuries, overthrown and founded empires, and an entirely new direction had been given to the history of the world? It was German scholars who decided *à priori* upon the lawfulness of the French revolution, when it was already over. It is very unpolite of History not to call in the sage counsel of German faculties, before she actually comes to pass. How many disorders in the world are to be ascribed to this circumstance! How easily every thing would go on, if Mr. Professor's opinion were followed! The world would slip as warmly into a state of loyal snugness and comfort, as a privy counsellor into his new furred gown. And yet, if there were not men and nations who really did something, these German professors would at last have nothing more to say, to censure, to advise, and to be oracular upon. If there were no controversy in the world, they would also be unable to bring into play the great art of balancing between the parties, of being at once perfectly loyal and liberal, of meriting here an order of nobility, and there a silver cup.

The arguments which Mr. von Feuerbach urges against the trial by jury do not stand the test. That this mode of administering justice is not adapted to a

despotic state is only so far true as there is no law in such a state at all, and it is in the power of the ruler to violate every form of justice at his pleasure. But, when the author affirms that the institution in question is more suitable for republics than for constitutional monarchies, the assertion must receive a positive contradiction. The independence of the courts is nowhere better secured than in a state where the monarchical and democratical principle hold the balance. In every other state, where this balance of powers is not found, the courts also cannot be independent. They cannot be so in an absolute monarchy, where the monarchical power reigns alone, nor can they in a republic, where the democratic power reigns alone. In the one case, the judges will be mere bailiffs dependent on the despot; in the other, they will always be inclined to ostracism and judicial murder, according to the tone of politics. It is only in constitutional and representative states that the judiciary can be protected from the secrecy and arbitrary will of despotism as well as from tumultuary party feeling, and maintain the form of juries, outwardly and inwardly complete, and adapted throughout to the wants of civilized society.

History itself is decided upon this point. There is a class of political wishes, whose fulfilment lies altogether in the realm of dreams; but there is another too, which are certain of being realized the moment they are formed. Certain political improvements are adopted by silent consent, notwithstanding the continuance of the controversy; as two duellists, fighting for life and death, yet adopt certain rules which are

for the advantage of both parties. The fact that not only the English and French, but the German inhabitants of the Rhine provinces too, from the very instant when they became acquainted with the institution of the trial by jury, converted this legal usage, into a second nature, as it were, and would not be deprived of it on any terms—this fact alone shows how little certain gentlemen have looked from behind their mountains of records abroad among the people, and become acquainted with their real wants, inclinations, and capacities.

I have thought I ought to consider Hugo and Feuerbach as the two prominent *Dioscuri* of Roman law, who stand forth in a characteristic manner, because in them the contradiction between pagan despotism and German freedom is most broadly exhibited. The other Romanists, among whom Thibaut is probably the most celebrated, have treated Roman law rather in a scientific and professional manner, without wishing to lay too much stress upon it, and to bring out so prominently exactly that which has always been opposed to the German's inmost nature, and which is now particularly opposed to his enlightened, and more and more emancipated, understanding.

Nevertheless, it is remarkable that the Roman law has entrenched itself in Germany, and carries on a warfare from this stronghold, against the German spirit of the French and English, when formerly, in the middle ages, precisely the reverse took place, and, in Germany, as was natural, German law took up arms against the Roman law, which was making encroachments from the Roman provinces. This is

not the only, nor is it the most unimportant proof of the perverseness in the present state of our affairs. Our own good law we have allowed to be taken from us, and the stranger enjoys its advantages; and, therefore, we are now vexed with the bad system of law which foreigners have bestowed upon us, and plume ourselves upon it and refuse to give it up.

The defects in the administration of justice hitherto, have been most completely exposed, in a work that appeared anonymously, called "Administration of Justice in Germany: Altenburg, 1831." The aphorisms of Jassoy, also, are excellent for the same thing.

As, at the time of the reformation, the revision of ecclesiastical history (the *centuriæ Magdeburgenses*, principally conducted by Flacius) accompanied the rational criticism of Luther, so also the great law-reformer, Thomasius of Halle, was supported by Heineccius, who was likewise active in Halle, by profound labors in the history of German law. His Latin work, on German legal antiquities, now almost forgotten, was at length supplanted by the comprehensive work of Eichhorn, who traced out the development of political and private rights through the whole course of German history. Since then, excellent works have appeared, on Roman law in the middle ages, by Savigny; on German private rights, by Mittermaier; on German legal antiquities, with particular reference to language and manners, by Jacob Grimm; on the law of inheritance, (in the widest sense,) by Gans; to which also may be added the older works on legal history, by Selchov, Walch,

Reitemeier, Fischer, Rössig, Henke; the recent legal histories, by Philipps, Zöpfl; the treatises on single subjects of the public administration of law among our ancestors, by Rogge and Maurer; on servitude and feudal burdens, by Kindlinger, Moser, Birnbaum, and others; to say nothing of the commentators on ancient German law, Spangenberg, Wiarda, Gaupp, Schmidt, and others.

Among the many particular questions that have been thrown open in juridical literature, the question of moral responsibility has acquired the principal importance. On this, medical men and jurists have come in conflict. The former have complained of the innumerable judicial murders which are perpetrated, by punishing, in the most cruel manner, crimes which have been committed in passion, in delirium, with good intention, by men who are in other respects moral, and are only infatuated. They declare that these are diseased persons, who are not morally responsible, upon whom, consequently, no punishment ought to be inflicted; that preventive measures only should be devised to keep them from disturbing the social order a second time. But the physicians have carried their humane zeal too far; they extend the exculpation too widely. And now the jurists come again, and refuse to allow any indulgence whatever. Groos of Heidelberg, the champion of humanity, attempts to save too many of the guilty, by pronouncing all of them merely diseased, and subjects for mental treatment. In opposition to this, the well-known Jarcke, with affected cruelty, will admit no grounds of exculpation, and holds fast the ancient saying, *Fiat justitia, percat mundus*.

The philosopher Heinroth, has gone still farther than Jarcke, in a singular manner, though only from learned affectation. He has set up the insane proposition, that all physical and mental diseases are only the consequences of sin; disease, therefore, which, according to Groos, ought to be an excuse for crime, is, according to him, on the contrary, the proof of guilt. If all power were put in the hands of Heinroth and Jarcke, the former would subject all men to capital prosecution; the latter to capital punishment.

Reason and humanity are on the side of Mr. Groos. This every one's own feelings declare,—this experience demonstrates in a thousand ways. The proceeding of jury courts, where these have been introduced, perfectly agrees with this. The *Gazette des Tribunaux*, for example, proves, on almost every page, that juries never bring in a verdict of guilty, whenever the grounds of exculpation exist, which Mr. Groos has pointed out. The numerous mitigating or annulling judgments of the courts of appeal and pardon, which soften the severity of the law, in countries where no jury courts exist, also harmonize with this view. Every man, except a Roman lawyer, feels the barbarity of an administration of law which views in the same light a murder committed from affection and one committed with intent to rob. We take an example from the work of Groos. In the year 1806, an actress in Berlin poisoned her two youngest children from the following cause. She became pregnant, and had, as in every previous case, the fixed idea in her mind that she should not survive the

event. Her husband had complained that the children would be a burden to him if she were to die. He had, moreover, declared that he should, at a later period, use the children, as they were girls, for the purpose of supporting himself by the sale of their persons. Finally, he refused to acknowledge the children for his own, and the mother might possibly be conscious of guilt in this respect. Enough, that, as she was convinced she must die, she determined not to leave her beloved children to a destiny which would be lamentable in any event, but to take them with her. Therefore, she poisoned the children from love for them, confessed it freely, and manifested the calmest satisfaction in regard to the act. The highest court of appeal declared that she must be pronounced free from all punishment, but that it should be made the duty of her friends, whenever she became pregnant again, to give information thereof to the magistrate, that preventive measures might be taken against the dangerous acts then to be apprehended from her. Undoubtedly, every jury court would have pronounced a verdict of not guilty in this case. But Mr. Jarcke finds her guilty, and does not shudder at the thought of applying to the unhappy mother the law, according to which she must have been dragged to the place of execution, and broken on the wheel.

If an appeal is made to the conscience, which should have warned the offender in the very midst of passion; if it is said that this warning, which must always be presupposed, and accordingly, every act committed in a passion must be punished equally with one committed in cool blood, it is surprising, at least, that the same

conscience should command the jury, or the judges, in the last resort, almost without exception, not to judge consciences with severity. In most cases, the judge who punishes with too much severity, because the offender silences the voice of conscience, commits precisely the same offence, by silencing his own conscience at the same moment.

This controversy cannot be scientifically adjusted, because it leads to depths of intellectual philosophy, hitherto unexplored. In practice, however, it can be easily settled by committing the decision to conscientious jurors, and the control of these to public opinion. Every rule established with scientific strictness is good for nothing here, because none is sufficiently established by demonstration; because many contradict each other, and strict consistency with any one of them leads to injustice; because none is suited to all cases alike. The particular case modifies the decision, and men, generally, are rational enough to hit upon that which is just. If a definite punishment must be prescribed by law for every forbidden act, yet it is unreasonable not to moderate, or even to remit, the punishment, according to the intention of the doer and the circumstances of the case. A definite rule, however, according to which these mitigations are to be applied to every case, it is impossible to establish, because the cases are altogether too various. Upon this point, nothing but general directions can be given the judges; in a particular case, however, nothing but the sound judgment and the conscience of the judge can decide. If we would confine moral responsibility in legal clauses, just as

judicial formalities are defined in England, we should see the same consequence result. We should let the offender go free, because he had drunk a glass of wine before the fact, by which he might possibly have been made tipsey, as in England an offender is set at liberty, because a few letters in the indictment are written wrong. Or the innocent would be condemned, because, accidentally, the case had not been anticipated, and could not have been confirmed by a paragraph in the law of accountability, as in England they condemn the man who takes two wives, because it is so put down in the law; but not the one who takes three, because this case is not legally provided for.

Therefore, we would have, instead of all these scientific subtilities, only jury courts, to whose conscience and tact the fate of an offender may be much more safely intrusted, than to a paragraph in a book, which cannot be relied upon; courts which are themselves responsible for their decisions to public opinion, while the dead letters set public opinion and reason equally at defiance.

Probably our jurisprudence, and our codes of law, will suffer a long time still from four cardinal evils; first, by the Roman law, a foreign, pagan, and despotic example; second, by philosophical passion for consistency and for system; third, by extremely complicated customs, springing out of feudalism, and the division into small states; fourth, by the more recent political solicitude, which contrives unheard-of preventive measures, and transfers the spirit of temporary laws of war and police regulations to the

law which is to continue its binding power in a state of peace. In relation to this, it is probable that many errors will be committed, and many awkward attempts made, and the law, instead of being simplified, will only become still more complicated.

The influence of the political interest has, at least, the good effect of limiting the rage for systems. The educational experiments with the people, which were once the fashion in the last century, as governments every where gave free encouragement to such fooleries, are at present no longer the order of the day, since the people, grown beyond the school, have manifested a spirit of resistance, the curbing of which has become almost the only problem of politics. The political interest predominates every where, and hence in legislation also; and the scientific interest makes itself felt only in its subordinate branches. Single laws are elaborated with indescribable art; infinite learning is expended upon them; and these masterpieces of legislative handiwork are held up before the people as a new elevation of the host. The people stare, but understand nothing about the matter. A particular class of expounders is quite necessary to disentangle the details, and public interpreters must be distributed throughout the circles of the empire, in order to introduce them.

The lever of political power is gold and iron. In practical life, these metal kings reign alone. This gives the financial and military system a great preponderance in political administration. All the other branches of administration are dependent upon it, and subservient to it. The heroes of modern politics

have constantly disputed which of these metals secures the greatest power, and the ablest have contrived to use both.

The system of centralization is chiefly serviceable only for raising taxes and soldiers. A completely-constituted bureaucracy is necessary to keep a constant tabular view of the property and all the physical capabilities of the members of the state, as a basis for financial operations. Men are considered purely as property, and estimated according to their productive value, like cattle. Among the Russians, at least, property consists in souls, but among us the soul consists in property. The state is a mine, and its shafts run into the purses of the people. Extravagant financial projects are experiments with the air-pump, which pump the breath of life away from that cold frog, called the people, to try how long he can kick and live, when he has nothing more to live upon.

In old times, more cruelty was practised; but it was done more honestly. The people were laid under contribution; the Jews were put to death, or their account-books destroyed; money was taken wherever it was found; but it was taken only where it was found.

In modern times, the great art has been discovered of taking away money where there is none, and of creating debts among people who do not even exist. The present, being completely fleeced, no longer sufficed, and, therefore, they began to tax the future; and as the future is endless, they had a perfectly free career, and paper-mills soon supplied the ever-

lasting paper, which unrolls itself incessantly, as a monstrous bond of national debt, with the speed of wind, without limit, without end.

When all the sources of finance had been in this manner explored, attention was directed to keep their streams running by a skilful distribution of taxes, and by the preservation of public credit. If the tree is only shaken, it yields fruit the next year too; if it is hewn down, no more use can be made of it. It has been proved, by experiment, that more blood can be drawn by degrees from a living man, than from a man slain at once. The ox that treads out the corn need not be fattened, but neither must he be entirely muzzled. Hence the great care which modern financiers devote to the prosperity of the people. Spare me the cow, that she may give more milk. They advise the same moderation in using the public credit.

People are no longer so foolish as to quarrel about the superiority of the physiocratic (agricultural,) the industrial, or the mercantile system. Attempts are made to look after all of them; and the preference of one or another depends upon natural local interests. The extraordinary division of Germany into a multitude of states, both great and small, side by side, and intersecting each other, makes the difficulty of uniting these interests greater among us than in any other country. Even the Prussian customs' union has not been able to accomplish this, although it was a great step in advance, and in particular has contributed very much towards enlightening the Germans upon their material interests.

It is the attention paid to these much talked of material interests, in modern times, which threatens to overthrow all the ancient political theories. The English and French discovered the new science of political economy, that is, the inquiry how a whole nation may use and distribute, to the best advantage, all the means and resources furnished it in the country, in order to derive from them again, as a nation, the greatest advantage and enjoyment on the whole. In the earlier system of finance, the government and its aims were placed uppermost, the nation was only to serve as a means. The modern political economy, on the other hand, places the nation and its aims foremost, in which it is self-evident that the interest of the government and that of the nation coincide.

In political economy, the boldest doctrine of freedom lies concealed. Its first principle is, that every individual has an innate right to share in the great mass of property and enjoyment of his country and among his nation, as far as he shares in the labor too. Its second principle is, that the state is bound to give every individual the opportunity of exercising as freely as possible his natural and acquired powers and talents, and of making them available for the advantage of the whole. Among these, intellectual powers and talents are also understood. In these two principles, the fundamental condition of freedom has been already expressed.

Now, by establishing the doctrines of freedom upon material interests, a new and incalculable power has been given to them. Men in masses have been but

rarely impelled to idealization, in some great moment of enthusiasm, which speedily vanished again; they, therefore, almost never fulfilled the expectations of their political prophets. On the other hand, he who could take hold of men by their common, every-day interests, did not indeed appear in so noble a character; but yet, on this very account, he was able to come nearer the multitude, and win them over to his views more easily and more permanently. Take men as they rise, and they always prefer the sleek condition of the mastiff, to the starvation of the free wolf in the snow-clad forests. The last century struggled always for ideal freedom alone; the present requires material prosperity also. In the romantic period of the Rousseau reform of the world, of cosmopolitism, of the declaration of the rights of man; in short, fifty years ago, it was still believed that the people could live on freedom, as the knights of romance could live on love. But even Don Quixote made the discovery that the knight, when he had performed exploits enough, or roamed about in the enthusiasm of love, must eat too, and needed clean linen, and other little matters of that sort; and thus it has been observed at last, that the people are not satisfied with naked freedom, and the discovery has been made, not without surprise to those who made it, that the union of freedom with material prosperity is not, after all, such an easy matter. If we allow every one to grow as rich as he can by talent and fortune, by daring, by speculation, by ably using others for his own purposes, or supplanting them, then there springs up a disproportion between wealth and poverty, in which free-

dom goes by the board; for the poor man, however good his title may be, cannot make use of his right, except in favor of the rich man, whose bread he eats, on whom he becomes politically dependent, by means of his economical dependence; and thus we have, in the very midst of the republic, a moneyed aristocracy, which falls in no respect behind the powerful feudal lords of the middle ages. But if we prohibit the acquisition of wealth, freedom is exposed to new perils. A man bears poverty easily, if he sees but the possibility of a change of fortune before him. A man easily makes up his mind even to renounce riches, if it be only his own sacrifice — a sacrifice which he offers himself. But to be condemned never to expend more than our neighbor, cripples all ambition, and takes from labor all its charm. A Robespierre, an enthusiast, a philosophical bedlamite, may hatch out such notions behind the writing-desk, and perhaps would not complain in his own person, if he, with his beloved fellow-citizens, were chained to the galley, and received every day, *pro rata*, his black broth; but the mass of mankind, and particularly the mass of laborers, of the poor, and of the small proprietors, do not think so systematically, and will never consent to surrender the poetry of having nothing — to abandon hope, the golden dream. Even if one were to promise them all alike, that they should have five hundred guilders apiece, yearly, to spend, even then, those who have one hundred would never accept the offer, if they were to be deprived of the possibility of acquiring, some time or other, a thousand. And still the *lex agraria* threatens movable as well as landed

property. The unnatural wealth of the few increases in the proportion in which the means of growing rich are concentrated in a single hand. Formerly, the feudal aristocrat could only grow rich by agriculture, the tradesman by trade, and perhaps a corrupt chancellor by embezzlement. At present, however, the same person can buy the largest landed estates in ten different countries, set up factories and counting-rooms in ten different places, build ships, undertake to furnish supplies, and more than all this, purchase kingdoms, by paper transactions. This monstrous accumulation of property on one side produces a low ebb of property on the other. This is most felt in the freest countries; hence every where the struggle of the poor against the rich; hence the associations of laborers, and the possibility of the Saint Simonian delirium. It is beginning to be perceived that human rights on paper and constitutional documents are not enough; that, in a word, in order to live free, one must first be able to live at all; and, in order to guaranty existence to the great and yearly increasing mass of the population, very different efforts are needed, and a wholly new science, in the rear of which our political philosophy hitherto remains ashamed. Sieyes, indisputably the greatest political system-maker of the French revolution, thought he had done all that was wanted, thought he had really discovered the best form of government, and was even on the point of communicating, in a discourse before the National Assembly, this all composing discovery, which left nothing more to be desired, when the people without shouted, "Bread!

bread!" Was bread in the project of Sieyes? No; it was not even mentioned. This is about the case with the whole of political architecture. We find out, with terror, that a mistake was made in the very ground-plan, and while we think we have completed the edifice above, it begins to totter at the foundation.

The most probable conclusion is, that, in relation to the poor, matters will go on as they have hitherto, in all human affairs. The poor will be left to suffer, and people will trouble themselves but little about them, until the rich themselves have begun to be alarmed. Then the rich will suddenly affect, or even really feel, a great concern for the poor, but merely to exorcise the danger with which they are threatened by the poor. Then people will play the fool here and play the fool there, give advice and withdraw it again, offer sacrifices and find them insufficient, then be required to offer greater ones and not be willing, and at last hold fast what they have, at the risk of losing every thing. Then will men no longer be equal to the emergency; the poor will, perhaps, attack and plunder the rich; perhaps we shall see all the former mad schemes, to provide for the future, return, community of goods, community of women, public meals, or a maximum, punishment of death for every one who possesses more than fifty franks of silver, exciting suspicion of every coat not made of coarse cloth or patched, or the recent follies of Saint Simonian school-keeping, and prize distribution, and dealing out the national water-soup, of which he who has been most indus-

trious gets a crumb, and the rest nothing but water. It would be very surprising if men, systematic as they are, and ready to turn every accident of the moment into an everlasting rule, had not made all sorts of attempts at equalizing property. But it is certain that all these can be only transient phenomena; that the aristocracy of riches will ever spring up anew, to suffer again from violence, when it has reached a certain point of insupportableness.

On financial science, the most celebrated works among us have been written; first, by the *physiocrats*, or the disciples of Quesney, such as Schlettwein, Iselin, Mauvillon, Schmalz, and their opponents, Büsch, Dohm, Pfeiffer, and Schlosser; second, the *industrials*, or disciples of Adam Smith, namely, Sartorius, Lüder, Kraus, and A. Müller; third, the systematic teachers of financial science, with the peculiar German depth and completeness, Jacob, Malchus, Zachariæ, Schön, and others; fourth, the new political economists, Rau, Krause, and others. Then, upon particular topics, we have still to notice the excellent book, "Prussia and France," or a comparison of the political powers and the political administration of the two countries, by Hansemann, a complete work upon national debts, by Baumstark, and a statistical account of the population, by Biunde.

This whole department of literature has, properly, but just begun. Upon the subject of finance and political economy, there will probably be, in the next fifty years, much more written, and much better, than there has in the last fifty.

This remark holds good, also, of the literature which is devoted to subjects of police, public embellishments, public morality and security, improvements in penal establishments, public charity, and the condition of the poor and sick. In these matters, our progress is not to be mistaken. To the Dutch belongs the honor of having first opened the path, some two hundred years ago. The first humane penal establishments, hospitals, and poor-houses, were to be found in Amsterdam, and other Calvinistic and republican cities; the Lutheran and monarchical cities imitated their example only very gradually, and the Catholic remained longest in the rear. Very recently, the insane, the deaf and dumb, and the blind, have been put under a milder treatment. We may hope that all these separate efforts of humanity will be united soon in one systematic whole — will be acknowledged as one of the first duties of all states.

Public embellishments and internal communications are making progress. Germany looks no longer like herself. Innumerable splendid highways cross it; post-coaches fly through it. On all the larger streams and lakes, steamboats ply, and now railroads are on the point of being every where established. Public walks, public buildings, straightening the courses of rivers and roads, do not allow us to mistake the effort every where making after greater splendor and harmony in outward things; but good taste, and national taste, has not yet become universally prevalent.

A few words only now upon military treatises.

Military science, properly so called, had its origin

in the reformation—as, by the invention of gunpowder, and the regular training of mercenary troops, the art of siege and the tactics of battle were essentially improved. The first great work on the art of war was composed by Fronsberger, in 1355, at Ulm. Then followed a number of military treatises, by the Jesuits, who, on the side of the Catholics, rivalled the Protestant imperial cities in the art of war, until the thirty years' war supplanted these first and somewhat mechanical attempts, and introduced a freer style into military science. No longer did single master-mechanics, ingenious citizens, or learned mathematicians, design difficult niceties, in petty warfare, in the art of siege and defence; but, in war itself, great generals were formed at the head of great armies.

The thirty years' war was carried on altogether in too practical a manner to add much to the science. The long struggles on the comparatively small theatre of the Netherlands were more favorable to a scientific treatment. Here, also, was the military school for foreigners. In the seventeenth century, the Dutchman Cohorn gave particular attention to this science; and, among the Germans, Rimpler alone distinguished himself. After the Spanish war of inheritance, as is the case after every great event, a new activity was communicated to theories, and Moritz von Sachsen founded, upon scientific principles, a new system of tactics.

In the same manner, also, new theories followed the seven years' war again. Frederick the Great

himself wrote upon his own campaigns, and Tempelhof illustrated them still more learnedly.

A turning-point now at length arrived. The Prussian system prevailed too exclusively—ruled too tyrannically and partially to continue without having an opposition start up. Besides passages in the philanthropical work of the teacher Salzmann—"Karl of Karlsberg," which assailed the military profession, on the part of morality, in the second half of the last century—there appeared at that time also "Natural Dialogues," anonymously, in which the abuses which sprang from the application of the Prussian system to small states were set forth with the most biting satire. It ought also to be mentioned, that public opinion expressed itself—mildly, it is true, but significantly enough—in novels, plays, and the like, against the mischiefs that were inseparable from the recruiting system, from selling German troops to the English colonies, from the brutal aristocratic insolence of the officers, from the petty martinet service, from flogging, the gantlet, and other abuses.

The Prussian military machine, constructed by Frederick the Great, corresponded perfectly to his age, was constructed with skill and art from the means within his reach, and animated by his spirit. When, however, he was gone, the machine stood still, and was no longer suited to the times. Serfs under their own young nobility, and foreign rabble enlisted under severe disciplinarians, were the elements of which Frederick's army was composed; it was only his greatness, his fame, his popularity, that held them

together. Meantime, the age was advancing, the middle classes were continually growing more important, and, with them, the principle of nationality, and a natural power, were beginning to form, which should soon come into conflict with the artificial power of former times.

In the French revolution, the national civic force arose and overthrew the old standing armies of mercenary recruits or of serfs who had been compelled to follow the colors. For a long time, they refused to acknowledge the causes that had accomplished these effects. Berenhorst was the first, who, in 1798, sent forth a work, in which he expressly demanded in this spirit a national military organization for Germany, and an entire reform of the military system that had hitherto prevailed. He was followed a few years after by Heinrich von Bulow, a man of genius, who glanced over the field, with his eagle eye, as keenly as Napoleon, but could only speak — could do nothing, and found only a martyr's death for his words. To the great Bulow, the Kepler of military science, who first clearly announced its eternal laws — to the patriotic Bulow, who, in a period of the basest ignominy and distress, proposed the only, the most effectual remedy, and all those principles which were at last followed, but not till long after his death — to that Bulow who was recklessly insulted and put to death by stupidity — no honorable monument has yet been erected on the soil of Germany. But he will have one: after times will be more grateful, and will reverence the few who, in an age of shame, were deserving of honor.

Bulow showed how to conquer Napoleon, and how

to learn from him the mode of conquering him by his own art. He showed this practically and experimentally, by his criticism upon real campaigns, and, at the same time, in theory, by his mathematically clear and incontrovertible system of strategy and tactics. In this, he demonstrated that the means of defence could never be wanting to a nation, if they only had the will. He proposed an infallible system of defence, precisely the same by which, in 1813, Napoleon was actually defeated—the principle of centrifugal defence, and position in flank. But he was not listened to before the battle of Jena. The poor lieutenant, who undertook to give lessons to gray-haired generals, was laughed at. He was shut up, when the danger came nearer, and his advice grew more urgent, as a puzzle-head. The confused writings of Mr. von Massenbach, on the campaign of 1806, are the best testimony for Bulow. When the latter received the account of the great defeat at Jena, which he had predicted, he exclaimed, “So it goes when generals are thrown into prison and dunces placed at the head of armies!” Such expressions only embittered the blockheads still more, and the unhappy Bulow had to atone for them severely. Every thing, the most important papers, the most valuable military stores, the most precious relics—such as the sword of Frederick the Great—were left behind at Berlin. The unhappy Bulow alone was not forgotten, but was dragged along in chains, on the great retreat towards Russia—and the people were told that he was a friend of the French—and so Bulow was pelted with filth, afterwards robbed and stripped by the Cossacks, and died in the

greatest misery. I scarcely know a more disgraceful stigma upon German history. Ingratitude towards great men could not easily be carried further.

But, if not in name, Bulow has had speedy justice done him, in fact. The noble Scharnhorst adopted his ideas. The aristocratic recruiting and flogging system ceased, and a national equipment was prepared, to avenge sevenfold the disgrace of Jena, by following out the strategic and tactical principles of the great Bulow.

After the wars, a great activity began in the study of the military sciences. Military journals appeared, the campaigns of former and later times were subjected to a new critical examination, special works were published on the use of every particular species of arms, and, together with the strategic, tactical, and technical questions, the political, constitutional, and economical circumstances of the military system were thoroughly discussed. Archduke Charles, the Prussian generals Clausewitz, Müffling, von Pfuël, and others, furnished the most valuable contributions to military history. Kausler wrote a universal military history of all ages. Wagner, Theobald, and Xylander, reviewed and compared the theoretical systems; the last two wrote having principally in view a national armament, and a constitutional state.

It will have been observed that the customary evils of standing armies in time of peace have not failed to appear. The aristocratic insolence of the officers, the vexations of the martinet service, a military passion for finery, prejudicial to health, the raising of the smallest and pettiest trifles to affairs of consequence, such as the number of buttons, — these are not, however,

the only things that are complained of, but more particularly a certain excessive military pedantry. Jokes have been heard at the expense of old generals, who go to the lecture-rooms with portfolios under their arm, to learn in their old age; and of the many pairs of spectacles worn by the young officers, who, by mere study, and drawing plans, lose the power of vision for real battle-fields.

On the whole, however, our progress is not to be mistaken. We have again earned great military fame, and are resting on our laurels. We have a national militia, which, in spite of all possible blunders in its management, continues a real, indestructible defence. Germany bristles with bayonets; and it is not mercenaries and slaves who bear them, but the people themselves;—strangely distributed, indeed, but capable of being quickly united by danger;—the parent of great ideas, and a terrible avenger of every insult that ever disgraced this noble nation.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

THE lively sensibility to nature possessed by the ancient Germans has raised itself to natural science, as all life has been brought within the sphere of the understanding. It is not, however, to be denied, that the ancient love and intimate alliance with nature still warm and animate scientific abstractions. Even the poetic ardor which is wont to be censured in the philosophers of nature, is a proof of the profound acquaintance with nature which is implied by our mode of viewing her. There is no nation which clings to nature with such fervency, and has unveiled her mysteries with such boldness, as the German. The philosophy of nature, created by the modern Germans, stands, like their philosophy of mind, solitary and sublime, above the whole sphere of the literature of all nations.

But all the cultivated nations of modern times agree that natural science is the foundation of all culture; and it is an immeasurable advance of the human race, that they are returning more and more from the dizzy height of mind to nature. Ancient superstition was subdued by the exact knowledge of the powers of nature; the rudeness and poverty of social life were transformed to beauty, abundance, and peaceful enjoyment, by the application of that knowledge; poetry has returned from her learned aberrations,

to the guidance of nature; and even philosophy has grown pure and young again by means of natural science. All the great discoveries of modern times are closely connected with the great discoveries in nature; and all truly humane culture, and all the physical and intellectual well-being of the rising generation, have their foundation there.

The emancipation of the human race is always promoted in two ways by natural science—by the enlightening of the mind upon the powers of nature, and by the economical use of those powers. Astronomy and the discovery of foreign countries preceded the reformation; chemistry, physiology, and great mechanical discoveries, preceded the revolution. The senses, that were chained to the narrowest present, were set free by broad views over the universe; the gloomy terror at the mysterious powers of nature disappeared before the knowledge of nature's simple law; the consciousness of power was strengthened by exercising control over the prodigious forces of nature. At the same time, however, the knowledge of nature laid the foundation for a new commercial intercourse, industry of every kind, and, in its train, for a new prosperity of the nations. The commerce of the world, travels, activity, and the enjoyment of honestly-acquired possessions, contributed, more than martial victories or intellectual speculations, to the real improvement and the love of freedom throughout the world. Freedom is always closely connected with commerce and industry.

If we consider the part which the Germans have taken in the discoveries in the province of nature,

we shall find it to be much greater than the advantages they have derived from them. It is a circumstance worthy of admiration, that, with our small means, and unable to calculate upon great advantages, we have yet accomplished so much for natural science. After the dissolution of the Hanseatic League, the German was confined to the interior, and possessed none of those colonies which could not fail to invite the masters of the sea to the investigation of nature, as well as reward them for their pains. Limited to agriculture and cattle-breeding, and excluded from the commerce of the world, the natural sciences were not to him properly an affair of state, as to the English and French; and the German princes were not rich enough to furnish forth great undertakings in the cause of natural history, or the love for them was wanting. Still, the Germans have done all that was possible. With their inefficient means, they have even rivalled foreign nations in voyages of discovery; and Tiefenthaler, Niebuhr, both the Forsters, Humboldt, and others, were Germans. But, even if foreigners do surpass us, in general, by the collection and accumulation of facts in natural science—if we concede to the English, moreover, a superior skill in the practical application of the powers of nature, and to the French a nicer talent of observation in regard to single objects of nature—yet we Germans remain still unsurpassed in the profound combination of empirical facts, which, on the one hand, leads to immortal discoveries, and, on the other hand, to a philosophy of nature in general.

A complete history of the part which the Germans

have taken in the natural sciences, unfortunately, we do not as yet possess. We have only special histories of medicine, chemistry, astronomy, and so forth. Steffens has attempted an outline in his controversial papers. Cuvier, in his celebrated history of the natural sciences, has given but little direct attention to the peculiar spirit of the Germans.

Steffens draws a line of distinction between the time of the middle ages before Copernicus, and modern times since his age, and adopts the discovery that the earth is not the centre of the universe, but an insignificant planet, as the turning-point between the ancient and modern opinions in natural science. He characterizes the ancient period in an extremely striking manner, and with a knowledge of the subject now somewhat rare, because the investigators of nature generally pride themselves upon knowing nothing of the systems that were in vogue during the ages of magic and alchemy. He defines only in general terms the fundamental magical characteristic of that ancient system of natural philosophy to be the belief in an animated, demoniacal nature, and the perverted method by means of which those ancients would fain subject nature to their control, before they had become acquainted with her. On the other hand, the modern period is viewed as the period of disenchantment. All mere appearance vanishes, and a sober reality invites to investigation. The earth is no more the immovable centre of the universe, matter is no longer the habitation of demoniacal powers and the vehicle of magical agencies. Astrology disappears before astronomy, magic before mathematics and mechanics, alchemy before chemistry, and demonology

before natural history. This new epoch of the natural sciences, however, falls again into two periods. The first is the period of mechanical physics, which begins with Copernicus, and is completed with Newton. This is the period of the great discoveries of the mechanical laws of nature, of the motions of the heavenly bodies, of the law of gravity, of the pendulum. This is the period of the invention of the higher calculus, of the astonishing mathematical calculations of all the relations of quantity in nature. This period has accomplished its task; what it furnishes us is completed entirely and in all its parts—namely, the science of natural mechanics. But, at the foundation of the outward mechanism of nature, there lies an inner dynamical principle, a life, which gives the first impulse to all these motions and powers; at the foundation of external quantities, there lie internal qualities, which can be felt, but not measured or calculated. Hence, natural science could not but advance from mechanical philosophy to the philosophy of quality; and, as it had before more to do with unorganic nature subjected to mathematical laws—with the heavenly bodies, the heavenly courses, and elementary agencies and effects—it had now to be applied more to organic nature and to physiology, since in organism is the deepest and most inexhaustible fountain of qualities. Here Steffens is now attempting to make it out that the infinite toil of the investigators of nature has led to but few results in proportion; that the unity, the highest principle, could not yet be discovered; that, for this very reason, an endless confusion and discord have arisen—a spiritless series of ex-

periments, classifications, essays and opinions, assertions and controversies—out of which there is but one deliverance possible, and that is speculation, or the philosophy of nature.

This view would have been, historically, more correct still, if by speculation, Steffens had understood combination—the comparison of experience, and the reference of it to a fundamental principle—rather than a mere intellectual creation, and that tyrannizing over experience by mere speculation which is peculiar to the school of Schelling; for an escape from confusion is to be found, and has already partially been found, only in such comparison, and not in these absolute propositions.

The historical transition from superstition to a sober investigation of nature, certainly corresponds with the transition from the romance of the middle ages to the illumination of modern times. Rude superstition was cultivated in scholasticism, which was generally the “sense in nonsense,” and rude empiricism was cultivated in the same manner, in the philosophy of nature. Men every where started from single phenomena, in order to arrive at last to general systems. So, upon ancient superstition, was constructed the magnificent dome of the system of Paracelsus, exhibiting heaven, earth, and hell; and just so, upon modern empiricism, was constructed the all-embracing philosophy of nature by Schelling and his school.

The attempt to bring nature into a system, to comprehend it as something one, entire, and living in all its parts, is as ancient as natural science itself. It is the parent of the ancient cosmogonies; and,

whatever may be said against the blending of religion and poetry with natural science, the pantheistic view was unquestionably favorable to the latter, and the subsequent polytheism and monotheism have unquestionably injured the science, which had already advanced to such great perfection. The living view of nature among the ancient nations was, however, in general, not the effect, but the cause, of pantheism. But it disappeared when the active energy and self-contemplation of the mind gradually withdrew men from nature, and the former acknowledged a multitude of gods—the latter, the one transcendent God. The unity and life of the pantheistic view of nature has greatly the advantage over the more recent attempts to dissect nature limb by limb, and like a dead body. On the other hand, the modern separation of science from religion is a necessary and essential advance. The most recent philosophy of nature has attempted to combine what there is good in both tendencies; has taken up living nature, as a great organic existence; and yet has laid its foundation, not in faith and poetry, but in the facts of experience. A religious and poetic interest has sprung up of its own accord, as cannot fail to be the case with a living view of nature; and the empiricists only render themselves ridiculous by proposing to make a certain dryness and coldness the criterion of science, and by exciting suspicion from the outset against a profound truth, merely because it is, at the same time, poetical. It cannot, however, be denied, that, upon those boundaries which nature herself has prescribed to science, the religious sensi-

bility and the fancy have already begun an empty game of hypotheses, which the empiricists are quite justified in opposing. These hypotheses we would willingly sacrifice, if only the great philosophical view of nature were saved.

We acknowledge, in three directions, impassable limits of natural science; in the direction which leads from our solar system to the universe; in that which leads from the sensible phenomena inwards to the mysterious essence of matter; and in that which leads from the physical phenomena in man, to those of the soul. In all these directions, human knowledge reaches only a certain limit, beyond which, instead of science, hypothesis-hunting or poetry begins; to the results of which nothing but an æsthetical measure can be applied; but these results belong, it is true, to the most captivating fictions. In three directions, the kingdom of knowledge borders on an unknown kingdom, into which conjecture alone penetrates. First, in astronomy. We have only a single point, whence our weak and short view surveys a proportionally narrow sphere, in the immensity of the universe; and the objects of our contemplation are only effects of unknown causes, and our knowledge of them is subject to the conditions imposed by the relation existing between our planet and our perceptive power. It is only possible, within the small sphere of our solar system, for us to become acquainted with the phenomena of the heavenly bodies therein contained, and, so far as these follow in regular order, to comprehend the rule also. But the real cause of these phenomena, as well as the irreg-

ularities in them, those of the comets, for example, are yet a riddle to us. Finally, every thing that lies beyond our solar system, is forever concealed from us. We see some neighboring fixed stars; we observe here and there a small change in a star, or a nebula; but all this gives us no key to the true proportions of the great structure of the world. We have nothing here but hypotheses and uncertain analogies, which we transfer from our little solar system to the universe. The empirics are glad to stand by simple perception, and believe the universe to be filled with an infinite number of fixed suns, around which the planets and comets revolve. The philosophers, however, distribute these suns again into higher systems, and ascribe to them higher revolutions. Eschenmayer and Görres have set up the boldest and most ingenious hypotheses upon this subject.

We are no better off in chemistry than in astronomy. We cannot but be amazed at the power of the human mind, which succeeds in making such great discoveries as we have made since Kepler's time, in astronomy, and very recently in chemistry likewise; but the Socratic maxim applies here, "The more we know, the more we perceive that we know nothing." Since the time of Basilius Valentinus, we have been striving, according to the expression of that profoundly-thinking monk, "to decompose nature;" we have analyzed matter into more and more fugitive ingredients, but we have not penetrated to their inmost foundation, their first germ. It escapes from our senses; for our eye is as little able to seize a point as to comprehend the infinite. Fettered by

the limits of our senses, we become acquainted only with the mingled material; with that which has *become*, not with original existence; with the effect, not with the cause.

Physiology stops at similar boundaries. It permits itself to be pursued as far as to the perceptive organs of man, but there it borders on the unknown world of mind, where a new series of hypotheses begins. The connection between body and mind remains an everlasting riddle, and the philosophers and investigators of nature only strive for the precedence in becoming the sport of this Sphinx. The material and ideal view are set in opposition to each other, as the extremes of all the theories pertaining to this subject. The former makes mind dependent on matter, and explains it as a higher sublimation of the organs, as the blossom of the material plant; the latter considers mind as the absolute, and either separates it from nature, or denies the objective reality of nature, and regards her only as the subjective reflection of the mind. All these hypotheses are fruitless; for we could only behold the truth, if we were placed at a point separate from the union of body and mind; but as we are always in the very central point of this union, the truth never becomes objective, as relates to us.

Independently, however, of these three limitations of our knowledge of nature, a severe natural science, within those limitations, is both possible and practicable. As far as our perception extends, under the subjective conditions of our senses and our mind, nature is not closed against it; she continues uniform, so that we gradually become acquainted with her circuit, within

the prescribed limits, as well as with her everlasting conformity to law, and are able to raise perception to the rank of complete science. The check to this science is no longer human inability, but only the multiplicity of the matter, and the slowness with which, on one hand, our organ is sharpened for perception, and on the other hand, the long process of combining what has been once perceived. Mechanical inventions must first lend our senses a higher power of perception; we must arm ourselves with telescopes and microscopes, with surveying table and compass, before we could overcome the obstacles of space; and we had to discover the chemical apparatus of nature, by which she resolves herself into her component parts, before we could penetrate into the mystery of her workshop. Thus a busy race had to pass over the surface and penetrate into the depths of the earth, century after century, to collect the treasures of nature; and a long-continued toil was needed to put them in order, before men of genius discovered their combinations.

It is true there was long before a philosophy of nature; for the human mind endeavored of old to detect the unity that existed in what was sundered and various. But natural experience would not yet completely unite with speculation. Attempts were made, in a religious, mystical, or fanciful way, to detect a harmony in earthly phenomena, to discover cosmogonies, allegorical personifications of the powers of nature, and playful anagrams of nature; and if the faith, the feelings and the fancy, or even the wit was satisfied, but little trouble was expended in ascertaining objective truth. Systems were tried only

by the little which was known of nature, and which generally had an arbitrary meaning or arrangement given to it. After an unpoetical, irreligious, and purely empirical science of nature, had broken away from those philosophical hypotheses, they both went on their several ways. But they had still to come together at a definite point. Speculation could not but adhere to natural experience, and experience at last had to arrange itself in systematic form by reason of its extent and completeness.

Among all the natural philosophers, Schelling was called to unite the two paths. On his first appearance, the ancient philosophy of nature, from Pythagoras down to Jacob Böhme, was utterly despised. He found nothing but an empirical natural science—nothing but a disconnected mass of single observations, great collections of facts in natural history, which paltry attempts were made to arrange according to superficial characteristics, and acute discoveries of phenomena, the causes of which were unknown. At the most, efforts had always been made to discover the so called principles of natural science, for single branches, in order to introduce something like coherence into the science; but the proceeding was always conducted very arbitrarily; and in the consideration of one side, the many other sides had never been called into council. One had treated the mathematics or the doctrine of the forms of nature, another chemistry or the material doctrine of nature, independently of each other, and had not ventured to refer them to each other, although matter and form every where appear together in nature. Some had undertaken to

perfect astronomy by itself, others physiology, by itself; but to whom did it occur to seek after the macrocosm in the human microcosm? Botany had been studied without a suspicion of its mutual relation with zoology, and both had been pursued by themselves, without being referred to the type in the organization of man. On the other hand, there were, to be sure, glimpses of the one indivisible, all-animating soul of nature; but they were nothing but imperfect recollections from the philosophers of the ancient world, now become mythical personages, or from the decried theosophists and pantheists of later times, who were deficient sometimes in nothing but the empirical test of their systems, which, however, in a scientific sense to be sure, was every thing. Every new philosopher of nature who ventured to indicate a new general law of nature, was required to be more or less a Pythagoras, Jacob Böhme, Spinoza; but in addition he was either a Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Linnæus, Franklin, Haller, Buffon, La Place, Cuvier, Mesmer, Stahl, Gall, Werner, Oersted, Humboldt, and so on; or at least the natural experience of such men lay at the foundation of his philosophy. The achievement of awakening the living mind out of dead empiricism; of bestowing a living body upon the spectral, void, and cloudy spirit of a philosophical dream; in short, of regulating empiricism by philosophy, and of establishing philosophy by empiricism, depended upon this union.

Schelling was the first to verify the ancient philosophy of nature, by the scientific experiences of modern times, or, which is just the same thing, to

elevate the natural science of the moderns to the dignity of philosophy. It would be, however, a super-human miracle, not admitted by the philosophy of Nature herself, were not limitations set to the immortal achievement of Schelling, and had he finished and perfected the philosophy of nature. So far from it, he has only made a small beginning; but even that is greatness enough. He has trodden a path which no one before him had travelled, and which every one must travel after him; the end, however, is neither attained, nor can it ever be, because it lies beyond the three above-indicated boundary-lines of all inquiries into nature. Meantime, Schelling has the immortal merit of having found the key to this inquiry, within those limits. We have not, in fact, so much leisure now for busying ourselves with what we cannot know; there is, however, an infinite deal to learn, which we may possibly know, but do not yet know. In this spirit, Schelling's system must be taken. He does not lead the stupid and gaping spectators before the miracles of absolute truth, and say, "There it is; now look your fill;" but he leads the curious and active-minded disciples to a certain eminence, from which he points out to them the view over the whole sphere of nature, and bids them inquire and seek further for themselves. Schelling has not completed the higher science of nature, but rather has been the first to lay it open; and we may learn from him, not how far, but from whence, inquiry proceeds.

Schelling has discovered that all the phenomena of nature, of which he has any knowledge, form

opposites, and has drawn thence the conclusion, that, in general, opposition is the only form in which nature reveals herself to man. Hence every thing depends upon carrying the opposition logically through all the degrees and provinces of nature, so far as nature is capable of being known at all. As every thing is included in opposition, so no single object in nature, no general power of nature, no general material in nature, can have existed for itself, but each must have been the opposite of something else, and the infinite series of single opposites must be lost in a comprehensive opposition running through all nature. Unity in nature, according to him, is only the higher union of two opposite powers, or of a polarization like that of the magnet, which is one, but has opposite poles. Thus all nature is, as it were, a great magnet, with one repelling, radiating pole, the moving, separating, rending power, and with the other attracting pole, the binding, retaining, collecting power. Schelling does not assume to have carried the opposition of these powers through all nature; this is a work for ages, and to be accomplished only within certain limits. But that this opposition is the key to the only possible science of nature—that it is the universal and unchangeable form under which every thing in nature is revealed to us—is incontrovertibly true. The relation of all natural objects can be ascertained, if not explained, only by admitting the principle, that, in every thing, the opposition of two primal powers is expressed.

Schelling's system is accordingly characterized, in the first place, by strictly carrying out a universal

polarization, or opposition of two original powers of the one nature; and in the second place, by parallelizing all natural objects, according as they fall towards one or the other pole, or upon the connecting centre. In the third place, however, this system is characterized by the gradation in which it makes the objects of nature diverge towards the poles.

The fundamental principle of the whole system is very simple, as every truth usually is, but has been thought the offspring of indolence and carelessness only by those who have no suspicion of the vast problem which it contains, and who make merely an amusing game of the parallelization which springs from it; or by the empirical philosophers, who are unable to come to nature, on account of their cabinets of natural history and their experiments,—as the philologists were unable to come to the spirit, on account of books and words,—who would despise themselves, if the painful industry of their whole lives could be inscribed on a page of foolscap, instead of being written in folios, and whose ambition is, not to make the difficult easy, but the easy difficult.

Simple as is the fundamental principle of that system, it still admits, both internally and externally, of being unfolded without end. The unity of nature must be followed out in all its depth; the opposition must be traced, in all its distinctness, and applied to the facts of nature in their whole extent. Depth, acuteness, the power of combination, are urged in the highest degree, on the one side; skill in observation, industry, and experience in the practical investiga-

tion of nature, on the other side, to develop still further a system, of which scarcely more than the very first formula now exists. Hence Schelling's simple word has not put the intellects of the nation asleep, and amused them with sweet and sportive dreams, like so many other philosophers, but has awakened them to the liveliest activity, and a school has been formed around him, of the most intellectual men in the nation, such as no philosopher has ever had before. We have already spoken of the influence of his system in general upon the German nation. Here I will merely make some mention of what his disciples have accomplished for natural science, in the spirit of his system.

If we look to particulars, the first thing to be noticed in what has been done is, the inexhaustible amount of what yet remains to be done. Every disciple of Schelling has, in reality, proceeded only from one, or at most some few single parts of natural science, with which he was principally conversant, and has from thence illustrated the whole system. Steffens took his departure from geognosy; Wagner, from chemistry; Görres, from physiology; Oken, from anatomy; Schubert and Eschenmayer, from psychology. One partial science can of necessity only explain the others; but the comparisons of all are far from having been perfectly and accurately carried out.

If a glimpse has once been obtained of the parallel between the macrocosm and the microcosm, then an immeasurable field has been opened for comparison, and every new discovery in the intellect and affections of man requires the corresponding equivalent

in nature to be pointed out, and the reverse. The system, therefore, can never be completed, and will remain insufficient, until every thing in nature, as well as in mind, has been investigated; consequently, as long as men continue men, even though the formula of parallelism, and the rule of universal opposition is, in itself, irrefragable. We should probably have no truth, if every truth were required to establish its application in every respect. If man has talents for every thing, and yet cannot cultivate them all in the highest degree, why should he not be able to appropriate to himself indisputable truths, which he may not yet be able to demonstrate, in the whole extent of their applicability?

The deficiencies of the later philosophy of nature may be defined as follows: Starting from the most correct and simple principle, it finds in nature herself three limitations, which it can never pass over, beyond which it can apply its principle no more, although it well knows that all infinity lies concealed from us behind a veil, in the region beyond. We already know these limitations. Thus, then, the principle, correct in itself, is often falsely or defectively applied, even to that which is accessible to us in nature, because we do not yet possess sufficient empirical knowledge, or because human calculation is, in general, subject to error. In this respect, it is no uninteresting task to compare the most recent works in the philosophy of nature with those of former times; for example, Steffens's anthropology, with the earlier works of other philosophers, and even with his own. How much at that time held a different

position from what it does now, — how many newly-discovered immediate links have separated what was then supposed to be united, and united things between which no connection was supposed to exist. The identity of magnetic, electrical, and galvanic action is a case in point. Along with the excusable errors, some natural philosophers have, however, manifested faults, which are to be ascribed to their frivolity and vanity. What was there to prevent them from playing the fool in this as well as in other things, where such abundant opportunities offered themselves? The philosophy of nature has this in common with religion — that it is capable of calling out the deepest and holiest, as well as the most foolish parts of the human character.

The empirical observers and the philosophers have kept up a mutual and most bitter hostility, greatly to the dishonor of science. Both have reproached each other with the grossest errors, and not unjustly. The empirical man is charged with blindness; the philosopher is called a visionary. The former sees nothing except what he can grasp in his hand; the latter fancies he grasps what he cannot even see.

The empirical man commits as gross errors as the philosopher, on a foundation apparently secure. He, too, must often explain what is not directly understood of itself, and seek the unknown causes of well-known phenomena. Then, however, he usually stands far in the rear of the philosopher, because he does not care to comprehend one phenomenon in connection with all others, but merely snatches at any probable solution of the particular case in question. One might collect a whole book full of the most

foolish explanations, by such empiricists as these, and entitle it the Eulenspiegel¹ of the investigators of nature. Instead of hundreds, let one alone suffice; this, however, may very properly characterize the whole procedure. Many, nearly all, and even very celebrated empiricists, constantly explain the springing up of vegetation on the coral islands, which have just made their appearance above the surface of the sea, or, in general, on places where no seed previously exists, by the supposed fact that winds or birds had carried the seed thither over many hundreds of miles; and this they consider less marvellous than the supposition of a permanent *generatio equivoca*, which the philosophers maintain. In this manner, they seek every where after the grossest, most obtrusive and mechanical causes, even if these causes have to be dragged in by the hair of the head, merely in order not to admit the validity of any dynamic and invisible causes, however simple they may appear.

The empiricist has, also, sometimes to survey the whole of nature; but then he marshals the phenomena, rank and file, according to their external characteristics, without a single wish to discover a sacred power of nature reigning in all; or he deludes himself with pious and humble self-limitation, in regard to the vast problem which is laid upon man's inquiring spirit, beyond the visible and tangible, and talks of divine wonders. Even Lichtenberg says, "The less an investigator of nature can display his own greatness, the more distinctly does he praise the greatness of God."

¹ [An allusion to the adventures of Till Eulenspiegel—the hero of a popular German story-book.—TRANSL.]

Natural experience is always the soil on which the philosophy of nature likewise can alone flourish. The most faithful and coherent experience has led immediately to philosophy, and the best philosophers have remained true to nature, while one-sided and gross empiricism alone has been wholly at variance with the spirit of philosophy, and nothing but the delirium of some of the philosophers has withdrawn itself from all fidelity to nature.

The magnificent view of nature, advanced by our Humboldt, has sprung entirely from experience; but from an infinite experience, the foundation of which is the circuit of the earth, and not merely the narrow space of a study. The second greatest empiricist of our days, the acute Oersted, has pressed on with his discoveries in advance of the boldest conclusions of philosophy; and if we would observe the combined operation of a profound empiricism and philosophy, in the most striking degree, we have only to call to mind the works of Oken. Who can confidently affirm whether his great zoological system has originated more from experience or from speculation?

Experimental knowledge of nature has been cultivated in every direction; and by this means has the philosophy of nature become a possible science. In single provinces of nature, immeasurable investigations, discoveries, and collections have been made, and other nations have either rivalled the Germans or been their models. Only the investigators of nature have, in a special manner, been left out of the great European republic of letters, as if they were outcasts; and they seem to be waiting for the other classes

of learned men to unite with them again. They only, in all countries, have continued on familiar terms, and closely connected with each other; and thus, too, they have, merely by union, accomplished more for their science than could have been accomplished for any other science whatever. It cannot be said, that, in our age, one or another province of natural science has been the most cultivated; for all have found innumerable and the very best cultivators. Not merely those parts of natural science which had been already attended to by the ancients and the philosophers of the middle ages, have been explained, enlarged, and infinitely enriched and improved, by hundreds upon hundreds of acute discoverers and industrious collectors, but even wholly new sciences — as magnetism, for example — have been established by wholly new discoveries.

Meantime, if we seek for something characteristic to distinguish the natural inquiries of our times in particular, it will be found in the following three points: — First, in the philosophical character which natural science, the longer it is cultivated, finds it the more necessary to assume; in the relation of one part of natural science to another; and in referring all single inquiries to the discovery of some one ultimate law of nature. Thus it is not to be mistaken that, among all the other sciences, anthropology is the one which now, in contrast with earlier times, is to be regarded as the prevailing science, and, therefore, characterizes our age. The earlier natural inquiries aimed rather to study the external world — the *cosmos* — than man — the *microcosmos*. The ancients

knew a great deal about astronomy, and about the science of the elements, metals, plants, and animals, but little of anatomy, still less of physiology and psychology. As now, in general, man has separated himself gradually more and more from surrounding nature, and assumed an attitude of freedom and independence, and, whereas formerly he referred every thing to something external, to God, to nature, to the state, to the nation, now he refers every thing to himself; natural science has been obliged to follow the universal march, and has returned more to the inner nature of man. Finally, it deserves to be considered that we have gradually begun to study nature as a something which has become what it is, by unfolding itself in the progress of time, while before it had been almost always considered only as something given in space, and in its present appearance. Cuvier, in France, and among the Germans, Steffens and Werner particularly, have opened and cleared this field of investigation; and by their inquiries into the primitive age and the earlier revolutions of the earth, founded upon universal observations, and laws of nature, have endeavored to fill up the leaf at the beginning of the book of nature, which had formerly been a perfect blank, or scribbled over only with mythical hypotheses.

Moreover, endless controversies have been carried on, not only between the empiricists and the philosophers, but even among the empiricists themselves. In almost every one of the subordinate provinces of the natural sciences there are opposing views. But these controversies can hardly be classed among the characteristic phenomena of our age, because nature

has from of old been the subject of dispute. The contest is a fruitful one, since it calls out a rivalry in science, and always leads, of necessity, to the philosophy of nature. The manner, however, in which the investigators of nature quarrel with each other, is not always very edifying. In this they have something in common with the musicians, who can grow very angry indeed, though they both move in regions of such innocence and serenity.

Controversy is a poisonous weed in the writings of the investigators of nature. These writings, however, have much besides which is liable to just reproach. In some we find an odious materialism inculcated, which casts a distorted and malicious eye upon every thing which is considered wonderful, and would fain resolve all the mystical charms of nature into bare and naked prose. In others, on the contrary, the name of God is abused, and the common-place idea, that God reveals himself in the heavenly bodies, and even in the meanest worm, is repeated to loathing. This is particularly done in popular writings, which might be, generally speaking, much better composed. The excellent natural histories of Oken and Schubert form honorable exceptions.

As, in Schelling's system, the profoundest principle of the philosophy of nature — the unity of all the parts of nature — was enounced, so the richest abundance of experience, harmoniously arranged according to that principle, appeared in the system of Oken. In Humboldt, however, was shown what great things may be accomplished by a comprehensive experience without philosophy, and that every system of philosophy without experience is of no avail.

As I have indicated the principle of Schelling, I will briefly sketch also the system of Oken, which manifestly has more genius than all others.

Ether is, according to Oken, the indifferent original matter in which, by means of polarization between the pole of light and the pole of gravity, the extremest tension takes place; but this tension is again, in the reaction, moderated by warmth, inasmuch as warmth has the tendency of equalizing and converting it into ether again. Now, therefore, in proportion as these three powers predominate in the ether, it is resolved into the original elements. The element, light, is oxygen, weight is carbon, caloric is hydrogen. They are, however, constantly united with one another, because those powers always operate together, though in different proportions. According to this the elements are formed. Where hydrogen predominates, there is air; where oxygen, water; where carbon, earth. But their universal, primeval element, the ethereal, is fire; for every effect wrought in ether proceeds from light and warmth, and is, consequently, fire. The world originated from fire; it is fire cooled down, and will again perish in fire. The sun is fire, red. The nearest planets round it, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas, are earth, yellow. Jupiter and Saturn are water, green. Uranus is air, blue. The comets are the remaining ether, which tends to become air. The elements operate upon each other. Air and water cause the positive, air and earth the negative, electricity. In this mutual operation upon each other, the two elements produce the third; air and earth produce water in rain; air and water produce the

earth in the meteoric stones — both electrical productions. Earth, in union with some one of the other elements, produces the minerals. But when the three elements, air, water, and earth, are blended, the first organization, that of plants, results, and when the fourth element, fire, is added, animal existence results. There can only be four minerals, according as the earthy element prevails, or is changed by water, or air, or fire. There is, therefore, earth-earth, equivalent to earth; water-earth, or salts; air-earth, equivalent to the inflammables; and fire-earth, equivalent to the metals. Each of these earths, again, has its subordinate species, in which the same relations are repeated. The earth proper, the earth-earth, has predominated in the formation of our planets. From ether was formed air, from air water, from water earth, and the latter, as the only solid, assumed throughout the crystalline form. As every earthy atom is a crystal, the earth itself was originally so; and its mountains, which, along the equator, run parallel with it, but which branch out from the poles towards the equator, fanshaped, are the remains of these polygonal crystal forms. Granite, the earth-earth, forms the whole core of the earth, and originally projected in sharp crystal edges. But as the water, which covered this crystal, was precipitated, and deposited the transition mountains, these, by polar attraction, were drawn to the sides of the crystal edges, and, at a later period, when the water, shut up in the valleys, violently opened a path for itself, then the mechanical disruptions and revolutions of the later strata of the earth took place. Stratification is no me-

chanical, but a polar phenomenon. Now, after the primary earths had been deposited by the water, and placed upon each other in crystal forms, there still remained in the water earthy matter; but in it the pure earthy ingredient no longer predominated, but the watery. This formed the water-earths in the floetz mountains. Then followed the air-earths in the trap mountains, and, finally, the fire-earths in the metals. Lime beds of shells occur even before the floetz mountains, and afford a proof that organic beings had already been formed, and must have been formed, as far as firm land extended above the water; for where earth, air, and water come together, there must organic life necessarily be produced. The metals are the last product of the mineral formation. They are produced in the dark passages between the mountain walls that had already been formed. Two walls, standing near each other, are necessary for the production of ore. No ores are found upon a single rocky wall. Polarity exists either between two wall surfaces alone — and then it becomes electricity; or between two walls and the centre of the earth — and then it becomes magnetism. The inflammables are the product of the former, the ores of the latter. Metal, the last offspring of earth, cannot, therefore, form the core of the earth, as has frequently been believed; it occurs only in the galleries between the mountains, and at a comparatively small depth below the surface. As iron, in particular, is found further towards the poles, and the nobler metals towards the equator, this fact is a certain proof, that, since the creation of the earth, its axis has by no means been

changed, as some have supposed. Finally, the variations of the magnetic needle, always according to the more or less frequent occurrence of iron ore, demonstrate that the earth in itself is not, as some have supposed, magnetic, but only the iron upon the earth, and that the magnetic needle does not point toward the north pole because the north pole is there, but because iron is there. As crystallization is the property of earth, electricity of the inflammables, magnetism of metals, so is chemism (the chemical process of solution) the property of the salts.

By the solution of the elements already formed, the sun forms in water a new product, which is, in its highest grades, the repetition of all nature; it is organic being. The lime formation, which closes with salt, is the prototype of the organic world. If, instead of the two elements which have hitherto operated, three of them operate together—if, to the mutual action between air and earth, electricity, there is added that between water and earth, or chemism, and, consequently, air, water, and earth coöperate, as is the case every where on the sea-shore—the result is the new process of electro-chemism, a chemical process constantly supported by electricity, a polarity between water and earth, kept constantly in motion by the air. This process is called galvanism; and it is the beginning of all organic life; it is organic life itself. Its product is an earth mingled with water and air, an oxydized and diluted carbon, that is, slime. All living things sprung from the slime on the sea-shore. "Love came forth from out the ocean's foam." In so far, however, as, in this first organic process, only

the three lower elements coöperate, it is only a repetition of the planet. In order to repeat the whole solar system, the fourth and highest element, fire, must be added; this forms the dividing line in the organic world. To plants belong only three elements, to animals four.

First, of plants. They belong at once to earth, water, air, and form themselves into and out of all three, by the magnetic process of nutriment, or growing, the chemical process of digestion, or the sap formation, and by the electrical process of breathing, or inhaling the air. The formation too of the plant, corresponds then, to this. It is composed of a cellular tissue, (earth,) sap-tubes, (water,) and spiral vessels, (air.) The first predominates in the root, the second in the stalk, the third in the leaf. But as the higher element acts upon the lower—as fire strives to generate the animal from the plant—the first essay thereto is made in the blossom of the plant, which is nothing else than a repetition of the whole plant, but elevated to the igneous element. Hence the first independent motion occurs in the blossom, namely, the animal, at the moment of fructification, and at the same time appears the opposition of sexes; for there is a masculine, in opposition to a feminine, only when the sun and its igneous element are polarized with the planets and its three lower elements. “The distribution of the organs of plants is, at the same time, the distribution of the whole kingdom of plants.” Consequently, there are two principal classes—those without blossom, the sexless, and blossoming plants, which have sex. Under the first are classed the lowest, which

are merely cellular tissues, (mould, fungus, and mushrooms;) then follow those which are mere sap-tubes, (*tremellæ*, *confervæ*, lichens, moss;) then the plants, with air-vessels, (ferns.) In vegetables of the higher class, the first three component parts of plants appear distinctly divided, as bark, (cellular tissue,) bast, (sap-tube,) and wood, (spiral vessels.) Hence the lowest of this class are the bark plants, (canes, grasses;) then follow the bast plants, (lilies;) finally, the wood plants, (palms.) One step higher still, and the three component parts are more clearly distinguished in the root, stalk, and leaf. Next follow the root plants, (beets,) the stem plants, (*cricoidæ* and *stellatæ*,) and the leaf plants, (*personatæ*, *labiatæ*, *asperifoliæ*, *gentianæ*.) Again, one step higher, and the blossom predominates, parts of which are, the seed, pistil, and flower. There are also, seed plants, (*ranunculi*, *malvæ*, *gerania*,) pistil plants, (*rutaceæ*, *reseda*, and so forth,) and flower plants (pinks, poppies, and so forth.) Finally, the fruit appears in three forms—nut, plum, and apple. To the latter class belong the most perfect and noble plants—the nut tree, plum tree, and apple tree.

As the plant, in its highest manifestation of life in the blossom, becomes animal, so the animal is a blossom, continuing to live, separated, and moving itself at will. The whole plant is contained in the animal, only something new is added; the highest element is added to the three lower elements of the plant. The plant is a planet. The animal is sun and planet together. The beginning of the animal is the blossom dust, sunny ether, moving points, masses of nerve.

To this solar mass of nerves, the hardest planetary earthy mass first opposes itself in the bones. The lowest animals, the *infusoria* are a mass of naked nerves; a bony mass surrounds this, and the coral is the result. Between nerve and bones, the flesh is then formed. These three things—nerve, flesh, and bones—form the animal part in the animal; what else is in the animal is vegetable. All the entrails are the vegetable part of animals; the intestine is the root, the vasicular system, is the stalk; the lungs are the leaf. This vegetable part in the animal has however become disengaged, no longer takes root in the earth, but is complete in itself, and moves in its own circle; hence the complete system of veins, and the circulation of the blood. Fourth, what was the blossom in the plant, is sex in the animal.

As the whole vegetable kingdom consists only of the several parts and properties of the plant, so also the animal kingdom is only a divided original animal—man separated into parts. In the lowest animal, the lowest organ is alone developed, and a new and higher, and ever higher species of animal is formed, the more new and higher organs are introduced. Consequently, there are exactly as many species of animals as there are organs; no more and no fewer. As we have, in general, to distinguish two systems in the animal, — the vegetable and the animal parts, — so we divide animals, accordingly, first into zoophytes and vertebral animals. In the first, the three vegetable systems of vessels, of entrails, and of lungs predominate, together with the lowest sense, that of feeling; in the second, on the contrary, the three animal systems of

bones, muscles, and nerves, and the higher senses. In the vascular system, we distinguish the absorbents, the veins, and arteries. Accordingly, the first and lowest order of animals is divided into the *infusoria*, *polypi*, and *accephalæ*. In each of these classes there are again subordinate species, according as the animals approach more or less nearly to a neighboring species. The *intestini* form the second class of animals, and, as in the intestinal system we distinguish the stomach, liver, and glands, so this class naturally divides itself into maggots, muscles, and snails, which again are subdivided according to the law of the classes akin to them. The third class are the animals with lungs; and, as in the system of lungs, the coat, the gills, and the air-pipes, are distinguished, so the animals in which this system predominates, are divided into worms, crabs, and bugs. The higher animals, in which the animal systems, the bones, muscles, nerves, and senses are developed, are divided into osteous animals or fish, molluscous or amphibious, nervous or birds, sensitive or mammalia. But in each of these classes, the lower vegetable classes are again repeated, and upon this the subordinate species depend. Oken transfers these natural distinctions even to the races of men. He says there is only one race, and one species of man, because man is the abstract of the whole animal kingdom; but that there are five kinds of men according to the development of the sensitive organs; the skin man is the black, the African; the tongue man is the brown, of Australasia; the nose man is the red man, the American; the ear man is the yellow, the Asiatic; the eye man is the white, the European.

Let us pass now to empiricism, and consider, first, the powers of nature, then the phenomena of nature, and, finally, the practical application of natural science.

Natural philosophy lay for a long time in the chains of the darkest superstition. The first cause of the operations of nature was chiefly explained by a mystical demonology and astrology, from the influences of spirits and of stars. At length, when collections of experiments, and records of natural phenomena, began with Conrad Gessner and Agricola, at the time of the reformation, men were able by degrees to trace more and more clearly the footsteps of the powers of nature. Sturm (1703) laid the foundation of proper experimental philosophy, in which the Dutchman Muschenbroek particularly distinguished himself. Wolf, Gravesand, Hamberger, and Krüger, treated natural philosophy rather speculatively, in the spirit of mathematical philosophy; again, Euler, Karsten, Meyer, Lichtenberg, Kästner, Erxleben, Brandes, Munk, and others, in a more empirical manner, with an acute spirit of observation; and Wiegleb and Poppe in a popular manner. Fisher's dictionary of natural philosophy, the journals of Gilbert, Gehler, Lichtenberg, Hermbstädt, Schweigger, the works in literary history by Rau, Wenk, Erxleben, and Beckmann, furnish a wide survey over the whole province of natural philosophy.

The science of optics has been preëminently cultivated by the Germans. The great power of looking deeply into the infinity of nature, as well as into the infinity of spirit, was given to us. Spy-glasses were invented in Holland in the seventeenth century; the

telescope was improved, first by Huygens, then by Reichenbach and Tiedemann, and, very recently, Fraunhofer increased its power immensely; and the microscope, by the Dutchmen Löwenhoek and Hartsoeker, and, later, by Lieberkühn. In the seventeenth century, Snell discovered the refraction of light; in the eighteenth century, Tschirnhausen invented the lens, and the Alsatian Lambert discovered photometry. The science of optics was systematically treated by Euler, Herschel, Fuss, Kästner, Langsdorf, Karsten, Spengler, Ruhland, Brandes, and by Goethe, in his celebrated *Farbenlehre*.

The science of acoustics also has been perfected in Germany. Athanasius Kircher invented the speaking-trumpet; Euler, Lambert, and especially Chladni, the inventor of the celebrated sounding figures, were acknowledged to be the greatest cultivators of acoustics.

Heat was investigated particularly by Lambert, Langsdorf, and Böckmann. Muschenbroek invented the pyrometer, Fahrenheit the thermometer which bears his name.

Electricity, also, is deeply indebted to the German spirit of investigation. Hausen invented, in 1734, the electrical machine. Cunæus and Muschenbroek invented the Leyden jar; Kleist, the condenser; Wilke, the electrophor. The science of electricity was systematically treated by Euler, Winkler, Æpinus, Kratzenstein, Bohnenberger, Ritter, Singer; also by the poet Arnim, Schmidt, Weber, Schöffner, and the Dutchman Van Marum. Kühn has also written a history of electricity.

Humboldt, Ritter, Gmelin, Kielmayer, Pfaff, Reinhold, Tromsdorf, and others, have investigated galvanism.

Kircher and Euler, at an earlier period, gained great reputation by enlarging the knowledge of terrestrial magnetism. In the year 1776, Mesmer also discovered animal magnetism, which was destined to play so great a part in the healing art and in psychology, and whose most celebrated cultivators were Gmelin, Eschenmayer, Kieser, Justinus Kerner, Hensler, Zimmermann, and others.

In chemistry, too, the Germans have made discoveries which have been followed by the most important consequences. A German monk, Basilius Valentinus, was the first independent chemical investigator and experimenter in Europe; and the celebrated Theophrastus Paracelsus was the founder of a new chemical system, which substituted, for the old Greek doctrine of four elements, three only — namely, salt, mercury, and sulphur — which were again reduced, by later chemical researches, to two — oxygen and hydrogen — but had not yet been reduced to *one*, the last result. One of the greatest chemical discoveries was the preparation of gunpowder, by the monk Berthold Schwarz. Later in the seventeenth century, Glauber made himself particularly known as an able chemist, by the salts which still bear his name; then Homberg acquired the reputation of a profound inquirer; Becher was celebrated particularly for the application of chemistry to mineralogy, and Stahl for his famous phlogistic system — which was overthrown, at the end of the last century, by the antiphlogistic system

of the French chemist Lavoisier. Since then, chemistry has been continually becoming more comprehensive, and has, at the same time, penetrated more and more deeply into the mysteries of nature; and the German has sometimes preceded, and sometimes followed, the progress of other nations. In this, the names of Kielmayer, Gmelin, Winterl, Hermbstädt, Götting, Döbereiner, Prechtel, Pfaff, Klaproth, and others, are conspicuous. The ideas of Richter, though belonging to a former time, were not without influence upon the great doctrines of Berzelius. The history of chemistry was very profoundly treated by Gmelin, as well as Bergmann and Tromsdorf, and by Klaproth in his dictionary, and Wiegand in a very favorite and popular manual for the lovers of natural magic. Crell, Gehlen, and Scherer, wrote journals.

Ancient alchemy, or the art of making gold, ceased with the progress of intelligence. The innumerable ancient works devoted to this subject are now almost entirely forgotten. Jögel of Berlin was the last believer and theorist in this ancient art, about the year eighty of the last century. Von Mürr and Fuchs wrote on the history of alchemy, and, very recently, Schmieder also published a very interesting work upon it.

The Germans have taken no small part in the promotion of the mathematical sciences, although they were surpassed by the French in the practical application, and especially by the English in mechanics. Byrges, a Swiss, invented logarithms in 1610. The great philosopher Leibnitz, not long after, invented the differential calculus. Prætorius, in 1616, invented

the surveying-table. Wolf the philosopher, Euler, Bernoulli, Klügel, Hindenburg, Vega, Langsdorf, Abel, Bürja, Gilbert, Mönnich, Schweins, Busse, Meier Hirsch, Gräson, and many others, rendered various services in the different provinces of mathematics. The mathematical dictionary of Klügel, the history of mathematics by Kästner, the journals of Bernoulli, Funk, Hindenburg, Kästner, and Breithaupt, serve for a general survey. Pestalozzi, and his disciple Schmidt, gained great reputation for extending and simplifying mathematical instruction in the schools.

The Dutchman Stevin distinguished himself first in mechanics. Bilfinger wrote an interesting work on gravity. The science of mechanics afterwards was systematically treated by Gerstner, Bernoulli, Kästner, and Brandes; their chief merit, however, was in the collection of facts and in theoretical arrangement. They achieved less in discovery.

The subject of natural phenomena, or natural history, has been treated, among us, with almost greater thoroughness than that of the powers of nature, because, in this, the labor of collecting, and the scientific curiosity so peculiar to us Germans, found the richest field for their gratification.

Even in the age of the reformation, and in union with the general improvement which was then beginning, Conrad Gessner, of Zürich, formed the first system of a true collection, an arrangement of natural observations, without marvels, and, in this, surpassed not only the elder philosophers Paracelsus and Albertus Magnus, but even Aristotle and Pliny. He was the founder of the modern system of observation,

freed from every superstition, and every fabulous tale. His disciples went into details, and investigated the separate branches of natural history. The propensity to systematize at length followed again in the rear of experience, and the Germans remained even in the rear of their neighbors. In the first half of the last century, Klein was unable to maintain his system against that of Linnæus; and Blumenbach and Bechstein, Forster and Link, were, to speak without jealousy of Buffon and other distinguished foreigners, rather collectors than system-makers. At length, very recently, we have seen an admirable, but not yet quite infallible, arrangement, introduced by the philosophy of nature into the excessive and intricate classifications that have hitherto prevailed; and the natural histories of Oken and Schubert have surpassed all others in logical arrangement and inward unity. Gmelin, Martini, and Nemnich, have written universal dictionaries of natural history; the literature, however, of natural history has been brought together by Beseke, Heyne, Schneider, Scheuchzer, Böhmer, Fibig, and Nau.

In the study of astronomy, Peurbach and Regiomontanus were very active as early as the fifteenth century; so were the Nürnbergers, Werner, Schoner, and Apianus, as well as Stöffler, in the sixteenth. In the seventeenth the great Kepler came forward with his immortal discovery of the laws respecting the distances and revolutions of the planets; Scheiner, with the discovery of spots on the sun; Hevel and Dörfel, with their observations upon the moon and the comets. A series of the most important discoveries, and of the most laborious collations, began with Herschel, a

German living in England, who explored the broad regions of the heavens with his gigantic telescope, in 1781, and first discovered the planet Uranus and the double stars; and with Tobias Mayer, who projected the first lunar chart. Olbers discovered, in 1802, the planet Pallas, and Vesta in 1807; Harding discovered Juno in 1804; and, lately, Encke and Biela have found that the comets which bear their names are companies of planets, having a short period of revolution round the sun, and a regular return. Finally, Struve of Dorpat, by the aid of the best instrument the world has ever seen,—I mean the gigantic refractor, prepared by Fraunhofer of Munich,—has very much enlarged the discoveries of Herschel in sidereal astronomy, particularly in relation to the *nebulae* and the double stars.

Tobias Mayer, the Baron von Zach, Wurm, Bohnenberger, and Littrow, distinguished themselves most by astronomical calculations; Theodore von Schubert in Petersburg by general, and, at the same time, popular views of the whole province of astronomy; and Bode, Littrow, and Brandes, by manuals, took the lead of all others. To these, more lately, have been added a long series of other names. The work of Gelpke became one of the most favorite manuals, although (or because?) it consisted almost entirely of mere pious exclamations upon the greatness of God and of the world. The manual of the philosopher Fries is remarkable, because, on the contrary, the boundless external world is therein set forth as an insignificant thing in comparison with the moral and intellectual greatness of man. The most ingenious and

comprehensive application of the philosophy of nature to astronomy has been made by G. H. Schubert. The history of astronomy, also, has frequently been treated. Pfaff of Erlangen has penetrated into the history of ancient astrology with a peculiar love of his subject. Schaubach, Ideler, Scheibel, and Stuhr, have written on astronomy among the Greeks, in the East, and upon ancient astronomical names. Bode, the Baron von Zach, and Gruithuisen, have published astronomical journals. The best celestial maps are those of Bode, Struve, and Harding.

Taking the subject in separate parts, we make a distinction between sidereal astronomy — with its galaxies, nebulae, clusters of stars, double stars, and stars of every size — and the solar and planetary system in which we live — with sun, planets, moons, and comets. That which is nearest attracts attention first; consequently, men had become somewhat at home in the sun, before they knew any thing of the boundless starry heaven beyond it. First, the earth was considered the central point of the world; then the sun; and, properly speaking, Herschel was the first to turn the attention of the age from the little sun — which appears to us great only because it is near us — to the infinitude of space, filled up with other suns and great systems of stars. Heretofore, this infinite heaven of fixed stars had been viewed rather as a mere background — a decoration of our little world. Besides Herschel, the Baron von Zach, Bessel, and, very lately, Struve, have investigated the remoter region of fixed stars in the heavens, and G. H. Schubert has written a comprehensive work upon it, at once empirical and philosophical, called

"The Primeval World and the Fixed Stars." I have already expressed my opinion on the influence of these discoveries of the immeasurable, upon the views of our little earth, and particularly upon the historical belief in revelation, in my "Tour of Austria," and my "Spirit of History." I will add nothing else, therefore, except that it is well worth the trouble to bring the divine nature which is visible in those boundless regions, into harmony with the divine nature as revealed in our little planetary history, and to encounter the rationalism that is breaking in upon us from this quarter too.

Tobias Mayer, the Baron von Zach, Schröter, and Hell, turned their inquiries specially towards the sun; Lambert, Boscowitch, von Zach, and Burckhardt, towards the moon. The old lunar chart, by Tobias Mayer, was far surpassed by Schröter's complete lunar atlas of the celebrated "Selenotopographical Fragments;" but the more powerful glasses of Fraunhofer have made it possible that even Schröter again may be surpassed in precision of design. The lunar chart, which was commenced in Dresden, promised much, but remained incomplete; on the other hand, William Beer of Berlin, brother of the poet Michael, and of Meyer Beer, the musical composer, and Mädler, in conjunction with him, have projected another, which is very accurate, and meets with good success. The greatest predilection for lunar studies was shown by Gruithuisen of Munich; but as people sometimes would see a little too much in the moon, he drew upon himself the ridicule of Börne, whose humorous description of the inhabitants

of the moon cannot, however, throw Gruithuisen's merits into the shade. The best work on the planet Venus was also written by that indefatigable observer, Schröter, whose eye for the smallest inequalities and tints on the planets, was as acute as Swammerdam's for the anatomy of insects. Besides these, the Baron von Lindenau also made observations upon Venus. Beer and Mädler communicated more exact observations upon Mars. Again, Schröter and Späth made observations upon Jupiter; Herschel, Bode, and Wurm, upon Uranus; besides the discoverers of the asteroids, Bode and Schröter made observations upon them; and finally, Bessel, Bode, Olbers, Lambert, Encke, Voigt, Littrow, and others, upon the comets.

Let us now descend from heaven to earth, and see what has been investigated and written upon our planet itself. The general astronomical and physical relations of the earth have been illustrated by the philosopher Kant, Bergmann, Kästner, and later, especially by the calculations and comparisons of the celebrated Alexander von Humboldt, and by Ritter's all-embracing industry in making collections. Julius Fröbel, Zeune, Karl von Raumer, Vollrath Hoffmann, and others are distinguished among the numerous systematic teachers. The atmospherical phenomena of the earth have given rise to an entirely new science, meteorology, for which Lampadius, von Buch, Humboldt, Brandes, Kastner, and Kämpfz have accomplished most — the former by investigations, the latter by copious manuals, — although this portion of natural science must always pertain to the most enigmatical. The comparative observations of the barometer must be con-

sidered one of the most interesting achievements of recent times; and one of the rarest and most extraordinary was the attempt of Brandes to calculate the transient shooting of the stars, which at least furnishes a proof of the persevering zeal which may be devoted to the investigation of nature, on the soil of Germany. Since the time of the celebrated inventor of the air-pump, Otto von Guericke, the air has been particularly investigated by Hindenburg, Herbert, Tronsdorf, Scherer, Wolf, and Humboldt. Water has been studied by Leidenfrost, Busse, Zimmermann, Scherer, Kastner, Otto, Langsdorf, and Silberschlag.

Our great Werner, of Freiberg in Saxony, is honored by all the world as the patriarch of geognosy and mineralogy. The celebrated travellers Pallas, Silberschlag, Ketzler von Sprengseisen, and von Trebra gained particular reputation in the science of mountains; and von Beroldingen, Nose, Walther, Prezystanowsky, and others, in the science of volcanoes. This science was connected with the philosophy of nature, by Steffens, in the most ingenious manner. Mineralogy in general has always been cultivated with great industry on account of its vast importance as a matter of political economy. The riches in the bosom of the earth were well worth this labor. Hence, even in the age of the reformation, George Agricola appears as the first scientific founder of mineralogy; after him, Jung, Becher, and Wallerius, distinguished themselves eminently, until Werner surpassed them all in achievements and in fame. The men who, after Werner, did the most, were von Buch, Hacquet,

Leonhardt, Karsten, Voigt, Hebenstreit, Succow, Lenz, Bartels, Charpentier, Nose, Titius, Klipstein, Ferber, Batsch, Ludwig, Breithaupt, Weiss, and others. Schröter, Lenz, and Schwabe, published mineralogical journals, and Reuss and Zappe, dictionaries.

Kiellmayer has, before all, investigated organic nature, in its primitive fundamental character. On this account, he has not been without great influence on the philosophy of nature; the same has been done by Reubel, and particularly by Oken. But by far the greatest labor has been devoted to the two organic kingdoms, the vegetable and animal, and to their several subdivisions.

The study of botany began at the time of the reformation, with the labors of Conrad Gessner in Zurich. Among the numerous herbals of that time, that of Tabernämontanus was the most distinguished. In the progress of centuries, botany has been silently cultivated by Bauhin of Basil, by Jung, Paul Herrmann, Ruysch, Rivinus, Scheuchzer, Völckamer of Nürnberg, Muntink, Dillenius, and so on to Albrecht von Haller, who, at the beginning of the last century, enjoyed at once the greatest fame as a natural philosopher and poet. Soon afterward, Linnæus the Swede snatched from all other nations the honor of arranging, upon fixed principles, the boundless vegetable world. From that time forth, all botanists referred to the system of Linnæus, either to attack, or, what was more frequently the case, to correct and defend it. As investigators of the internal organization of plants, or as vegetable physiologists, Kölreuter, Treviranus, Senebier, Frenzel, and Meyer, were particularly con-

spicuous among us. Even Goethe took part in these inquiries. In collecting and arranging, Pallas, Jacquin, Link, Ludwig, Batsch, Nees von Esenbeck, Wildenow, Hedwig, and others, were especially distinguished; Borkhausen, Gmelin, Dietrich, and others, by their dictionaries; Römer and Usteri, and Schrader, by their journals; and Römer, Hoffmannsegg, Link, Roth, Sturm, Schrader, and others, by their floras. The geography and physiognomy of plants were introduced into science by Humboldt.

The science of animals, also, was first scientifically established by Conrad Gessner. By general zoölogical and physiological investigations, Reimarus, Froriep, Treviranus, Oken, Wiedmann, Succow, and others, were specially distinguished; by collecting and arranging objects of natural history, Pallas, Reinhold Forster, Blumenbach, Zimmermann, Schinz, Fischer, and others. Bechstein, Schäffer, Borkhausen, Neumann, and others, devoted themselves specially to the study of birds; Meyer, Rösel von Rosenhof, to amphibious animals; Schneider, to serpents; Schneider, Klein, Erlach, Schönwald, and others, to fishes; to insects, first, their celebrated anatomist, Schwammerdam, and, afterward, the systematic Rösel, Panzer, Römer, to say nothing of the numerous observers of single species.

The science of man extends partly into zoölogy and medicine, partly into philosophy, according as body or mind is the principal subject of attention; but a feeling has recently sprung up, that man is to be considered as a whole, and a peculiar science devoted to the study of him—anthropology. On

one hand, Philosophy descended from her abstract elevation, deeper and deeper into the nature of man, by means of empirical psychology and the system of Kant. Revelation was given up, and the source of all knowledge was sought in the perceptive powers of man. On the other hand, the very accurate anatomical and physiological investigations of Sömmerring, Reil, Autenrieth, Weber, and others, which made the human body, even to the minutest vein, as transparent as a crystal, led speedily to an examination of the mysterious boundaries between the corporeal and the spiritual. Thus the metaphysical science, which descended from philosophy to the corporeal part, encountered the science which ascended from zoölogy and physiology to the spiritual part; but they both still continued apart for a long time.

At the head of the metaphysics of the first kind stands Kant, whose anthropology was but lately reëdited by Herbart. This anthropology and physical geography form the transition to the great Kant's criticism of reason, to which they bear the same relation as Aristotle's physics to his metaphysical works. They point to experience as the root of philosophy. But, even without this reference, Kant's anthropology, as an independent and popularly written work, is of peculiar significance. It teaches to distinguish the mental powers in a very simple way, and appeals throughout to sound common sense. It is not at all calculated to excite or satisfy a mystical feeling, and is, therefore, adapted in a peculiar degree to first instruction. Herbart, in his introduction, casts upon it a slight

reproach for dryness or a touch of the profane. It is true that Kant satisfies the mind which thirsts for something higher, in this, as little as his other works; he goes only to the point whence others think they ought to take their departure; but, for this very reason, he is an Aristotelian, and no Platonist. And, when we have looked long enough upon the neck-breaking leaps of our thinkers *parforce*, it really does us good to contemplate once more the quiet walker in the vale below. Philosophy is now constantly wavering between the pedantry of caution and the foolhardy passion for originality. Certainly, Kant has not exhausted the depth of the human soul, but still his anthropology furnishes us the means of a clear and instructive survey over—I might call it—the geographical distribution of the manifestations of the soul upon the surface of life, in the individual, and in the whole species. This knowledge is necessary to every one for the understanding of society and history, and is offered here, in as agreeable a manner as possible; but the deeper knowledge, which is concerned about the mysterious connection of the soul with the natural, or even with the intellectual, life, must not, indeed, be looked for in Kant; it is suitable only for the initiated, and must be handled with great caution. If I were to recommend a system of philosophy to a lady or a young man, the first work I should place in his hand would certainly be Kant's anthropology in preference to any other work whatever.

Since Kant there has been no want of somewhat tedious systems of psychology, in which the powers

of the mind are anatomized and classified, like bones, muscles, and vessels. In this kind, the work of Biunde is particularly comprehensive. Carus published fashionable and superficial lectures, which, however, are instructive by the abundance of quotations and illustrations. Scheidler furnished the richest general view of psychological literature.

Schubert stands at the head of the metaphysical theories of the second description, which took their departure from nature. He belongs not to the Aristotelian school of Kant, but to the Platonic school of Schelling. He does not confine himself to the surface of the physical phenomena, but seeks to penetrate the depth of the soul; and he gives, not a mere arrangement and description of the powers of the soul, (for even Carus, notwithstanding his slight Schelling tincture of ideal-reality, has given nothing more in fact,) but he takes up the life of the soul, just as he would an organized being, in its inward coherence, and in the manner of the genuine philosophy of nature. His work is at once by far the most systematic and the most comprehensive, of all that belong to this class. It is not to be confounded with the kindred works on the philosophy of nature, for example, Steffens's anthropology, and Eschenmayer's psychology, because these by no means treat exclusively of the soul, but of all nature at the same time, even of unorganic nature, and of astronomy, and because they, proceeding in strict, philosophical sequence, leave but small space for experience, for illustrations, for detailed discussions, while Schubert has shown the greatest industry by collecting the facts of experience to enrich

every page of his comprehensive work. There are now, to be sure, collections of this kind, and in part very abundant ones, as those already mentioned of Kant, Carus, Scheidler, and the still earlier works of Muratori, Henning, Mauchart, and others; but they again are deficient in system, and have no deep foundation in the philosophy of nature.

He distinguishes body, soul, mind. That the soul can live independently of body is proved by dreams; and the independence of the soul on the body is also proved by dreams. "The activity and manner of existence of the soul accordingly, as soon as it is able to manifest itself to a greater or less degree independently of the body, becomes so entirely peculiar, and so different from the ordinary, that we are able to conclude from it what the soul, by itself alone, and in its state of severance from the body, may be. In some cases, it might even be added, these states allow us to recognize the soul as something separate and different even from the mind; and, among other things, it is striking to observe how completely the language of the soul consists in images and in impulses of the feelings, instead of words, while the language of the mind is the proper thoughtful language of man, and expressed by words. When, therefore, in falling asleep, or in the delirium of fever, the mind withdraws to its inner depths, and beams only of the soul's activity fall upon corporeal life, and the soul alone speaks, — then the words in which we think during our waking hours, and when in possession of our senses, are changed into a series of images. When, on the other hand, the mind, on

awaking, resumes the supremacy belonging to it, then it gives to language again the impress of its own nature, which recognizes and sets forth, originally in signs, numbers, and tones, not merely the appearance of things for the external eye, but their inward significance for a higher order of being and of life."

While on this part of the subject, something must naturally be said about magnetism. The author sees in its discovery an intimation given by Heaven. "As, in the century which has just departed, a shameless spirit of rebellion against every thing firmly established in a higher order had taken away from the soul all that was dear and precious to it, and even that which is properly its own,—faith in a God and his merciful providence for man; faith in the power of prayer, nay, in the independent present and future existence of the mind in man,—then sorrow for this great loss drove the diseased soul back to its inmost retreat. And as extraordinary diseases require extraordinary remedies, that which had been taken from the soul in waking hours was, contrary to the usual healthy course of its nature, restored in sleep; and even if the precious gift frequently, or even for the most part, has been as transient and as destitute of deeper consequences as the pleasant image of a dream, why, even so, it had, in that wretched age, the consoling and sustaining power of a beautiful and golden dream."

In the mutual influence of soul and body and the external world, the author recognizes the bodily organization raised to a higher power, and compares the various so called capacities of the soul, with breathing,

nutrition and motion, with sleep and waking. The comparison of feeling with nutrition is very obvious and very fine, because here the analogy of hunger and satiety, of diet and excess, is very close; and so is the comparison of muscular motion with the will. The comparison of breathing with imbibing the spiritual element in which we live, is not so clear. "Even in the case of men who are quietly asleep, we recognize the act of breathing by the rising of the breast, which had but fallen: in all living souls the breath of the animating influence is recognized by something that we would rather call an elevation than a tension, (τόνος.) It is this upward motion which draws the plants that grow in a dark place, by a direct attraction, through some crevice of their prison into the light; which teaches the singing lark her upward flight; which evermore awakes the human soul to a questioning and a longing after something divine. If we observe the course of our feelings and our thoughts, which goes on with pauses, or, as it were, in pulsations, we shall always see a new moment of compression, and of renewed inward tension, follow a moment of relaxation or dissipation. These are the breathings and the pulsations of the inner life, which are the most perceptible where this life takes its highest and best elevation. The artificial magnet inhales an invisible magnetic stream, which flows through all earthly things, that its inner and living action may continue: the power which the living soul acquires by its breath, that it may continue to live, is the coöperation of that bond, which the mind has thrown around the whole existence of the visible and the

invisible ; the power with which it holds and sustains all things, both visible and invisible." Fine as this thought is, still it seems to be a pleonasm ; for what the author has compared with sleeping and waking, is, essentially, the same that he here compares with *inspiration* and *expiration* ; that is, it is tension and relaxation, the polarization between labor and rest, or sober and lively activity. What Schubert says upon the contrasts that occur in the latter relation is very interesting. He has attempted to bring the subject under a sort of rule, according to optical laws, as it were. As the green-colored image calls out the red, the blue, the yellow, and the reverse, so, he intimates, philosophy and the drama, mathematics and music, the study of language and natural science, are complements to each other ; that not only Molière was an ardent disciple of Des Cartes ; that the comedian is commonly serious, the tragedian sententious, and inclined to philosophy ; but, *vice versâ*, philosophers and thinkers have frequently been great lovers of the stage — for example, Aristotle and Lessing ; so a brilliant period of philosophy always coincides with a brilliant period of the drama. Sophocles, Aristophanes, and Plato, stand as near together as Goethe, Schiller, Kant, and Schelling. Equally striking is the love of schoolmen and philologists for gardening, flowers, landscapes, and, at least once in a while, the love of the natural philosophers — Werner, for example, for languages ; while, in precisely the same manner, the great philological period of the Italians and Dutch fell in with the first upward flight of the natural sciences ; and now, again, since the theories

of experience are giving way once more, the study of language, and the study of nature, particularly at certain universities, go hand in hand.

The difficult questions of the origin and destiny of the soul, of its preëxistence anterior to the present life, of its existence after the present life, and the like, the author solves simply as a Christian, but not without mentioning different views. Perhaps he should have been just here a little more complete. Here the Hindoo, Mahometan, and even the rabbinical doctrines would have deserved to be more accurately weighed, although the author has vouchsafed to the latter a proportionally greater consideration. I will not, indeed, say that he should have noticed the absurd stories of the Talmud, which are the freaks of a fancy as cruel as it is wretched; for example, the punishment of a Jew after death, which was, to be changed into a pregnant hind, and not only to have to endure the disgusting union of two natures in one body, so repulsive to the human soul, but, like Actæon, to suffer the terrors of flight from the fangs of the hounds. But, apart from these and the like Talmudic tales, the rabbinical psychology has a peculiar trait which merits attention. It explains the contradictions in the character of the sexes, and their singular sympathies and antipathies, which are often observed, by the hypothesis of the migration of souls, and maintains that feminine souls in masculine bodies repel women, and masculine souls in feminine bodies repel men, like the similar poles, and attract in the opposite direction, on account of the different sexual character of the soul, in spite of the similar sex of the

bodies — a fabulous, but certainly an acute and ingenious explanation of so many matrimonial contrasts.

As to the general doctrine of the transmigration of the soul, should it be so utterly condemned without further examination? The author expresses himself, in the most decided manner, in favor of a permanent physiognomy of man, which admits, indeed, of continued existence, purification, and improvement, but by no means of any essential change, like that implied by the doctrine of transmigration. Why this limitation? I will not, indeed, make use of the obvious analogy of insanity, of demoniacal possession, of dreams, in which more than one soul seems to be active in the same body at once, to found upon it an argument for the transmigration of the soul; but when I consider the inclination of men for finery, for travelling, for history, for poetry, for the theatre, for novelty in general, an original and very innocent, and even necessary tendency of the soul to renounce itself, and to surrender itself to something foreign, in order, at last, to appropriate it, appears to be indicated therein.

What else is poetry than an imperfect attempt at magic and the migration of the soul? What other impulse lies at the foundation of the passion for travelling, the love of the theatre, and of so much of lofty heroism? This is as strong an impulse in us as that of self-preservation. "Variety" is not only "charming," but is indispensable to us. For this reason, the variety in nature and history is given us, that we may find those changes, in others at least, which we do not in ourselves. If our existence continues, our endless passion for knowledge and life,

which is always the passion for change, at the same time, must still increase; and distant worlds, as many poetical spirits have long flattered themselves, must be opened before us, through which we may travel from star to star. But must fancy pause at so moderate a journey as this? The passion for knowledge cannot rest satisfied with the mere superficial, external appearance; it must, by transformation, penetrate immediately into the foreign matter. Then, at length, we know a thing entirely, when we have ourselves become the very thing.

But even if we had to assume that the soul of man is condemned to everlasting imperfection, like animals, yet there must still be preëminent minds, who enjoy the good fortune of informing themselves concerning the true character of foreign things, by an immediate transformation, and of giving to the poetry of their life a variety, the want of which we, poor, contracted mortals sorrowfully lament, and without which life is scarcely worth the trouble of having. Meantime, if one chooses to complain of the limitations and partialities, the tyranny and the cruelty of destiny, that condemns us to pass through the world with just such a soul, and such a physiognomy, in such a narrow and imperfect state, he may yet comfort himself with a bold pantheistic conception. He has only to assume that there is but one spirit, the universal and eternal, which is in ALL, but which, by self-limitation, has emanated at once into innumerable partial souls, which, wandering about through manifold forms of existence, at length return and are reunited. When the love of the divine nature for the world has been

expressed in all ages by the incarnation, — and on this the sublimest poetry of all religion rests, — we ought not to bristle up so fiercely against the doctrine of transmigration.

If we think our soul immortal, we cannot surely condemn it to an eternal sameness, even if it were *toujours perdrix*. To float evermore in brightness, to sing forever, — what an absurd destination for the richly-gifted mind! Somewhat less absurd, but equally imperfect, are the old northern and Mohammedan conceptions of earthly enjoyments prolonged forever in heaven. The noblest as well as the most vulgar conception is equally defective here, because it is onesided; because it requires an everlasting monotony for the mind, whose very element is change, even though it be only to look from one focus — the personal — and another focus — the divine — and back again. It may be said that to everlasting spirits nothing is left but transformations. All immortal souls are precisely in the condition of Vishnu, who became incarnate as often as Jupiter, who could not bear the tediousness of heaven; in short, like all divinities and demons from time immemorial. Even in the Christian heaven there are no angels, and in the Christian hell no devils, who have not busied themselves in the world, either as protecting spirits or as seducers, because even they could not, for the tediousness of the thing, continue in the sameness of their dull place of abode. Hence the excellence of the legend concerning the old knight Wahn. He was permitted to enter heaven alive, but he longed to get out again, as Dante longed to get out of hell. And why? There was a perpetual

sameness; the variety of life was wanting. Is there, then, such a thing as being, in the abstract? Is not every thing life, and, therefore, necessarily, change, transformation?

Gall and Lavater maintained an entirely peculiar position, with relation to the science of mind. The former made the discovery that certain elevations and depressions on the skull indicated the excess or deficiency of certain intellectual properties. Every body's skull was now felt of, and people wanted to find out every body's character in this very convenient way. Even criminals were examined, to determine, for instance, from the existence of the organ of thieving, whether the man had stolen. Finally, it was proposed to construct a leaden cap for new-born children, inside of which the elevations and depressions should be so arranged as to keep down forcibly all the vicious organs on the child's skull, and, on the other hand, to press out the organs of virtue, wisdom, and the like; and the hope was entertained of forever annihilating, by this simple means, the organ of the love of change in the beloved youth, and in all future generations. Lavater's physiognomy was just such an interesting piece of foolery — that canting Swiss, who made such a stir among the women. His indications of the expressions of the soul in the body excited great attention, particularly by engravings, and were doubtless more useful than the support he lent to religious imbecility, and womanish belief in spectres.

Animal magnetism, which was discovered by Mesmer, in 1775, in Upper Swabia, played a much more important part. It was first treated in a scientific

manner by Gmelin; and, by degrees, many hundred books have been written upon the subject. Zimmermann has composed a history of it. This discovery certainly is one of the most important that was ever made, and does our country especial honor. For a long time, the world was amazed by the marvellous phenomena of magnetism. The magnetizers were all the rage, but, from this very cause, soon run out. In one place, incapacity, in another, charlatantry and gross abuse, brought the matter into discredit with the public; and, even in the province of science, the silly theorizing in this most mysterious and delicate of all anthropological problems excited a certain discontent. The frequent repetition of terrific convulsions, and deaths speedily following them, in the somnambulists, made it doubtful whether magnetizing was a method of cure, or not much rather an abuse of nature. Hence, Hensler, very lately, really rendered a great service by demonstrating that those torturing and wasting convulsions are by no means, as was for a long time assumed, necessary, and the proper and regular condition of the subjects of magnetism, but, on the contrary, a sign of the most fearful internal commotions, by the influence of negative and hostile powers; and that, in magnetizing, every thing depends upon the harmony of the original magnetic condition of the magnetizer and of the subject. He divided all men into four classes — those who have no magnetism, those who have a fiery magnetism, those who have a wet-chilled magnetism, and those who have a mixed magnetism; and he demonstrated, by examples, that, if the magnetizer has a similar

magnetism to that of the somnambulist, the cure follows with as much certainty as the failure would if the magnetism on both sides did not correspond.

The more the healing art in general has neglected magnetism, the greater influence has it gained over philosophy and theology. It became the basis of a new belief in spirits, which has been adopted, particularly by Justinus Kerner, in Weinsberg, Eschenmayer, Franz Baader, Görres, von Meyer, and some others. The book published by Kerner, in 1829, entitled "The Female Seer of Prevorst," excited the most attention. It was a complete history of the disease of a somnambulist, who saw the ghosts of the dead, and helped to deliver them from purgatory, by her prayers. I have, from the very beginning, attacked this belief in spirits, because it struck me as a very morbid phenomenon of the age, and as a thing by no means suited to brace up our national feelings, which other causes had unnerved.

The whole of this modern affair of ghosts is simply explained by the stagnation and tediousness of the period which preceded the July revolution, and more particularly still by the extreme of superstition which the earlier unbelief of the revolution could not fail to call out in the age of the restoration. So far only has the matter an historical interest, and is a sign of the times, and not a mere accidental whim. Men felt the want at this particular time, and so ghosts made their appearance, to vanish again in the same way when the want existed no longer.

These phenomena are obliging enough to govern themselves according to the wishes of those who

want to see them or do not want to see them. Luther wanted to see no more miracles of the saints, and, lo! there were no more; but he wanted still to see miracles of the devils, witchcraft, and magic, and, lo! there still were some. Thomasius, too, wanted to see no more witches, and, lo! there were no more. If the images of the saints, and the relics, really worked miracles—if these pretended miracles are not mere priestcraft and deception practised upon the faithful—why are they no longer performed? If witchcraft was a reality, why did it cease after the time of Thomasius? Could an unbeliever put it down, if the thing was not a mere appearance? Should the saints, with their hundreds of thousands of beneficent miracles, have so capriciously withdrawn themselves all of a sudden, merely because the wicked Luther would no longer believe in them? And would not Satan, who is pictured as such a mighty and intrusive fellow, have known how to put to shame the doubts of the good Thomasius, if there really had been, in the world, such a busybody as Satan? If an individual were to take it into his head to doubt about the rain, would the rain feel itself injured, and forthwith hold up? Certainly not; it would go on raining—people might believe it or not—and the skeptic would get well drenched, if he refused to use an umbrella. Why, then, have the miracles of the relics, and the witcheries of other days ceased, as soon as men chose not to believe in them? Is it not evident, from these facts, that rain is, to be sure, something real, but that the miracles of relics, and witchcraft, are mere imaginations?

A passion for the marvellous is periodically brought

about. It is either a production of the stupidity wrought by the priests, or a reaction against the prose of reason. When reason eradicates superstition, it generally goes too far in its zeal, and eradicates the beautiful with the falsehood or the deception which was accidentally associated with it; and then invariably follows a poetical reaction, which again goes too far on its side, and, for the sake of the beautiful, reclaims again what is stupid and insane. Thus, in the middle ages, a reaction of paganism occurred. Wearied with the simple love of God, in solitary cell, people rushed back again to the enchanting image-world of antiquity. So, in our time, occurred a reaction in favor of the middle ages. Wearied with the quite too prosaic illumination of the age, men sought to recall the ancient miracles. Nay, we can trace these periodical reactions still further, and even to paganism itself. Among the refined Greeks, we observe an Asiatic reaction—a tendency to Oriental excess. And how many such backslidings, always happily laid aside, are mentioned by the Old Testament, in the history of the people of God? Still there is, in the history of the world, a principle of progress. The wheel always revolves about its own axis, but yet goes forward. Ancient absurdities return again, but always lose something;—the reason of man always gains something.

History teaches us, with the same certainty, that the passion for the marvellous is always connected with great discoveries. What fables were not put forth, even of mineral magnetism, before its laws were more exactly determined! and how much more must not animal magnetism, which has so much

that is inexplicable, lead fanciful and credulous men astray !

Yet it is highly dangerous to draw, from the occurrences that take place in the imagination of a man, conclusions as to heaven and hell, as to the spiritual world, as to the whole everlasting order of the universe, especially if these imaginations are the consequences of disease, and if they contradict each other. The demonstrations which are founded on curiosities in nature, and which would infer universal conditions from irregularities and deformities, and from rare discrepancies, are wholly inadmissible. To attempt to explain, from a rare case of disease, in which the fancy plays the most important part, even if involuntarily, the general condition of myriads of souls after death, would be no less bold than if a natural philosopher were to undertake to prove, from the *Fata Morgana*, and other similar optical illusions, the reality of those pictures in the clouds.

On the kindred province of insanity, also, very much has recently been written ; and, in particular, Friedreich, of Würzburg, has brought together, with the greatest industry, every thing pertaining to this subject—the natural history, the history and statistics of insanity, methods of cure, and so forth ; and the results are of great value for anthropology in general. In our days, sanity has become rather ambiguous. The sane are wrangling with each other as to what constitutes sanity. Under these circumstances, the most sensible course seems to be, to settle, before every thing else, what is *not* sanity. Insanity, fortunately, is less ambiguous ; perhaps we may make out from it what

sanity is. It bears about the same relation to man that Nothing bears to God. The philosophers have very recently found themselves compelled to construct God from Nothing; and why should they not construct sanity out of insanity?

In every case, insanity is a disease of some power or other of the affections or the intellect; and diseases have the property, in the first place, of separating distinctly the diseased organ from the other organs, and of exhibiting it in a striking manner; and, secondly, of indicating the extreme limits to which the morbidly-excited power of an organ can be raised. Hence, corporeal diseases aid in acquiring a more exact knowledge of the corporeal organs; and mental diseases, a more exact knowledge of the mental organs. Disease is, to a certain extent, an *aqua fortis*, which separates some particular power of organic life from the rest, and a magnifying glass, which brings that power nearer the eye.

Official records of madness, a history of the insane, a natural history of delirium, drawn up from the results of experience, and continued yearly, must, accordingly, be very useful for the history of the human mind;—more useful, perhaps, than many a record in which madness puts on the air of sanity.

The science of medicine enjoys an immeasurable literature, which, unhappily, has not yet been able to be collected into a Bible. It numbers creeds and sects enough; and, as theological parties finally come together in faith, medical parties unite, at the most, in unbelief. Nowhere does so much confusion and

contradiction prevail among opposite parties—nowhere so much uncertainty in every party. As reason can be calculated upon in case of necessity, but idiocy never, so the healthy condition of the body may, but the diseased may not. This is the perilous breaker, on which the most logical system, and the longest experience, are evermore wrecked.

Man has overcome external nature, in her immeasurable spaces and masses; but he is unable to master the dark power in himself alone; and the more we attempt to subdue the wild powers in the outward world, the more angrily they seem to bestir themselves in the narrow corner within. Scarcely can the irony of nature be mistaken; for together with the prey of plundered tropical countries, and with that restless toil which rummages and digs over and under the earth, loosens and binds, defying every element, and poison, and death, in order to force from the surly spirit of nature the hidden treasure, she has sent us that troop of diseases, which, like the ancient curse that follows the treasure of the Nibelungen, threatens to destroy the possessor of universal wealth by the possession itself. The Europeans were much healthier when they were poorer, and limited to the enjoyment of the productions which nature spontaneously furnished them on their own soil. Whatever may be the causes of the diseases which are now become so universal—however much the sedentary habits of so many millions, and the excesses of society, may have contributed to them—it is enough that the fact itself cannot be mistaken. There are now a far greater number of diseases prevalent than formerly. The physician has

become more indispensable, in our times, than the priest was in the middle ages.

Men have risen up against this mighty enemy, and drawn long lines of battle; but there is no union among the leaders, and arms are wanting, or the enemy knows how to render himself invisible, and to baffle them by his disguises. Disease, the Proteus, always makes his escape. We know that Nature can be overcome only by herself. She has beneficently provided an antidote for every poison. But it is difficult to discover, in the infinite depth of organic life, the true cause, place, and property of a disease; and still more difficult, in the infinite circle of nature, to detect the only remedy. The good old domestic medicines handed down by a long tradition ceased to be sufficient. Efforts were then turned in all directions; and either skilful combinations, or good fortune, led to the discovery of new remedies. We were indebted to accident for the most important medical discoveries. At last, theories and methods came into fashion. They sprang up, of themselves, partly from the combination of experiments, and partly, too, they rested upon mere philosophical speculation. Commonly, a onesided system called out just the opposite; and, when both these had exhausted each other in the combat, an eclectic mode of proceeding, so called, made its appearance;—that is, the physicians took what suited them from each system, and what seemed best adapted to the experience of the time being, until a onesided theory again rose to influence.

The history of medicine, which has been most thoroughly written by Curt Sprengel, furnishes a

melancholy proof how much the human race have been always groping about in error upon one of the most important subjects to them. We need but compare the systems of the most celebrated and best known physicians, to discover every where contradictions of the grossest kind. What one derives from the fluids, another explains from the solids; what one wants to cure with heat, another does with cold; where an opposite is recommended by one, a remedy similar to the disease is recommended by another; if one wants to cure the body by the mind, another wants to cure the mind by the body. But if it is asked how all these strangely contradictory systems could have come into being, the answer is almost always to be found in the prevailing fashion of the time, which originally had nothing whatever to do with medicine.

As, in the middle ages, the ancient and simple mode of curing ordinary hurts and common diseases, which was handed down by tradition, and was chiefly an affair of the women, had to give way before theories, the new system of medicine, which was taught scientifically at the universities, and treated as a branch of literature, adopted at once the theologico-mystical and the alchemical fashions of the time. Even the greatest of the practising physicians of that time, Theophrastus Paracelsus, who gained an immense experience, expressly drew his system of cure from his mystical system of the universe, from the correspondence between the microcosm and the macrocosm, the little world in man and the great external world. This theory was useful, and led him to many correct methods of cure; but his disciples fell into the grossest

extremes. Some, as Crollius, for example, looked henceforth only to the resemblance of the disease and the remedy, and cured the jaundice by saffron, diseases of the brain by the brain-like germs of the cabbage-rose. Others borrowed from alchemy the doctrine of the philosopher's stone, or of the universal elixir, and hoped that the same primal ingredient, which was yet to be discovered, and of which gold was to be made, would also cure all diseases.

At the time of the insane religious wars, medicine could make no progress in Germany. The Dutch alone, who reached somewhat earlier a state of repose, and esteemed it honorable to themselves to cultivate all the sciences, did much also for the healing art. But even now this science made only outward and accidental advances towards universal and essential principles. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were notoriously devoted to an incredible intemperance and excess in eating and drinking. Now, when Helmont founded his new medical system, what did it amount to? To the derivation of all diseases from the stomach!

The Dutchmen Ruysch and Löwenhoek showed, by the acutest anatomy, the wonderful texture of the vascular system of the human body — the tree with a hundred thousand living branches. In this age of *polyhistory* and *micrology*, the microscope was the universal instrument. Swammerdam found over a thousand muscles and nerves in a caterpillar; the theologians dissected the Holy Scriptures; the philologists the ancients; a new word introduced into the lexicon was as much thought of as the new tulip, which could be baptized with a new name, and added

to the voluminous catalogue. The historians traced out gigantic genealogical trees of the imperial families, and even down to the lowest patrician families of a small imperial city, and did not forget even the still-born children. In this age, it was natural for the celebrated Dutch physician Boerhave to derive all diseases from disturbances of the most delicate fluids in the most delicate artery of the vessels; for example, inflammations from disturbances of globules of blood in the vasicles, and the like.

Frederick Hoffmann carried this singular theory still farther, by adopting, not the accidental obstructions of the disturbed motion, as Boerhave had done, but an intensive excess of the moving power itself, or, in a word, convulsion, as the cause of all diseases.

In as far as these systems indicated an extreme of materialism and referred even mental diseases to a stoppage in the vessels or to convulsions, the other extreme made its appearance directly in the celebrated Stahl. But even he was led to the adoption of his celebrated theory, by matters foreign from the subject, and far remote from medicine. It was the pietism introduced by Spener and Franke that furnished him a point of departure when he pronounced the soul the plastic power of the body, the creator of the corporeal form, and declared all diseases to be a state of warfare, in which the soul is engaged with a foreign and hostile power, in order to conquer and expel it from the body. This enemy, however, could be nothing else than the blood; and hence phlebotomy became the principal thing in this entirely new method of

cure. Properly speaking, it was a medical preparation for quietism—for a wholly passionless repose in God.

Men returned, however, very soon, to materialism and empiricism. Christoph Ludwig Hoffmann took his departure from the muscular fibres, and traced all diseases from their decay. Diseases were to him, literally, the partial commencement of putrefaction.

Stoll was the first historical and geographical physician; that is, he pointed out the great difference and variations of the same disease, according to time and place; but as he must needs have an irritable organ in man,—an organ in the highest degree susceptible of all morbid influences,—in order to account for those variable influences, the gall seemed to him most suitable for that purpose; and as, in his judgment, all must naturally depend upon removing the foreign contagious matter, he selected as his universal remedy emetics.

It was now an easy matter for any other physician to point out a somewhat more convenient way to bring about these ejections; and Kämpf entitled himself really to great thanks from a world killed with emetics, by placing in his standard, floating famously over Germany, the clyster-pipe.

Empiricism, unfortunately, at that time adopted nearly every thing at once, before all the theorists. The race became unnaturally effeminate; men carried their hands in muffs; women broke their ribs by tight-lacing; perukes and frizzes, with powder and pomatum, obstructed the natural perspiration, and so

on. Besides, manners were corrupted, and a sort of passion to look like an invalid was more profitable to the physicians than every thing else. This was the age of the vapors, of coquettish fainting fits, of interesting paleness and the like. In short, it was the golden age of the doctors and apothecaries, and mankind were obliged to let blood, after Stahl; to vomit, after Hoffmann; to purge, after Kämpf; and exhaust deep alembics, after prescriptions a yard long, full of every stench of the old and the new world, in order to go back again finally, to Helmont's theory, that the real seat of disease was the stomach, disordered by doctoring.

The predominant empiricism required, above all things, purifying and moderating; and, in this respect, Reil gave the first good example. After him, a great multitude of German physicians distinguished themselves by numerous fortunate cures, by which a rich fund of experience was acquired, rather than the too arbitrary habit of systematizing. If they did any thing in literature it was chiefly for physiology. This was the case with Autenrieth, Mayer, Biel, Blumenbach, and others. In anatomy, Sömmering distinguished himself more than any; as surgeons, Heister and Richter; and, as an accoucheur, Stein. As a popular physician, who endeavored to prevent diseases by a philosophy of health, Hufeland gained universal respect. I cannot name here all the great physicians; my purpose is merely to bring forward the interesting phenomena of medical literature; and this leads us back again from the great merit of the empiricists to the achievements of the theorists—not so great, perhaps, but more celebrated. An infinite deal has been done in the

special treatment of particular diseases, or particular organs or remedies; and no man could read in a hundred years, all that has been written in Germany on medical subjects. But even this affluence I must pass over, since, though I might like to discuss single phenomena which are prominent on account of their importance or their rarity, I should only appear unjust towards the mass of the remainder; and since I am far from being sufficiently at home in this department. I can only mention the theories of more general interest to the great public.

The discovery of animal magnetism, by Mesmer, was of the greatest importance to medical science, inasmuch as he introduced magnetical cures, and threw a surprising light upon the whole province of physio-psychology, as has already been shown. But this spiritualizing of the healing art did not prevent materialism from becoming more and more gross. Empiricism overloaded itself with remedies of every description. Every moment some new remedy was discovered, or some old one rescued from oblivion by the historical study of medicine. The greatest arbitrariness prevailed in practice; the anxious practitioner thought he could not do enough; the lively or frivolous ventured upon a summary procedure, upon trials of what was simple. To escape from confusion, simple remedies were sought after instinctively, and the very first that had once been of service was gladly adopted as the only remedy; thus cold water, sweating, certain mineral baths, and so forth, which were to be efficacious in all sorts of diseases.

The struggle after simplicity finally led, in oppo-

sition to the immeasurable accumulation of methods and prescriptions, to homœopathy. The celebrated physician Hahnemann, returned to the system of Paracelsus, somewhat modified, and taught that cures must be effected, not by some other thing, different, opposite, (allopathic,) but by something akin, similar, (homœopathic;) that diseases must be removed by a remedy, which, in a sound state of the body, would have produced the same disease; and that medicines throughout should be given simply, and not in great quantities, since the external quantity and the internal activity were in inverse proportion. He has brought about an astonishing revolution in medicine. We stand in the same position towards the physicians as in the time of the reformation towards the priests. Then innovators in religion were opposed to the priestly hierarchy, and had to appeal to sound common sense, as well as to the interest of the laity, in order to gain the support of the laity, and to conquer with them. Innovators in medicine are now opposed to the hierarchy of doctors; and they, too, appeal to the understanding and the interest of the laity for support and protection to the good cause. Is our understanding less qualified to try the medical controversy than formerly the theological? We shall see. Are we less interested in it? Surely not. Every blow which the medical parties strike each other falls back at last upon us, the patients; and every thing good which they discover turns finally to our advantage. Methinks this gives us a very good right to inform ourselves upon the principles according to which the physicians treat us; and it might sometimes be useful to remind them that

they are made for the sick, not the sick for them; for it has really often seemed as if the physicians imagined the latter. If the nations have maintained their interests against the priestly power, — if they have secured themselves against secular despotism, by constitutions and the freedom of the press, — why, in the name of common sense, should physicians enjoy the privilege of slaughtering us, without being called to account for it? The homœopathists take their stand as reformers, and declare to us that the physicians, with their hitherto prevailing allopathic method, have levied contributions upon us, without having helped us, just as the priests did with the sale of indulgences; they propose to us an extremely simple and universally intelligible medical theory, are angry at and complain of the blind rage of the predominant medical caste, which proclaims them heretics, and turn to us, the people, for protection against them. At the same time, a multitude of laymen come forward, who set up for champions of homœopathy, as formerly Hutten and Sickingen set up for champions of Lutheranism, because they consider themselves happy in having been speedily healed, by homœopathic cures, of inveterate diseases, and hold it to be their most sacred duty to make all their suffering contemporaries participators of the like bliss. These are the facts. Should we, the laity, not give a hearing to such urgent demands? What would have become of the reformation had not the laity taken part in it — if they had been frightened into thinking that theological controversies extended beyond their horizon, and must

be left to theologians alone? In that case, Luther would have been burnt at the stake.

The interference of the laity is not here accidental; it belongs essentially to the subject. The whole homœopathical system rests upon the principle, that the patient knows as well as the physician that certain definite remedies may be preëstablished, which, in the infallibility of the theory of Hahnemann, gained by experience, may be as well known to the patient as to the physician himself. Nothing is left to the caprice of the physician. The patient can himself determine to what remedies the symptoms of his disease point him.

A long time ago, homœopathy played a great part among the so called domestic medicines. For example, frozen limbs were cured by snow, burnt limbs, by heat, and so forth. At an earlier period, the homœopathic method must have been most striking in vaccination, where manifestly the same poison which produces the disease is used as a remedy. But still, in the whole history of the medical art before Hahnemann, not a trace of a homœopathical system is to be found. Theophrastus Paracelsus, and still more his disciple, the physician Crollius, not without fame in his time, alone came pretty near it in their systems. As far as I know, no modern has yet called attention to this coincidence, and I will myself, therefore, do it here. Crollius holds the absurd idea that those remedies which externally resemble the symptoms of disease, in form, color, and smell, are the safest. But ridiculous as this is, it is but a short step from this theory to homœopathy.

External resemblance would have only to be new-christened internal. But it is remarkable that his *physiognomical* remedies are often, in fact, really homœopathic, where external resemblance actually accompanies an internal one. But the most remarkable thing is, that he maintained the operation of the smallest portions of medicine, in virtue of quality, against that of large portions, in virtue of quantity. In his work *Basilica Chymica*, in the German quarto edition, (Frankfort, Gottfried Tampachen, without date,) page 52, he says, "The soul, or the proper form of every thing, hath more and mightier effects than the body or its matter can ever have, sith every thing receiveth its character from the form. From this followeth much that is profitable; as, firstly, for that the sick can take and use a small weight of medicines much the more easily, sith many of them, therefore, would much liever die than to swill down whole beakers full of gross and filthy drinks; secondly, for that, by the oft-times use of such medicines, the stomach cometh to no harm, sith they perceive no hinderance to their working." Pity only that he confounds the soul, the spirit, the effect too much with the external form. As to the rest, what he says in this passage agrees word for word with the doctrines of modern homœopathy.

The conditions, however, on which the remedy which produces the disease in a healthy body, cures the same disease in the body already sick, are the following: first, the sick person must adhere to the most rigid diet, so that the effect of harmful food may not disturb that of the medicine; second, the medi-

cine itself must be entirely simple, or mixed only with perfectly indifferent substances, such as water, sugar of milk, and so forth; third, the medicine must be taken in the smallest microscopic portions, because the operation in virtue of its quality increases in the same proportion that its mass diminishes in quantity.

This is all the magic of homœopathy, expressed in few words. There is nothing unintelligible, nothing unseemly, nothing mysterious, nothing extraordinary. Every body understands the matter, and is struck by its simplicity and probability. It depends only on trial. Now, this trial has been made. There are many grateful laymen, who have made haste to write in praise of homœopathy, to which they are indebted for cures long sought in vain from the allopathists; and there are still more, who, without having said any thing in public, have talked with the same enthusiasm of the miracles of homœopathy, visibly performed on themselves or their friends.

On the other side, complaints have again been made of charlatanry; the homœopathists have been reviled and despised to the utmost; and it has at least been shown that they cannot give help in all cases; that their system has not yet been sufficiently applied to experience; hence all sensible physicians, who can appreciate the value of the new method, apply the old method universally, where it is borne out by experience.

As the controversy is not yet over, — as it is renewed at times here and there with the greatest ardor, — no general view of the literature devoted to it can be obtained. It is very abundant; it already amounts

to several hundred pamphlets, from the most learned and serious down to the wittiest and coarsest.

The cholera caused a diversion of both parties. Neither homœopathy nor allopathy was of any avail against it. So much the more, however, was written against it. Within two years, several hundred works were composed, whose sole value consists in the description and history of the disease, and perhaps in the fact that they prove how little is known.

Let us now leave medicine, which is only concerned in combating a hostile nature, in order to pass over to those sciences and arts by which a friendly nature is fostered, and by which her richest treasures are won. The literature of economy and industry is very abundant. As long as the Germans lived more in the affections, and, consequently, in the whole period of the middle ages, down to the end of the reformation, the theocratical system prevailed. Since the understanding gained the predominance, the physiocratical has taken the place of the earlier system. Then, man lived in God, and renunciation of the world was the highest object he strove to reach. Now, we firmly embrace nature, and the enjoyment of the world has become the highest good. The understanding has made it its most pressing duty to minister to the enjoyments of the senses, and, consequently, to physical well-being also. We apply all our sagacity and power of combination to turn nature to good account, — to force from her the treasures and the enjoyments which are to give us delight. This is a natural and praiseworthy effort, if, in the struggle

for earthly good, the higher good of the mind is not utterly neglected.

Melioration is the aim of the *physiocrats*. They wish to strengthen and ennoble the productive power of nature, to increase and improve her productions. In both, intelligence has done wonders. The cultivation of the earth has borne richer fruits than that of men. The soil, the vegetable and animal world, have willingly and gratefully yielded to improvement. The labor and art of man are striving to convert the rude earth, which Adam first tilled, into a paradise again. On the spot where bogs and deserts were, blooming gardens rise, filled with foreign and noble fruits and animals. Tillage and cattle-breeding have trained and cultivated Nature, unfolded her powers to the highest degree, and imparted to her, even where she seemed weak and poor, foreign blessings by engrafting. By transplanting, grafting, and crossing, vegetation, as well as the animal world, in our rough regions, has been enriched and refined; just as man was improved contemporaneously by the adoption of foreign intellectual products. But, as our own intellectual production and activity is more comprehensive and more important than that instruction from abroad, so, in a material regard, *fabrication*, or the artificial elaboration of the productions of nature, is the most important. The productions of nature acquire their higher value only by the use which can be made of them. Hence arises, by means of art, a second nature, for a nearer, more delicate, and more spiritual service of man. By manufactures, not only

are enjoyments created for us which nature cannot directly furnish, but human power and penetration are infinitely increased, and consequently the perfection of the race is, at the same time, promoted. Without these manufactures, which furnish the mind with the instruments of its activity in all directions, nature would remain forever imperfect. Without them, science and art, in their most glorious phenomena, would be altogether impossible. For our sciences and our works of art, we need both instruments and artificially-prepared materials, without which we can accomplish nothing. Not only the enjoyment of life, but the cultivation and elevation of the mind, depends upon this material culture. The fostering of that, therefore, which has advanced so far, and which embraces every thing in our days, has become our gain and our glory.

Commerce is directly connected with this material culture, inasmuch as its object is the circulation and exchange of the products of nature and art. As every thing is talked and written about, commerce, too, has found a place in literature. It has been reduced to a scientific system, and, at the same time, properly estimated in its historical phenomena. The most, however, has been written, thus far, upon its deficiencies, obstructions, and necessary improvements.

Commerce is originally based upon a mere exchange of products which one country produced in superfluity, and imparted to other countries which were laboring under a deficiency. Then the love of gain became connected with it, while one country partly valued

its productions higher than those which it received in exchange, partly created by forcible means a monopoly of production and exportation, partly caused by artificial means an increasing want of its productions among its customers. In this commercial policy, the Phœnicians were formerly very adroit, as the English are now. Finally, the original end of commerce was wholly lost sight of, and mere gain was made the principal point to such a degree, that commerce became nothing but a game of chance played by individuals. Now, the idea of an article of commerce was extended from objects of necessity — which one country was destitute of, and another possessed in superfluity — to all possible objects. Every thing became a superfluity as soon as its sale brought a profit, and every thing became a necessary whose purchase secured the same profit. The art now consisted only in turning all property into movables, stamping it as merchandise, and promoting its circulation. The means for this end was money, into which every other possession could be converted. By means of money, every possession could be alienated, adapted to exchange, made a movable ; but, at the same time, in place of its natural and permanent value, an artificial and variable one was introduced ; and on this rise and fall of prices the speculations of buying and selling were calculated. To perfect the commercial system, only one step more was wanting ; and that step was taken by giving credit the broadest extent. After all imaginable physical and even intellectual goods had been turned into merchandise, and converted to money, the money needed only an indefinite

artificial increase, to give to commercial intercourse the greatest possible extent, and the greatest possible rapidity. With borrowed capital, the most prodigious speculations could be made; and, with means a hundred times enlarged, profits a hundred times as great might be acquired. At the same time, however, by means of the system of interest, a new and safer article of trade was furnished to the money-dealers, which, carried to a great extent, again threw all other commercial operations into the shade, in the system of public loans. The triumph of modern commerce was reached when profits were secured from borrowed capital by loaning, and thus something was made out of nothing.

The original and natural trade in products naturally suffers exceedingly from this money-dealing, because the profits honestly made by it are turned again, in that second and higher commerce, to merchandise, and exposed to a new risk. Hundreds of times, the gains of dealing in products are lost in money-dealings; and the latter constantly diminish the former, as all artificial property diminishes natural property, and all unreal value diminishes real. Whatever the money speculators make out of the nothing with which they began, just so much is subtracted from the something of the original possessors. One rich money-dealer makes ten or a hundred poor dealers in merchandise. Commerce in products suffers in Germany from other restraints besides. We Germans in part are ourselves producers, and in part are invited to a very profitable transit trade by our situation in the very heart of Europe. But this very advan-

tage, which we have to enjoy in a small degree in comparison with maritime states, is just spoiled by the impediments to trade in our unmaritime country. The great interest of the nation is sacrificed to the petty interest of the treasury.

The moral effect of the physiocratical, industrial, and commercial system is immeasurable, and marks, more than any thing else, the character of the present time. All the invention and pursuits of a vast majority of men run to physical enjoyment, or merely to gaining the means requisite thereto. Every body wants to get money by industry or trade, to enjoy, or even merely to have; for vulgar minds too often confound mere riches with the enjoyment which they might procure by their means. Though wealth is indeed suited to support every thing beautiful and great, still it serves only as a means. But when it only serves to minister to vulgar enjoyments and pleasures, or is even raised to the rank of an end instead of a means, it is thoroughly pernicious. The now prevalent luxury, and the love of pleasure which has taken possession of all classes, is a smaller evil than avarice. This is utterly vulgar and infamous, and corrupts men to the very core. Men always were extravagant and luxurious as soon as they had any thing, but have never been so avaricious and grasping as now. The principal object is not now to enjoy, but to gain. Enjoyment is utterly forgotten in the zeal to possess. Hence, nothing is so ingenious as the methods of gain in our times, and nothing is more absurd and despicable than the way of enjoying what has been gained — than the pleasures of wealth.

We cannot but admire the severe struggles, the industry, the genius, of those who are gaining; but, for the most part, we can only smile at the use they make of their gains. This partly grows out of the circumstance that most men devote themselves to gain more to escape the evils of poverty than to enjoy the happiness of wealth. Their efforts are rather negatively calculated against poverty, than positively for wealth. There are accordingly but few in proportion who actually attain to enjoyment: most people must merely secure themselves from want: hence the labor is much more important and more interesting than its result.

But that all human endeavors are thus devoted to gain, and must be so, is certainly a very melancholy trait of our age, in comparison with the preceding. One cannot live without money; he must try to get it to save himself from perishing; he must try to get something more, because something less threatens him with a civil death. Therefore it is impressed upon children's minds from their earliest years, that, in this world, their only vocation is to get a living, and to consider gain as the highest object of life. Education begins with stamping on them the mark of a beast of burden, that must earn his daily food. The worst of it is, that every means seems to be sanctified the moment it ministers to the end of gain. The criminal law alone contains the exceptions to the rule; exceptions which morality would have to make are seldom regarded. The love of money roots out the holiest feelings of the heart; and most marriages are concluded only on principles of trade. People inquire

after the money of the bride, not her personal charms or her virtue. Philanthropy and integrity suffer most in this chase after money. Man ruins his fellow-man for purposes of gain; he cheats under legal forms; he commits a multitude of murders, wholly unseen, but none the less wicked, by adroitly ousting his rivals. Even the feelings of honor, patriotism, and piety, are poisoned by respect for money. It is not the common and ancient evil of corruption which is here spoken of, but an evil wholly new, universally extended, and far more dangerous. Nearly all public men, even the priests themselves, make their salaries the principal object of attention. Nay, even states themselves have to look to profit, and engage in commerce because they cannot exist without money. Private life, as well as public, is thereby transformed from its very foundations.

Formerly the man was respected, but now it is only the money. Power itself borrows its means only from money; and the most sacred authority is badly off if it have no money. All faith and superstition, on which, in earlier times, power, dignity, and legitimacy rested, have been melted down into the only faith—the faith in money. The richest state is the most legitimate, and the richest private man is the noblest. Money tolerates no other distinction than that of its possessors. It disarms every other power, outshines all other splendor. But it has, for this reason, really introduced, so far as it was possible, into practical life, that phantom of the ideologists, universal equality. Money is the key to every thing; and that key every body may find. Equality of wealth, or the want

of it, has confounded all classes. The rich Jew is turned into a baron; the poor baron becomes a corn-Jew; nay, there are princes who live on pensions, and Jews who pay them.

We have already spoken, while upon the subject of politics, of political economy, as a new science, which is at length destined to introduce order and coherence among the disconnected efforts of the spirit of business. I do not propose, in this place, to go into the particulars of economical, industrial, and commercial literature. I merely observe that, among the teachers of rural economy, Thaer has gained the greatest celebrity, as Elsner has in cattle-breeding, particularly in the improved breed of sheep; and that a multitude of provincial journals, and manuals, and instructions, rival each other in rendering popular intelligence, with respect to production, as acute as possible. No less has been done for industry, and all possible directions of mechanical activity. Beckmann, among us, laid the foundation of the literature devoted to the mechanic arts. Dingler's polytechnic journal is the leading organ for these subjects in Germany; Krünitz, in his gigantic work, collected all the older technological information; innumerable elementary books — among which the many works designed for popular information, by Poppe, are conspicuous — are devoted to instruction in single trades and handicrafts. Among the theories of commercial science, that of Murhard is distinguished. Histories of German commerce have been written by Fischer, Sartorius, and by Gülich, with reference to particular branches.

Of physical geography we have already spoken. Mathematical geography was first cultivated in the age of Luther, by Apianus and Loritus. Sebastian Münster drew the first useful maps, and Mercator, who died 1594, invented the projection of charts, in whose net-work all countries are marked out even at present. Cluver gained a great reputation by his Latin compend of ancient and modern geography; Merian, by his topographies, adorned with innumerable engravings; Homan, by his maps, which for a time satisfied every want, and had a prodigious circulation. With Hübner began the modern, encyclopedical method, statistical details with Büshing, and severely scientific treatment with Gatterer. Since then, Gaspari, Hassel, Cannabich, Stein, Volger, and others, have distinguished themselves as the most industrious collectors and arrangers in mathematicopolitical geography. In projecting maps, at present, Berghaus, the Herder Institute of Freiburg in Brisgow, Ruhle von Lilienstern, and the very popular Stieler, enjoy a preëminent and brilliant reputation. The various land surveys, and the military charts of single states in the German confederacy, as well as a multitude of special maps, of single provinces, mountains, and the like, far surpass all the achievements of earlier times, although even here something remains to be done. The numerous topographies or descriptions of particular places, from Valvasor's excellent description of Krain to Ebel's Switzerland, have similar merit.

Our literature of travels is very copious. Although we had no part in the empire of the sea,

and no colonies, yet educated Germans have always been great travellers. The first accounts of travels, in German, had their origin in the times of the pilgrimages to Jerusalem. Afterwards, the tide of travellers poured through Holland to the new world. Some, who had been made prisoners in the Turkish wars, as Schiltberger, and others who had been ambassadors to the East, as Olearius, described their travels in like manner. The most remarkable, however, were the German Jesuits, who went as missionaries to America and China, because this crafty order had learned by experience that German learning, perseverance, and good humor, were best suited for the difficult duties of the missionary. Dobrizhofer communicated to us the first accurate information of the interior of South America; Kircher, of the wonderful empire of China; and Tiefenthaler was the first European who travelled from China to India, over the Himmelaya range, and the highest mountain on earth, which Davalagiri discovered first, about the middle of the last century.

The voyages of scientific discovery began soon after, and it was the fortune of many German scholars, natural philosophers, and physicians, in the service of foreign maritime powers, to make the most important observations. Kämpfer went, in the Dutch service, to Japan, which he first completely described. Thus, also, Liechtenstein travelled, with the Dutch, through the interior of Africa. Philipp, from Frankfort on the Main, founded Botany Bay, in the English service. Reinhold Forster, and his still more celebrated son

George, in the English service, made and described the first scientific voyage round the world, with Captain Cook. Other and not less celebrated voyages round the world were made in the Russian service, by Krusenstern, Langsdorf, Bellinghausen, Otto von Kotzebue, the son of the poet. Likewise, Pallas, Georgi, and others, explored the interior of Russia, in the Russian service; Gmelin, Siberia; Ledebur, the Altai Mountains; Parrot, Mount Ararat; Klaproth and Kupfer, Mount Caucasus; Eichwald, the regions of the Caspian Sea; and Engelhardt, the Ural. In the service of Denmark, Carsten Niebuhr made his celebrated journey to Arabia and Persia.

One of the most remarkable travellers was Burckhardt of Basle, who, in the English service, travelled through Arabia, Syria, and Nubia, preached at the tomb of the prophet as a Mohammedan doctor, and finally died of the plague in Egypt, in 1817. The works of all these travellers are scientific masterpieces of the first rank.

Germany began by degrees to travel at her own expense, and for her own ends. At the head of this new series of celebrated travellers stands Alexander von Humboldt, who gained the highest reputation, not only among the Germans, but among all the European travellers, and takes, unquestionably, the foremost place, without either Englishman or Frenchman's disputing it with him. He is the Napoleon of naturalists, who comprehended and surveyed all with his proud glance; who stood upon the Cordilleras and the Altai; and before whom all the kingdoms and provinces of

nature, from the minutest and most laborious barometrical comparisons to the boldest and broadest generalizations, lay like a boundless conquest.

By his influence, and that of his aristocratic connections, a taste for travelling was diffused, even in the higher circles of German society. Prince Maximilian of Neuwied undertook and described a very instructive journey to the primeval forests of Brazil. Two other princes, Bernard of Weimar, and Paul Wilhelm of Württemberg, travelled through North America. At this very moment, the clever Prince Pückler Muskau is travelling in Africa.

Among the German scholars who have travelled at the charge of the German governments, Pohl and Natterer, who travelled for Austria; Spix and Martius, who travelled for Bavaria to Brazil; Ehrenburg and Hemprich, who travelled for Prussia; and the Baron von Prokesch, who travelled for Austria to Egypt,—are the most distinguished. There was no want of private travellers also, who ventured upon more extensive undertakings at their own charge; thus, in particular, Leopold von Buch, who travelled over Norway; Langstedt, who made the tour of Brazil; Seetzen, who travelled over the East; Sieber of Prague, who made the voyage round the world; the Frankfort naturalist Rüppel, who travelled through the regions of the Nile, far into Cordofan and Darfur; Pöppig of Leipsic, who has at last described, though very briefly, his highly interesting travels among the Andes and on the River Amazon; the Swiss Rengger, who remained a captive a long time in Paraguay; von

Weech, who visited Brazil; Gutzlaff, the missionary, and the Prussian mariner Meyer, who have been in China, and so forth; to say nothing of innumerable travellers in the countries of Europe.

THE POETICAL PECULIARITY OF THE GERMANS.

It is just in our age, which seems to have surrendered all peculiarity, and which, in the most motley and even self-contradictory disorder, always apes what is most foreign, that we have to call to mind an earlier time, when the German spirit, adhering strictly to its own peculiarities, was distinguished from others, and surpassed them by drawing from itself.

The peculiar quality of the German character is the romantic. Although the name reminds us of the Romans, yet the thing is German. This is certain, both historically and philosophically.

Without the intervention of the ancient Germans, neither Romans nor Greeks, neither Christendom nor the East, would have produced that which we call the romantic. It must be admitted that all these elements are blended in the poetry of the middle ages; but the German element is the predominating one. Christianity, merely connected with the Oriental spirit, did not yet produce romanticism, properly so called; this unquestionably followed only in the train of German migration.

The Germans came forward as enemies of the antique world, which they laid in ruins, and their contempt for which was increased by Christianity. Hence antique poetry exercised no influence upon them.

On the contrary, after their conversion, they adopted a Christian element into their old pagan heroic poetry, and after the crusades they added still an Oriental one. The ancient heroic poetry remained the basis of romanticism; the romantic subject was invariably the German knight, who achieved great deeds of bravery. But these deeds were not limited as in the ancient heroic poetry of the north, and partly in the oldest German heroic lays, to the wild display of force; but they received higher objects in the region of Christian faith. The ancient and undecayed vigor became subservient to the loftier ideas of Christianity, and was softened by spiritual self-conquest. Romantic honor and love had, however, belonged to the Germans, even in the days of their paganism. If we find, further, that, since the crusades, a tendency to ingenious allegories, to apothegms, parables, and fables, and, finally, to a fantastic accumulation of strange adventures, has been introduced into German poetry, we may, indeed, ascribe this also to the influence of the Oriental spirit with which the Germans became familiar, in the age of the Hohenstauffen line; but still the ancient *Edda* proves that this Orientalism lay originally in the German mind.

The predominating German principle in the romanticism of the middle ages, shows itself also in regard to language, by the exclusion of antique measures and the introduction of the genuine German rhyme. Rhyme was adopted, along with German metres, even by those nations in whose language the Latin dialect was most especially retained, as the Italians, Spanish, and French.

The pure German origin and character of Gothic architecture are no less decided; for that which distinguishes it from Byzantine, Moorish, and antique art, is the proper German element; and this element is the most important part. This, too, is universally acknowledged.

If we investigate further the psychological components of the romantic, we shall soon find that the proper germ of it is the German heart, the profound sentiment, that love, under many forms, which was introduced into life as well as into art by the Germans first, and displaced the antique, unsentimental mode of thinking and living, which regarded the senses and the understanding only, and wavered between passion and philosophy.

We shall see this more clearly, if we analyze more closely the component parts of the romantic.

The consecration of women and of love itself, by adoration of the earthly beloved object, is purely of German origin, and I might call this the leading trait of the romantic.

Delight in the beauties of nature, and the admiration of noble landscapes and views; the poetical passion for travel; the inclination to settle down in some remote and beautiful country, particularly in the south, not from necessity, but from love; and even the sensibility, not to the idea of country or state, but to the very natal spot; homesickness,—all these yearnings of the human heart for nature and the aspect of the country, which form such an essential ingredient of the romantic, are originally German.

The exhibition of personal feeling; the unbridled freedom which breaks through all laws, all conventions, all forms; which lays bare the inmost nature of the individual, from the holiest secret of honor and love, to the most capricious freaks of humor, or the most ludicrous self-betrayal of vanity and weakness, — this rich fountain of romantic poetry has also sprung up in the German character. It was as unknown to the orderly ancients, as to the submissive Orientals.

I will carry the analysis no farther. That romantic and glowing life in us can never be wholly reduced to ideas of the understanding, and its inexhaustible depth is precisely its leading charm.

In the most ancient times, the strength of German feeling did not manifest itself in art, but only in the poetical and heroic spirit of the nation, in the passion for wandering and for adventures, and in the love of woman. The noblest thing which Tacitus relates of our ancestors is, that they revered something holy in our ancient mothers. We Germans are the children of love; other nations, whose ancestors treated their women with contempt, like slaves, are only the children of sensual passion.

At length, in the middle ages, after the German character had come into manifold conflict with the Roman, Christian, and the Oriental; after the kindred elements had assimilated and blended together, but peculiarities, by jostling with what was foreign, had been still more sharply defined, this German character became self-conscious and objective, and went forth

into an external world of art. Or we may regard it in this way too : The German conquered the Roman, and became his heir. He became the master of Europe. His narrow and homelike reach of view became extended, and life pictured itself to him in colors of wondrous beauty, in church, in state, and in manners. But still, in the full vigor of his youth, he transferred his spirit and his affections to the scenes which he had formed around him, for his honor and delight, out of the ruins of the ancient world. According to his own fancy he built his churches, his castles, his wealthy cities, even though he had borrowed the first hint of them from the Greeks and Romans; and after his own fancy did he create his domestic life, his costume, his social manners, his songs, and his poetic world, almost wholly independent of ancient models.

At that time, therefore, life itself was wholly pervaded by the poetical spirit and the sentiment of the nation, and a perfectly original whole sprang up therefrom.

On the contrary, we see, in a later age, art separated from life; an art preserved merely in books, or in a few princely galleries, as a lifeless treasure, and as an aristocratic privilege, in contrast with the insipid reality of all the rest of life. But when art and life parted company, all originality also ceased, and we became slavish imitators of the ancients and of foreigners.

This, in a few words, is the history of our art and poetry. But so great a falling off must be more closely looked into, and may possibly be excused.

The unbiased sentiment of the Germans had been surrendered wholly and unreservedly to romanticism. The narrow policy, however, of the papal see abused this noble poetical enthusiasm. Political passions and vices of every description poisoned the church, created confusion in the empire from above and from abroad, and the resistance from below and from within, from the vigor and affections of the people, was too weak, because the people still continued in a state of enchantment, were still dazzled as by a celestial apparition, and did not discover, behind the mask of the holy father, the ugly phiz of the devil. The nation was ruined by its good faith, by its noble enthusiasm; it was too honest; it still knew nothing of hypocrisy and knavery. In spite of its noble power, it allowed itself to be stabbed behind, like a hero at prayer, or to be poisoned, as if in the very chalice.

When at length the German nation, stung with the terrible pain, became suddenly aware of the treachery of a thousand years, it fell into a sort of fury, and hurled aside, like the delirious bride, the hated jewels and the ornaments of her ancient roses and myrtles, or as Hercules threw from himself the poisoned marriage garment of Dejanira; then the ancient objects of ardent devotion, of the most burning love, were rejected as talismans of hell, as the instruments of diabolical seduction, and in place of boundless confidence, distrust as deep appeared; in place of the contentment of love fancying itself happy, appeared the harsh feeling of repentance for having been sacrificed to an unworthy object, and a vacuity and a dissatisfied resignation, a morose dis-

dain of consolation. Time cured this wound at last; the old love came back no more, but in its place arose the love of dissipation, frivolity, voluptuousness, passion for variety, just as in the case of an unhappy lover, to whom time at last grows tedious, and he is still unsatisfied with his new dissipations.

Hence creative art ceased to adorn life after the reformation; churches, cloisters, castles, cities, were demolished; what was left of the unfinished cathedrals remained unfinished. The poor and unbelieving age had neither money nor heart to complete what a wealthy and pious age had begun. From manners, too, disappeared the ancient charm of love; and beauty and joyousness vanished with it. As, fortunately, all the good had been German, the bad could only be brought from abroad, and thus every thing became bad now, not in a German, but in a foreign fashion.

Gothic architecture became now the object of contempt and ridicule, and there was nothing higher than a tasteless Jesuits' college, in the new Roman style, or a princely pleasure palace, in the style of the bombastic architecture of Versailles.

The ancient religious paintings were no less despised, and nothing would do but the affected ardors of the Holy Saint Francis, Saint Ignatius, which had been imitated from the later and corrupt Italians, and the allegorical coronations and deifications of mighty potentates and heroes in bag wigs, as well as the voluptuous pastoral scenes, which were imitated from the French. The peculiar spirit of the nation was

still found at most in the corners, whither it had crept, as if for fear and shame, and where it did things which are wont to be done only in corners. Hence the cattle-pieces and the tipsy boors, the cow of Potter and the beard by Denner, the tooth-drawer and the heads of herrings, the broomsticks and lemon-peels, which, in this vulgarity of the subjects, still showed the greatness of the talent that had degraded itself so low.

The beautiful old costumes, which exhibited every power of man and every charm of woman, were made, in the same way, to yield to foreign dresses, and these became uglier every ten years. The beautiful human body was turned into a caricature. As they set aside their own sense, in the head, and adopted another's, so, *on* the head, too, they despised their own hair, and subjected it to the tyranny of perukes and top-pieces some hundred years, which, varying from the full-bottomed wigs to sleek little rat-tails, copied after nearly the whole series of beasts. The hat went along with all these changes. The beautiful and convenient attire was by degrees reduced to the form of the absurd, unmanly, and senseless dress-coat, which we wear at the present day. With the other sex, the metamorphoses of frizzes, bonnets, and coifs, stays, hoop-petticoats, and other petticoats, were still more various; but in all changes, fashion maintained, unalterably, three laws; the dress must be unnatural — it must be ugly — it must be un-German.

The poetic art became equally degenerate and fell under a foreign rule. It was carried so far, in a

short time after the wars of the reformation, that the poets themselves actually unlearned our language: the learned still wrote only in Latin; the unlearned affected to overload their mother tongue with foreign words from the modern languages; and there was an even chance of this motley mixture of languages being legitimated in German, as had happened in English.

The disappearance of old German art was immediately followed by a wholly rude, warlike, and barbarous period. Then the more favored spirits began again to draw something of art from abroad. Some of the princes collected foreign statues and pictures, and transferred Italian and French architects to their courts. Some learned poets translated French, antique, and English works, and imitated them slavishly, in order to make themselves resemble their more aristocratic neighbors. But these æsthetical vagaries remained only the affair of the upper and educated classes; they could not become a popular affair, and the people hardened in their uncultivated barbarism.

It was felt, at last, that this separation of art from life was unbecoming, and it was proposed to connect them again together. Architecture was more and more adapted to convenience; poets and the *genre* painters chose scenes from real life for the subjects of their representation. But architecture did not, therefore, become more beautiful, and even the pictures of life from the modern world, which were spread abroad, particularly under the name of novels, and tragedies and comedies of common life, had no pretensions to beauty. Attempts had only been made

to improve what had become bad. They wanted to go back to nature, and forgot that the whole condition of the present was unnatural.

A romantic reaction now followed. These praises of modern unnaturalness were rejected, as they should be, and the genuine Germanism of ancient times was again brought out. In this a mistake was again made. The old, which has disappeared, can no more be artificially charmed back anew. The attempt proved to be unsuccessful, just in proportion to the sublimity and majesty of the prototype which was intended to be attained. For the completion, or the mere imitation of the ancient cathedrals, money, above all things, was wanting. In painting only, the so called Nazarenes, and in the yet cheaper literature, the so called Germanizers, were able to conjure up the ancient romantic forms, dresses, and poetical melodies. But this dream of the middle ages continued a dream, and was derided by every body who wanted to enjoy heartily the present life, or expected of the future a natural regeneration of life, and not a mere artificial appearance.

In the truth alone, in the right apprehension of the melancholy discord between our art and our life alone, have the greater poets of modern times raised themselves above the wretchedness of the *imitatorum pecus*; and they have done it, indeed, either with tragical dignity, or with philosophical irony, or with gladsome humor, which never deserts the healthy-minded man, even in misfortune.

Hence the great dominion of the understanding over the feelings, which is so injurious, taking into

view the whole extent of our art, becomes most admirable in the individual. But as that can by no means be changed; as the entire nation has not yet recovered from its decline, has not yet returned to a full feeling of its ancient power; as the individual seeks in vain, by every artificial stimulant, to get up this feeling in himself, — this individual must be permitted to emancipate himself privately, as such, as well as he can; and the more solitary he feels himself, the more richly will he furnish his inward world with dreamy images and thoughts, which must supply the place of that which reality fails to afford him. This is, however, the riches of reflection, and not of immediate feeling. It is not received as a gift, but must be acquired. It is not, however, impartially distributed, as something belonging in common to all, but it is kept niggardly and coquettishly employed. Even the greatest abilities, under these circumstances, are not free from the obstinacy and the onesidedness of a personal character formed in solitude. Here the pride of mental superiority breaks out involuntarily with all its arrogance, and there we see the petty spirit of a Narcissus, eyeing himself with amorous glance and womanish weakness all day long, because these talents find themselves before an indifferent public, devoid of will and judgment, which has long been accustomed to take every thing as it is, and because no noble career of public life guards them from the insolence and caprices of solitude. A bard in ancient Greece, an old knight, a burgher, in the midst of stirring and active life, could not possibly catch the aristocratic whims which are most abundant among

the most gifted of our poets and thinkers; because these, in their studies and far away from practical life, in the hot air of teapots and stoves, must, of necessity, fall into every sort of strange absurdities.

LITERATURE OF TASTE AND ART.

ON the summit of the ages, surveying the work of many centuries, or in the centre of the present, which is insatiable in new inventions, and scourged by shifting fashion as by a fury, where every body wants every thing, the oldest, the newest, the last, and the first, and where, properly speaking, the direct aim of men is to force the most heterogeneous things into an unnatural union,—in such an age, the scientific spirit could not fail to be attracted to the task of bringing order out of the poetical chaos, of seeking unity in the immeasurable variety, and of tracing every thing back to an ultimate principle of taste.

But the practice of art required, too, elementary books. The more the beautiful passed out of nature into art, out of its proper immediate being and life into producing forms in lifeless materials, and, finally, even out of plastic art into poetry, from the visible form into the mere word, and into the imagination, the more did the æsthetic feeling of nature disappear—the inborn sensibility for the beautiful, which exists before all reflection, and is only blunted by it. Now, rules had to come to the aid of the weakened sensibility; the schools of art grew richer and richer in rules and words, the poorer they became in beauty.

Many as are the theories and histories of art already, and much as they contain that is excellent, they have never yet perfectly satisfied the want; and a good theory of taste still belongs to the class of things to be piously hoped for. The cause of our never having been perfectly satisfied with those which we already possess, seems to me to consist particularly in the fact that they are, as a body, too abstract, and by far too little adapted to the power of the imagination. To be sure, they feed the understanding with rules and principles, and fill the memory with technical and historical names; but they present no image, they give no intuition of the beautiful, they speak not to the fancy, and whole volumes of theories of art and histories of art may be read through, without one's ever getting a lively conception of the beautiful, which is always the thing in contemplation. And yet it is the faculty of imagination, on which the principles of taste, as well as practical art itself, must work, if taste and art would not fail of their object. Of what use is the long and tedious talk of philosophy and technology, if it does not succeed finally in giving us a clear conception of the beautiful?

The history of taste, as it has been cultivated in Germany, will most distinctly show us in what its errors and deficiencies consist.

Our literature of scientific æsthetics began with manuals of art, in which the master taught the pupil the mechanical means of art. But at the head of these masters stood the venerable Albert Dürer, whose "Instruction in Measurement" deserves to be ranked with the works of Vitruvius and Leonardo da Vinci.

Since then, however, numerous elementary works of more or less excellence on every kind of art have appeared; but necessary as they are, it cannot be said that they alone lay the foundation of a theory of taste, because they do not contemplate the beautiful in itself, but merely in reference to the means by which it is to be artificially produced. These elementary books naturally are indispensable to the practical artist; and every particular art implies a particular technology, in which the master imparts to the pupil the rules, skilful manipulations, and secrets of the practice of his art. But yet all the means of art are merely subordinate to the end, which is the beautiful; and one can only then say how a thing is to be done, when he knows what the thing is.

But a misapprehension has existed even in this. A technological method has united with a philological and archeological one, to found an aristocracy of learned connoisseurship, who, in their zeal for the externals of art, sought to sink all beauty in oblivion. They talked a great while only of lines and pigments, of the chisel and pencil, and of the application of numberless rules of art. But the Venus is not illustrated from the chisel, the Madonna from the pencil, nor the poems of Virgil and Pindar from the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and Herrmann's book on metres, nor Mozart's Don Juan from Türk's thorough bass. The art of selecting the marble, of using the chisel, of mixing the colors, of making the instruments, and placing the fingers upon them, is one thing, and beauty itself, which is the object aimed at by these mechanical means, is quite

another. The instrument must never be confounded with the work. It must never be imagined that beauty consists only in works of art, and that works of art exist only that the connoisseur may be able to analyze again every stroke of the pencil, and show how the thing is done. It would be like begetting children, only to dissect them immediately after their birth. But there are really now a multitude of vulgar lovers of art, who, oppressed by the spirit of handicraft, constantly confound the foot with the last, and never ask, Is it beautiful? but only, How is it made? They have a Raphael before them, and they talk of the canvass, lines, and pigments, just as the philologists think only of the application of grammar, in Plato and Sophocles. If they can only run off, at their fingers' ends, all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French technical terms, they fancy they understand the matter thoroughly; and if they can determine at the first glance, whether a single spot in an old picture has been retouched, it passes with them for ten times as much as it would had they discovered at the first glance the meaning and the beauty of the object itself. In their compends and critiques they are always talking only of these externals; and when one has read through their diffuse descriptions, the heart has not gained a single feeling, nor the understanding an idea, nor the fancy an image. Although it is the highest triumph of the artist to labor in such a manner that his labor is not noticed, that the spectator never even thinks of him and his toil, these technological pedants, like wood worms, eat their way into his work, and gnaw at the oil and fat of the

beautiful colors, whose brilliancy alone ought to delight the eye. Hence there are also artists who submit to this species of critics, and degrade their works to mere technological specimens, in which we recognize and admire their mechanical industry at the first glance, and never arrive at the strange question, what this piece of artificiality means, and wherein its beauty consists.

The technical elementary books were followed by a second class of elementary books, as soon as the study of the ancients began to increase. They were the archæological inquiries.

But the history of taste and art can never supply the place of a proper æsthetical theory, although the hope has frequently been entertained of reaching the goal most directly in this way. History does not seek after the beautiful, but only the historical part of the beautiful, the character of different times, the connection of art with religion, manners, and nationality, the costume, the progress of taste, the academical traits, the destinies of artists and their works, and the like, which are mere secondary matters, the consideration of which diverts us from beauty itself, properly considered.

Who does not know what a disproportionate preponderance Winckelmann and his age once lent to this archæological science, auxiliary to art? This was natural, certainly, in that age of erudition; but, misled by the glory of connoisseurship, these connoisseurs allow themselves also to be intrapped into all the pedantry which is usually the consequence of a partial and imperfect literary culture. Hence that load of

quotations, antiquarian notices, acute observations upon costume, biographical corrections, and the like, with which the science of æsthetics has been almost crushed. Has the beautiful, then, always been exhibited, when it has only been told where the artist was born, what was his name, what domestic virtues or vices he possessed, what cardinal or duke kept him in his pay, on what occasion he produced his work of art, how dear it was bought by this or that Jew, and other such pitiable matters, with which even Lessing and Winckelmann have filled up so many pages of their works? It may safely be affirmed that many of these pieces of information are wholly useless, and that the rest belong only indirectly to æsthetics. The historic interest which they undoubtedly possess is not an æsthetic one; and if they are often quite necessary to furnish explanations of costume, of symbolical representations, of accidental, occasional, and individual peculiarities, which occur in so many works of art, yet taste has as little to do with them as the beauty of the works of art in question with the subjects to which these notices refer. The less intelligible a work of art is, the less beautiful it is too; at least the enjoyment of it is rendered more difficult, and attention is diverted from the beautiful to the enigmatical.

But, particularly when the interest of a work of art consists merely in its obscurity, the difficulty of understanding it, its historical rarity or peculiarity, the antiquary may exercise his mastership upon it, but the man of taste comes off empty-handed. If the antiquary has to be called in as an *accoucheur*, without whom the æsthetic birth cannot come into the light of the under-

standing, it is very bad both for mother and child. But among the investigators of art, there are many such *accoucheurs*, who take a sort of medical delight in every sort of rare *lusus naturæ* and abortion of antiquity, and prize the hideous and monstrous works of obscure ages, in which art had its beginning, higher than the ideals of later times—just as some physicians would rather have still-born children preserved in spirits than the living ones.

Besides this, we are too apt to forget, in the history of the beauty of art, the beauty of nature, which lies quite out of the limits of history. There are block-heads who regard nothing as beautiful which is not chiselled or painted; which is not chiselled or painted in this or that age. For example, they are amazed at the fidelity with which the Greeks, or the old German painters, or Shakspeare, comprehended nature; and yet they despise Nature herself. Beauty is praised in Raphael's pictures, but is passed by with indifference in the real world. It would yet be well, if only what is really natural and beautiful in ancient art were admired; but people just as often admire that which is merely historically remarkable, antique, or mannerized.

A third species of æsthetical treatises commenced with the rise of philosophy in the last century. Writers began to classify the arts and reduce them to a system; and as, in the whole period anterior to Kant, the psychology of experience, so called, was the hobby-horse of German philosophy, with which the example of the English, among others, preëminently coöperated, we saw those favorite psychological classifications spring up, which still enjoy a universal authority in the prov-

ince of taste. The powers of the mind were distributed into those by which we create the beautiful, such as genius, talent, wit, and so forth, and those by which we perceive the beautiful, such as excitability, exaltation, emotion, laughter, terror, and so forth; and these internal effects were transferred again, as its external properties, to the beautiful, which was accordingly divided into the exciting, the elevated, the moving, the ludicrous, the terrible, the sentimental, the *naïve*, grace, dignity, and the rest. It is true that these distinctions are just and necessary, but they do not exhaust the science of taste, and are far from answering all æsthetic questions. They are ideas of the understanding, abstractions, in which that which is the most important in æsthetics, the distinct conception of a particular beauty, disappears. We *think*, but we neither see nor feel, because the fancy knows not how to deal with such abstractions. We get nothing but empty names and vessels, into which the beautiful is to be received; but even this fails us. A few wretched examples stalk like spectres through the dry logical edifice, and remind our fancy more of what it wants than what it gains.

I am far from being unwilling to appreciate the theoretical and practical importance of inquiries into the faculty of feeling, the faculty of imagination, and the like; but I am of opinion that these inquiries belong not properly to æsthetics, but to psychology. It is one thing if I contemplate the beautiful object itself, analyze its properties, and impress a perfect image of it on my mind; and another thing, if I wander from the object, and look into my own mind,

and inquire what effects and what emotions are consequent upon that contemplation; and another thing still, if I wander yet farther, and enter into the artist's soul, and investigate his talent and his genius. The science of æsthetics is concerned only with the first — the object; all the rest is the affair of psychology.

The critical philosophers from the school of Kant, in particular, spread abroad this metaphysical mode of proceeding; and it was retained even by the later philosophers of absolutism, since the latter elevated to the rank of ideas what the former had adopted as mere critical distinctions of conception. Hence we hear every body now talking about the idea of the beautiful, of the sublime, of grace, of dignity, of the comic, of the tragic, of the *naïve*, of the sentimental, and the like.

With all this, it has been entirely forgotten that the beautiful has also objective signs and characteristic marks, which lie much nearer, and are much more important, than the mere subjective ones, derived from these alone. The metaphysical mode of proceeding can be excused, but not justified, only by its convenience. The classification of our sensations is simpler than that of the objects. We comprehend many objects under a single leading sensation which they create. But this summary proceeding does not destroy the endless distinctions between the objects comprehended under one subjective rubric; and those rubrics afford us little aid, when we undertake to draw nicer distinctions in the sensation. We perceive that every single object calls out in us an entirely peculiar sensation too, which is always closely con-

nected with others like it, it is true, but is always something different. These rubrics, this poverty-stricken metaphysical terminology, do not go far enough to define every such sensation; and, therefore, we have to name the object itself, to point out its corresponding sensation. We have to name the rose, to denote its fragrance, and cannot help ourselves with general definitions of fragrance. If the metaphysical man of taste wants to be, in some measure, intelligible, he must give examples to illustrate the rule. All analyses of sensation, and all general definitions of the object which creates the sensation, are of no avail, if we do not see the definite and individual object.

Thus, then, for the last forty years, these psychological treatises have been followed by the purely metaphysical ones. With natural philosophy, logic, and ethics, the science of taste was also registered, and the beautiful entered, with the true and the good, into the great philosophical systems; and thus æsthetics, instead of an independent science, became a subordinate parish in the great philosophical church, a side-wing to the philosophical edifice. Who could doubt that philosophy has an unconditional and necessary right to draw the beautiful, as it does every thing else, within the circle of its universal observation? But if we consider that philosophy, even in the contemplation of the beautiful, has the truth alone in view, we must confess, too, that this is an aim which the science of æsthetics cannot pursue for itself; and just as there must always be, along with the philosophy of nature and philosophical ethics, an independent science of

nature, and of historic life besides, so there must always be, along with philosophical æsthetics, an empirical and practical science of æsthetics, which ought never to be confounded with the former. Yet they have been confounded often enough; and writers have fancied they were expounding the beautiful, when they integrated and differentiated, polarized and potentiated, subjectified and objectified, realized and idealized, and so forth, in the emptiest of all abstractions. What, in Heaven's name, can the artist, what can the amateur, do with these terminologies, which will always remain barbarous, so far as taste is concerned, however right and necessary they may be in philosophy? How is our fancy to be benefited by such empty sounds of words, so as to be capable of applying the rules to experience, and to cultivate, by a knowledge of facts, the taste which has been derived from theoretical books?

Yet this philosophical mode of proceeding reigns, particularly in the most recent times, to such an extent, that it has even forced its way into the daily papers, and seems to have it in view to attack experience on its own ground, to annihilate it, and for the future to consider every thing *à priori* upon philosophical principles. Philosophy does not limit herself to the school; she wants to tyrannize over life itself; and while she descends, as it were, from heaven to earth, there spring out of this connection monsters and changelings of literature, which, with their barbarous nonsense, confuse the language at least, even though they may be unable to do it much harm.

The æsthetic sense, and the judgment of taste, are

in us, before and without all philosophy. We know what is beautiful, and what is not, the moment we perceive the object. Neither the amateur while enjoying, nor the artist in producing, the beautiful, ever asks after philosophy. The beautiful is given to him without his even needing the least coöperation of the development of philosophical conception; and if he wants, at last, to bring philosophy into any connection whatever with the beautiful, he will then derive the philosophical conception only from the given experience, but will never, *vice versa*, pervert experience in so arbitrary a manner, as to make it correspond to what is required by a predetermined philosophical principle. All the wrong inferences which contradict experience, and which are drawn from remote principles, will vanish like fleecy clouds before the immediate reality of the beautiful.

Philosophy would begin with a negation of the beautiful, to consider it for a time as non-existent, and then finally to demonstrate, proceeding from non-existence, the possibility, necessity, and reality of its existence. It comes to that point last, from which we begin, and arrives, in the most roundabout way, at the presence of the beautiful, which lies so near to us. The beautiful gains nothing at all by the circumstantiality with which the philosophers go round and round it, and, as it were, play at hide-and-seek with it; neither does it lose any thing thereby, for it remains eternally the same, let the philosophers make as many different explanations as they choose.

As philosophy is concerned with truth alone, it seeks,

even in the beautiful, only the true, while the science of æsthetics, on the other hand, seeks in the true only the beautiful. Moreover, two ideas are commonly hovering before the philosopher — the idea of necessity in all things, and the idea of the good; and between these two the idea of the beautiful falls to the ground, as between two stools. The philosopher demonstrates that “a thing is so, and it must be so;” and he demonstrates further, that “it is right as it is;” but its being beautiful, as it is, concerns him much less. Most philosophers consider the beauty of the world, together with its reality, necessity, and adaptedness, as a mere kind addition of the Creator of the universe, and, to a certain extent, as something merely accidental; nay, many, very many of the philosophers, if they had made the world, would have clean forgotten beauty altogether. They have but seldom known exactly what to do with beauty, and, in their systems, have shoved it, as if it were nothing but a superfluous piece of furniture, now towards this side, and now towards that, sometimes placed it between and sometimes under the true and the good. On the other hand, again, some mystics have had the boldness to set the beautiful above the true and the good, and to consider every thing in the world beautiful, because in every thing they saw and felt the love of God. What has been said is enough to show that the philosophy of the beautiful, investigations of the æsthetic mental faculty, the history of art, and technological instruction, can never be æsthetics itself, although the rank of auxiliary sciences to æsthetics is secured to them.

The science of æsthetics itself is nothing but the

theory of objective beauty ; that is, of the beautiful as it appears immediately in external objects. How is the beautiful object constituted ? This is the only question æsthetics has to answer. But how this beauty is related to the essence of things in general ; what divine purpose or necessity lies at its foundation ; at what time and under what circumstances it came into existence ; who has produced it ; by what powers and means it could come into being ; what effects it works upon us, — all these are questions which it transcends the limits of pure æsthetics to answer. If these questions are mixed up together, an endless confusion cannot fail of arising — a confusion like that which prevails at present.

Pure æsthetics has only to state the facts in regard to beauty, just as natural history has to state the facts of nature. It must be a mirror, a comprehensive memory of the beautiful, as natural history is a mirror and a memory of nature. It reduces the beautiful to a system, however, as the philosophy of nature reduces nature to a system ; then it collects and compares all things that are beautiful, and arranges them, according to the law of their affinities, into species and kinds, which unite of their own accord in a natural system. Comprehensive experience and collection, accurate comparison and arrangement, of the beautiful, form the only problem of æsthetics.

This problem, however, like that of natural history, is hard to solve, despite its simplicity, because it demands a boundless experience, an infinite detail ; and the more difficult, because æsthetics hitherto has directed its attention only to the above-mentioned sec-

ondary matters, and has done just nothing at all for the leading topic—the natural history of the beautiful. *Æsthetics* has still the twofold object, first, to distinguish the truly beautiful from what is falsely so considered, and, second, to discover the beautiful, hitherto unknown. The former is necessary, because men are always disputing about the beautiful, and consider much as beautiful which is not so, or as not beautiful that is beautiful; the latter is necessary, because men are still far from observing all the beauty which they should observe.

To attain this twofold object, however, there is but one means, namely, the comparison of beautiful objects. He who wants to distinguish must first be able to compare. Taste can only judge with certainty when it places side by side true beauty and apparent beauty, that which is perfectly beautiful with that which is only in part so, the most beautiful with the less beautiful. So, too, whoever would discover new beauty must compare, first, that which already exists, and he will, according to the laws of analogy and association, be led on, in the safest manner, from two given beauties to a third hitherto unknown.

But to have the power of comparison, one must have gained great experience, and much acquaintance with the beautiful. Where this is wanting, the mere attempts at philosophical reasoning, and the so called fantasies upon art, almost always miscarry, and help much more to confound than to enlighten the taste. Experience, meantime, is not to be sought merely where too much pride has hitherto been taken in seeking it; that is, in the province of works of art;

but it is to be sought besides, and most especially, in nature and life itself.

The school of Schlegel, and Solger, have contributed the most to the deification of art, acting in the spirit of Goethe. Goethe himself saw in the beautiful nothing but the "result of a happy mode of treatment." Nature itself, as Solger affirms, can be considered beautiful no further than it can be apprehended by art. But this is no better than putting a bridle on the horse's tail. Art is, and remains, as even the ancient Aristotle declared, an imitation of nature; and though it be within the limits of beauty, still the beauty of nature existed before the beauty of art.

Carl Seidel, whom I consider one of the warmest lovers and best judges of the beautiful, is but half right when he proposes, in his copious work, *Charinomos*, to have æsthetics treated historically. This may and should be applied to that part of the beauty of art, which constantly changes with the times, but does not apply to the beauty of nature, and not even to that part of the beauty of art, which always remains the same. It is true he lays it down, and justly, as a principle established by experience, that æsthetic culture has always been modified by the spirit of the age, and that every art has enjoyed a flourishing age but once in a particular period of the history of the world. He shows that what has once disappeared never returns as it was before, and that the efforts to conjure up anew the spirit of ancient art, whether in the plastic manner of antiquity, or in the romantic manner in reference to architecture and painting, must necessarily be all in vain, or lead

only to unhealthy results. For this reason, he is of opinion, too, that all art should be treated historically, and that the science of taste requires nothing more urgently to be done than to set forth the beautiful, according to its various phenomena in succession, or its developments at different times, and in different countries. This historical division of the subject he considers more to the point and more natural than any technical or philosophical one whatever. And he is certainly right. Who does not perceive, for example, that antique architecture has a closer connection with antique plastic art, than with the so called Gothic architecture, and, again, that the great allegorical chivalry poems of the middle ages are more closely connected with the Gothic cathedrals than with Virgil or Homer? The similarity of the material, in which the spirit of two wholly different ages is exhibited, is certainly not so important as the similarity of spirit which, in one and the same age, reveals itself in different materials, and in all the arts together. Whenever art, therefore, is the subject in question, Seidel's theory must undoubtedly be applied.

Yet the meritorious critic of taste seems to have taken too little notice of the fact, that the beautiful is by no means limited to art; that it existed in nature already before all art; and that we should not neglect this mother of all beauty, even in the most perfect art. Now, if æsthetics were to express itself on the beauty of the landscape, for example, under the very narrow limitations of landscape painting, it would be worse than poor; it would be absurd; for, by the reverse process alone, we can speak

of the beauty of landscape painting, because we have first fixed our eyes upon the prototype in nature. And a great deal more, every thing in nature which is not the work of our cultivation, is independent of historical modifications as well as the landscape. The critic in æsthetics, therefore, may apply the historical measure in judging of the beauty of art, but in judging of this alone, and will have to consider the beauty of nature by itself, as ever free from all changeableness. But he must do still more; he must, even in art, point out the everlasting and inexhaustible source of new developments, along with that which is only the perishable offspring of an age never to return. He must, therefore, make a threefold distinction — the beauty of nature which admits no higher development; the beauty of art, so far as it has been partially completed, at different times, in certain degrees; and again, the beauty of art, so far as it is capable of an infinite development in the future; so far as life can never die therein, but, on the contrary, must be unfolded afresh, in changes ever new.

Solger affirmed that the beautiful was the interpenetration of the idea, and the phenomenon or form, and that the idea had its origin only in the human mind; that the artist must first transfer it from his own mind into reality or appearance, and infuse it into the form; whence the beautiful work of art proceeds.

I affirm, in reply, that the idea does not lie in the mind of the artist, but in the external object, or in the mind of the artist, only so far as it lies in the external object. Every species of external things,

whether in nature or in life, carries its *idea* in itself. The artist cannot produce this idea in himself, but can only recognize it beyond himself, and copy nature according to the *idea* which lies therein. The whole series of æsthetic ideas which are presumed to originate in the human mind, is good for nothing; it is a dry system of abstractions. The living series of ideas, which lie in the things themselves, must be opposed to them. The sublime, the enchanting, the dignified, the pleasing, the tragic, the comic, are only lifeless conceptions, abstracted from a multitude of heterogeneous objects; living ideas, on the other hand, every one of which has something essential, substantial, and peculiar, are, for example, the idea of man, of woman, of spring, of death, of love, of war, of honor, and so forth. These are the central points of definite and peculiar æsthetic circles. The ancient artists were manifestly much more conversant with this natural series of ideas, than with the series of philosophical conceptions among our modern æsthetic writers. The ideas of man and woman hovered before these artists, certainly with greater liveliness than the ideas of the sublime and the enchanting. Man is sublime, but sublimity does not make the man. Woman is enchanting, but enchantment does not make the woman. It is easy for the philosopher to abstract the conceptions of the sublime and the enchanting from man and woman; but it would be a pure impossibility for the artist to construct a man and a woman out of a mere conception of the sublime and the enchanting, if these were not already to be found in nature. The ancient artists did not

philosophize. They recognized the idea of manhood, which lies in the whole mass of mankind, and the idea of womanhood in the mass of womankind. They studied all the signs of manhood and womanhood, and imbodyed the perfect image of the former in their Apollo, and of the latter in their Venus. Just where they actually took the trouble of imbodying abstract conceptions, — for example, that of gracefulness in the Graces, — they are chargeable with somewhat of allegorical coldness, somewhat of a modern character, and only where they followed out the idea, lying immediately in nature, are their representations beyond the reach of censure, perfect, warm, life-like, eternal as the life of nature itself. Their Venus is the eternal woman; their Diana, Juno, Pallas, Hebe, are shades of woman; but their Hours, Muses, and the like, are only imbodyed conceptions, only accidentally beautiful, and accidentally such as they are. These allegories may be otherwise expressed, but the idea of woman cannot be otherwise expressed. This is the distinction.

In truth, all artists in all ages adhere to those everlasting ideas which belong to nature herself, without giving themselves a reason for the fact. From Phidias, who represents the idea of man, or of woman, in the noblest situations and *nuances*, down to the painter of animals, who endeavors to extract ideality even from the horse, artists constantly start from natural ideas, unless they are led astray by prevailing opinions. Even the architects do this. It is not true that they want to realize abstract mathematical conceptions, that they start from the mere idea of a circle or triangle.

No, they begin with the idea of an edifice, with the idea of a temple, a palace, or a theatre, and apply the mathematics to it, only as a subsidiary means. This is done, too, by the poets universally. They represent the ideas of a passion or a virtue, of a natural situation, domestic life, for example, of war, of the church, of the state, and so on, which are, then, of themselves, sublime or enchanting, tragic or comic; and by no means lifeless conceptions of the tragic or the comic, out of which a tragic hero, or a real action or event, can never be created.

These natural ideas, which lie in the things themselves, according to their species, have also hovered constantly before the critic's eyes. What work of art in the world can be judged by our philosophical manuals of æsthetics? For example, I cannot review the smallest novel, without putting the question, Does this mode of managing the hero correspond to the idea of manhood, of love, of honor, and so forth, or does it not? Does the situation correspond to the idea of domestic life, of nationality, of state, and so forth, or does it not? One can judge each thing only according to the idea that lies in it; the knight, according to the idea of knighthood; the priest, according to the idea of the priesthood; the German, Frenchman, or Englishman, according to the idea of his nationality. Thus every reviewer involuntarily judges, and it never occurs to him, in doing so, to think of the useless rubrics of the æsthetic treatises. The criticism of the plastic arts can proceed in no other manner. Even this must first see whether a work of architecture, a statue, or a picture,

corresponds to the idea which lies in its particular subject. Only when criticism rightly apprehends these ideas, can it rightly judge; and in this case only can all of us feel the beauty which the artist has wrought into his work. To hunt, in a gallery of pictures, only after the conceptions of the sublime or the agreeable, is not much better than to hunt only after the colors red and blue. That which is abstracted from several pictures in common, is only the means, the unessential part; the essential is that which is peculiar to each individual picture — its definite subject.

Let me not be charged here with confounding beauty and truth. I am very far from requiring that a work of art should be only a faithful copy of reality — should be nothing but the truth. No, it should be true, but beautiful also; not by copying real things just as they are, but by visibly bringing out the ideas which lie in them. A faithful portrait of a man is true, but not, therefore, beautiful; the ideal of manhood is true and beautiful at the same time. Here, however, the beautiful by no means consists in something abstract or general, which may be separated from manhood, but it consists only in the truth with which, not the individual man, but manhood itself, is set forth. There is, in truth, no universal standard of taste, by which all possible beauty might be measured. Every class of objects has its own standard of taste, a peculiar type, which remains the same even in its perfected ideality, and is most strictly distinguished from the type of every other species. There are only different degrees of taste, according as the individuals of a species approach or recede from their own ideal;

but the ideal itself of a species, by virtue of the peculiar and unchangeable type belonging to it, is never to be placed in one and the same æsthetic series with other ideals. The distinction of objects makes the traditional rubrics in taste, which are drawn from subjective distinctions, perfectly inapplicable. Nature impresses on the artist's mind her eternal types, and the rude departmental systems of philosophical æsthetic writers can never obliterate these types.

A system of æsthetics, in this spirit, does not yet exist; perhaps such a one can never be completed, and will, at least, always remain a fragment; but I cannot suppose that a system of a different character would answer the purpose.

Perhaps, if coming centuries, or thousands of years, should succeed in finding a better method of conducting "the æsthetic education of the human race" than has yet been done, then a system of æsthetics would be discovered likewise. It depends only on the will and the common coöperation of all. Already the Saint Simonians have dreamed of embellishing the whole earth, and uniting taste with political economy.

I cannot easily tear myself away from this subject, because it seems to me to be really of a practical character, and of great importance, and is, besides, a favorite one with me. The recognition of the beautiful in nature and in life, and the attempt to produce the beautiful where it is wanting, are, in fact, social duties. It is a monstrous contradiction in human nature, that it has so often, in regard to taste,

debased itself below the brute ; that it has paid so little respect to the beauty of its own appearance ; that it so often desecrates " the temple of the body," and affords so little help to external nature, to the landscape, nay, even throws obstacles in nature's way, when she would, of her own accord, create a paradise.

It is now believed that things have always been so, but it is not true. Our manners and costumes, our doings and pleasures, have fallen completely into a by-path of ugliness, or of real deformity, which is new in the history of the world, and well deserves attention. It is believed, if a thing is only not pernicious, its ugliness is of no consequence whatever. But is not, then, the becoming habituated to what is ugly a moral, and even a physical evil ? I am convinced that the absence of all romance, the suppression of every beautiful ebullition of feeling, the exclusive hunting and striving after utility in our age, by which, even in the lower classes, the money-matches, as they are called, have become the order of the day, have operated very injuriously upon the blossoms of future generations. What kind of a race can parents produce who come together only for money, for an establishment ? On the other side, to be sure, the educated public is on fire for written romances and fictitious passions ; but does not this hunting after a dreamy love, along with prosaic marriages in real life, make the matter still worse ?

Our dresses, our awkward pleasures, the tastelessness even of the smallest pieces of household furniture, have introduced a familiarity with deformity,

which, like a second nature, has excluded the natural instinct, whose judgment was originally correct. "Ah, that is beautiful!" we hear people every instant exclaiming; and we are confounded when we see what it is that makes the bright eyes of the daughter, and even the dim eyes of the father, oppressed with official cares, kindle into a flame. A sleeve as broad as a water-spout, a tobacco-pipe, and the like — this is what the mass of the people call beautiful. In general, what is to be considered beautiful by the people must be something *made*. This is characteristic. The most absurd print hangs up by the side of the lovely daughter of the house, and nobody happens to think of tearing the frightful caricature from the wall.

Even the artists do not understand themselves with regard to nature. At Rome, even, they are always running after an accidentally fashionable and celebrated model, whose portrait is sought after by purchasers; and they leave other beauties unpainted. The present king of Bavaria was the first to hit upon the happy and obvious idea of having portraits taken of the most beautiful girls of Munich, in the bloom of life. A Valhalla¹ upon this plan would be good for something. What if we could see collected faithful portraits of the fairest daughters of our fair country, for some centuries, in a gallery, and so, too, of the handsomest, and

¹ [The name of a collection of portraits of distinguished men in Germany, near Ratisbon, in the possession of the king of Bavaria. — TRANSL.]

not merely the most celebrated men, of the most beautiful landscapes, and the like?

Art, free and fanciful, though incapable of being limited in the exercise of its divine caprices, will still, like the giant Antæus, perish in air, unless it receive fresh power from the solid earth of nature.

But I must return to the literature of æsthetics. I will mention only the Coryphæuses of the different classes. The elder technical treatises are almost entirely forgotten. And so is the first attempt of Baumgarten, the disciple of Wolf, to reduce æsthetics to a scientific system, or to throw it into a mathematical form. The influence of Bernini, and of the modern Roman and French, or rather the Versailles bombastic taste in art, which prevailed in Germany, as every where else, was more weighty, without leaving any important traces in literature. At length, when the English returned to a nobler simplicity, and set themselves up in opposition to the French, and the latter, after their fashion, appropriated the merit of foreigners to themselves, and a rivalry sprang up who could best expound the ancient law laid down by Aristotle, that "Art must imitate nature,"—the German writers also took an enthusiastic part. Berlin, at that time, adhered to the Frenchman Batteaux, who saw only nature, and nothing but nature, but only through the spectacles of the false taste at the court of France, and to whom the "diseased womankind of the court," as Rabelais called them, seemed, in pastoral poetry, quite as *naïve*, as if the courtesans of Paris had in reality been shepherdesses. In short, Batteaux

was the first propounder of that affectation of naturalness, which continues so much in favor, even at the present day; and Ramler was his apostle in Berlin, perhaps only because the then king approved every thing French, perhaps only from servilism. Afterwards, Sulzer, who came from Switzerland, and who was connected with Bodmer and Breitinger, and the new Swiss school, which opposed real naturalness, in the English sense of the term, to its counterfeit, did not, it is true, introduce a reform in taste at Berlin; but he did introduce a kind of encyclopedical connoisseurship, by means of his "Lexicon of Art," which contains technical rules, for the most part, after the old fashion, some historical accounts, and some instruction upon good taste in respect to naturalness.

People still, however, talked as the blind talk of colors. The greater public of the educated had occupied themselves principally with poetry, with the then classical, or classical imitations of the French, and troubled themselves but little about the other departments of art. They left it to the architect to deal with architecture, and to the painter to deal with painting, and never once thought of passing a judgment upon these arts, or even seeking enjoyment in the contemplation of them. People saw in the ancient cities the great cathedrals of the middle ages before their eyes, but their eyes were shut to the art shown therein, and it occurred to no one to call these cathedrals beautiful. It was much more the fashion to despise them as something absurd, old-fashioned, and bombastic in style, because the good Germans

had had this talked into them by the modern Jesuits and the French. Pictures, too, were scarcely known to the public. Those of former times had perished in the wars of the reformation, and new galleries were only just begun, and shut up in the pleasure-houses, the Versailles on a small scale, of a few luxurious princes, the Augustuses of Dresden, for example.

The taste for art, however, was once excited, and had to seek its gratification first in setting itself right. This, naturally, was possible only for the rich at the outset. The wealthy nobleman Baron von Hagedorn, the Mæcenas of painters, and a great judge of pictures, was the first who reduced to a certain order the province of the fine arts, and the historical knowledge of it, in his interesting "Observations on Painting," and also to spread a correct criticism of taste. Hagedorn belonged to the upper class of society, and had nurtured his love of art at the courts and in travelling. On the part of the learned, of the university pedants, nothing was done. It is true they prosecuted the study of archæology; but it was done without taste; and when Klotz began to take part in the criticism of the antiquities of taste, the barbarism in which the learning of that time had sunk, made itself first very manifest.

All these men were only forerunners. The real hero of the modern enthusiasm for art was Winckelmann, a very remarkable person, and not without weight in the history of the culture of the German nation. To compare small things with great, Winckelmann appears to occupy a similar situation to Luther. The hero of Wittemberg emancipated common sense,

when the nonsense and falsehood of the church had risen to the highest point. Winckelmann emancipated sound taste, when tastelessness, when deformity, were in their highest, and, as it were, most venomous blossoming period. Both were men of the people, who had risen from the lower classes; both, to be sure, became members of a profession, but broke through its restraints by their intellectual powers. Luther threw off the monk's cowl, and Winckelmann, the pedantry of the schools. But the emancipation of taste was now far from being so important or so triumphant as the emancipation of religion. Winckelmann fled from the German soil — had to flee from it — for the serene heaven of Italy alone could secure him what the learned air of the German study never would have secured to him.

There is something moving in the idea of finding, in the high north, among snow-storms, in a miserable, flat, and poverty-stricken region, in a dark school-room, the very man who was destined to restore the empire of the beautiful. When a poor schoolmaster, he read the ancients; read them repeatedly; committed them to memory; lived only in thinking of Greece and Rome; sought patrons in Dresden; became a Catholic; and hurried off to Italy, as to his proper home. Here he showed the world, in the models of ancient plastic art, and mediæval painting, what simple beauty was, that had been forgotten among the multitude of bombastic artificialities. People were amazed at the blindness in which they had hitherto lived; and every body huzzaed the artist whose piercing eye once more discovered the beauty which they

already possessed, as they now at length began to comprehend it.

Rivalry with him, or efforts to promote his aims, now commenced. While his friend Mengs not only practised painting, but also wrote upon it, and the versatile Lessing demonstrated in his *Laocoon*, that there was no need of travelling to Italy to see as freely and clearly as Winckelmann, Füssli, the Swiss, composed his celebrated and excellent "*Artist's Lexicon*." These critics of art were soon joined by a younger generation, such as Fernow, who expressed very impartial views in his *Roman studies*, and was the first who dared to censure the want of taste in *St. Peter's church*. Besides him was Böttiger, whose merits have always been depreciated. This *Dresden* antiquarian has been ridiculed by Tieck, in his "*Puss in Boots*," and has been much and frequently laughed at later still by others, because he has treated the smallest possible things, the pettiest minutiae of the toilet and of costume, with an air of importance and consequence, as if the everlasting truths of the Bible, or at least the welfare of the state, were involved. Now, there is, it cannot be denied, a great deal of pedantry in his style, as well as in the investigations themselves; but is not this giving importance to small matters, this pride in unimportant discoveries, this solicitude in detecting the slightest shades, this conscientious nicety precisely for the most thankless subjects, this almost chivalrous gallantry of an industry which is rewarded by itself, not by its object, — is not all this the criterion of a genuine antiquary? Truly, a man ought to possess a singularly resigned spirit to deal in such small

matters as Böttiger has done; but even these small matters require to be known, were it for no other purpose than to know that they are small. It is true, illustrations of Iffland's acting, and the explanations of prints in annuals, are written to be forgotten; but the writings of Böttiger on art, and particularly on the domestic life of the ancients, will always form a rich frame to the works of Winckelmann and others. Many more scholars and travelling artists have done much for the history and criticism of art, such as Hirt, Zoega, Ramdohr, von Quandt, von Murr, Wendt, Schorn, Waagen, Johanna Schopenhauer, and others. Fiorillo's history of art might be better than it is.

Von Rumohr and Schnaase are the most recent off-shoots of the Winckelmann or historical school. The Baron von Rumohr has a fine taste in art, as well as in the *cuisine*; but his controversy with the venerable Hirt is marked by quite too aristocratic a reserve. When two critics on art dispute in the most violent manner upon the genuineness and value of pictures, this is quite disagreeable enough; but when one of them appeals wholly to high or the highest accordant opinions, where is the unbiased judgment, where is the dignity of the connoisseur?

Personalities, anxieties, petty jealousies, sarcasms, and ill-timed praise, are the soul, while a language that affects learning and gentility, is the external garment of controversy on art at the present day.

Recently, Schnaase has taken a wholly independent position, in his "Letters from the Netherlands," and has subjected the world of art to a new arrangement,

and given it a new aspect, with a love for his subject as great as his historical spirit — a pleasant proof that the love of art may always be reproduced in us of itself, however much it may be driven in disgust from the academies, by their twaddle and quarrels about art.

The psychological æsthetic theorists who abstracted their ideas wholly from the object, for the purpose merely of asserting the mental powers, by which beauty is felt or produced in art, were naturally not creative artists, or their patrons, but rather poets and philosophers, not accustomed to see beauty immediately, but to reflect upon it. Such were Schiller, Jean Paul, and Bouterwek. Although the admirable spirit of these men is not to be denied, even in their æsthetic systems, still these systems are certainly not the most distinguished of their achievements.

Soon after these came the metaphysical æsthetic writers, chiefly from the school of Schelling, as the former had come from the school of Kant. It is remarkable that the greatest revellers in all the enjoyments of art and nature, were exactly those who went directly over from the most sensual reality to the most spiritual idea. Heinse marks the transition to Frederick Schlegel and Tieck. These men passed from the classical voluptuousness of Winckelmann, by degrees through Schelling's philosophy, completely to meagre penance and renunciation. The true lawgiver of taste in this period unhappily met a too early death in Novalis. Solger has but poorly supplied his place.

A great affluence of ideas unquestionably belongs

to this school. The longing for noble action, the impulse to restore the beautiful to practical life, and not to adore it merely in art like a corpse, first set the æsthetical inquiries in motion. But as the impulse could not be quieted, and no hopes to attain the goal could be entertained, errors were committed at the outset. Instead of the æsthetic education of the human race, instead of the embellishment of universal national life, Heinse could only inquire into the æsthetic culture of private life, in the case of an artist of genius, and as an exception to the general state of affairs; and this onesidedness, this vain privilege, was immediately punished by the excesses that were inevitably connected with it. Tieck joined the revelry a good while, but finally rushed at once to the other extreme, from the Magdalen's sins to the Magdalen's penitence, and gave to æsthetics a wholly new tendency, which reawakened great hopes, when he pointed the way to the oldest religious pictures, and to church music, to the church in general, and to heaven. This was the tendency of the celebrated "*Fantasies of a Friar, a Lover of the Arts*," which Tieck adopted and completed from Wackenroder, who died early. Frederick Schlegel, also, took the same path from the wildest debauchery into the cloistered halls. In his "*Lucinde*," he had taught Heinse's art of life, that is, the refinement of a voluptuousness, rendered more piquant by intellectual charms. The muscle, strained in quite too faunlike a manner, was soon relaxed, and reposed in pious fat; and now he taught us how delightful it was once, in the bosom of the only beatific mother church.

With this were connected romance in poetry, modern mysticism in theology and philosophy, and the restoration and the historical principle in politics, of which I have spoken at great length in the earlier portions of this work. In painting, this new tendency manifested itself in the style known under the name of Nazarene, as a return to the old Italian and old German religious art. If we consider these phenomena as reactions against the frivolous French taste, and reflect that they were forced soon of necessity to have their one-sided characteristics polished away, and to adapt themselves to the wants and modifications of the age, we are compelled to do them justice, and to pardon them the luxuriance from which they sprung, as well as the meagreness in which they ended.

It is plain that we might have expected of Novalis, as his excellent aphorisms lead us to suppose, the most perfect system of æsthetics, in the spirit of romanticism, and of the metaphysico-mystical tendency, which refers every thing to God and to the highest things. Ast published an elaborate, but perhaps too systematic a system of æsthetics, according to Schelling's fundamental principle of dualism. Solger reconciled the prodigious affluence of art in the South, in a flattering and plausible manner, with the pride of intellect in the North, by declaring that there was no beauty except in art, and that all art springs from philosophical ideas of art, and consequently that philosophy is not only the legislator, but, properly speaking, the creator of art too. Thus he prepared the way for his follower Hegel, so far as he condescended to take æsthetics in hand; and the various mad systems of

æsthetics, by the disciples of Hegel,—for example, that of Trahndorf,—all flow from this fountain of intellectual arrogance, which would fain have every thing, and say of every thing it wants to have, either that it has made the thing, or, madder still, that it is the very thing itself.

The cloister fraternity, who are lovers of art, romanticism, and the Nazarene style, though all of them are onesided, have yet contributed to the progress of the arts; but those empty Berlin rationalists in art, Solger, Hegel, and their disciples, have produced only a chilling and depressing effect, like a misty wind from the north.

Poetical artists have not the least notion how to deal with these philosophical principles, and take offence, if they are criticised according to a treatise which they do not understand. The lover of beautiful nature perfectly loathes them.

So far as these philosophical babblers about art, of whom, unhappily, there are a great many, have been convinced that they had to condescend to reality, and judge of art as it is, they have done a great injury to art itself. There is nothing which discourages artists so much—nothing makes art so unpopular in the eyes of the people—as the self-sufficient air of superiority with which the philosophical lackeys assume to themselves the word of authority in all matters pertaining to art, in a language that grows more and more unintelligible every day.

The merits of individual men, in respect to particular arts, ought not to be passed over without notice. Among the writers on architecture, those

who inform us of the historical progress of the art will always be of the highest importance for the great public of general readers. Stieglitz wrote the most comprehensive history of the architecture of all nations and ages; Hirt wrote particularly on the architecture of the ancients; Boisserée gave the profoundest analysis of the Gothic; and Weinbrenna recently was preëminently active in the practical application of correct principles of ornamental architecture. On the kindred art of gardening, the earlier writers were Hirschfeld, Grohmann, and others; very lately, however, the gifted Prince Pückler Muskau has surpassed them all by his noble work on gardening—a work dictated by the richest fancy, the most ardent sensibility for nature, and the most refined taste.

On sculpture and painting, the best things are found in the writings of the historians of art already mentioned, from the time of Hagedorn; such as Winckelmann, Füssli, Fernow, and others. Koch, Gessner, and Semler, wrote particularly on landscape-painting; Heineken wrote a history of engraving; and Unger, of wood-cuts. Senefelder, the inventor, wrote on lithography.

The outward relation of the fine arts to practical life has also been the subject of much discussion. On one side, the enthusiasm of academies has proposed to introduce a new golden age of Leos and Medici in the heart of the North; and, on the other side, Koch, at Rome, has pointed out, in his "Rumford Soup," in vigorous prose, the inconveniences of this over-zeal for art. But I have sufficiently expressed my opinion upon these matters, in my "Tour in Italy."

It is quite natural, that, in the fine arts, as well as in poetry, an encyclopedical affectation, a mixture of all tastes, should have become prevalent. Not only is a Byzantine church built by the side of a Gothic, and the Gothic again by the side of an antique public edifice, but, even in one and the same structure, all styles are blended together. It is the same in painting. We have plastic forms and watery drapery in pictures, which on the other side remind us of Raphael, Dürer, or Eyk, and Perugino; we have antique Hermes' heads on the shoulders of old German pages, and, *vice versa*, citizens' daughters, done in the manner of Lucas Kranach, as heroines.

But painting has one advantage over poetry in *genre*¹ pictures. While the painters are already seeking, in nature and actual life, new ideas and the means of new popularity, of which, unhappily, the fine arts are very destitute, our poets are wandering away more and more into the land of dreams, or into the past, or give a sentimental or humorous representation of life, but only according to certain traditional rules. The true delineators of reality, the poetical *genre*-painters, are still very rare; and yet poetry must necessarily strike into this path. The excessive circumstantiality of the English painters of manners, and the caricaturing of the French, who look in nature only for the unnatural, in life only for vice, the plague, death, and every thing most loathsome, have already taken us between them, and we

¹ [A term borrowed from the French, and applied to portraits, pictures of animals, of household utensils, of prints, and the like — TRANSL.]

follow these disagreeable leaders, without reflecting that it will be our duty and our glory to surpass them, to throw off their onesidedness and degeneracy, and to take up only the beautiful aspect of nature and life.

Music is art to such a degree that the literature which touches upon it remains wholly a secondary matter. It would be a digression, were I to meddle any further with this subject. I will only remark, that we observe in music, too, a mixture of tastes, — for example, church music and the wildest devil's music in the same opera, — and a decided preponderance of studied artificiality, of far-fetched passion over simple and natural sentiment, and its expression; and hence, in particular, a preponderance of harmony over melody, and of instrumental over vocal music, coinciding with the same confusion of taste, the hunting for effect, and the excessive artifice in the poetic art.

It is well known that the Germans and the Dutch, in particular, were the first in the middle ages to excite a taste for music in Italy, and to prepare the way for the flourishing age of Italian church music. From this sprang the music of the opera, which was a bond of union between Italy and France, and which favored that gradually formed supremacy of foreign taste, which went side by side with political supremacy. Against this foreign and worldly tendency of music, a noble opposition of German church music arose in the last century, after Sebastian Bach, from which, however, the German opera music was formed by Mozart, Weber, and others. At the present moment, this has given in its adherence to all possible tastes, so that again a twofold opposition has sprung

up against it, namely, the attempt at restoring the ancient Italian church music, and the old popular melodies, by Thibaut, and at a revival of national music in singing societies, particularly with the help of the choral music by Kocher. These last efforts stand in a close connection with the school of Pestalozzi, who, it is well known, made music one of the aims of education, and considered it one of the highest and noblest means of culture.

The contributions of Marpurg, Forkel, and Gruber, to the history of music, have been very recently surpassed by the masterly work of Kiesewetter. An infinite amount has been written in relation to theory, taste, and the like; but the ablest works of all are by Callot-Hoffmann, Weber, Rochlitz, Rellstab, and some others. Of the schools of thorough bass and other treatises, I know nothing. What value I should place upon the innumerable discussions and fantasies about music, upon the analyses of the beauties of Mozart, upon musical critiques and rejoinders, I know just as little. But I believe I am not wrong in supposing, that, in this province also of the criticism of taste, the false enthusiasm of the romanticists, the passion for consistency, and the assuming dogmatism of the philosophers, and even the frivolity of the ironical and humorous writers, have made themselves abundantly felt. Too much, on the whole, has certainly been said upon music. Instead of listening, people say at random what cannot but produce interruption and confusion.

Upon the state of the theatre, I shall here confine myself to few words, as I shall have occasion to

speak of the dramatic poets hereafter. Here and there, people may have boasted, and may still boast, of great success; but, on the whole, the German theatre has never yet quite come to its blossom time. A great capital, a great national interest, a great freedom, are needed for that. From the religious plays, our theatre advanced to popular carnival entertainments. In both prevailed a vigorous national humor along with a great deal of antiquated tastelessness. They disappeared. All poetry became court poetry, all the theatres became court theatres, where the courtly festival pieces of Versailles were copied, in which the opera and ballet were the principal parts. Together with this, the stately tragedy, which the German court poets translated after the French, as the French did after Seneca, came into vogue. Gotsched, in full bottomed wig, regarded this as the golden age of the theatre; but he rendered a real service to the history of the German stage, by his collection of the ancient carnival pieces, and his commentaries upon them. Stranitzki, the Silesian, was the first to bring a joyous life and a merry popular tone upon the boards, by transplanting the comedies of Gozzi, founded on popular tales, from Italy to Vienna, and establishing there the delightful Leopoldstadt theatre, which has remained faithful to its national character, to this very hour, now more than a century, but could only remain faithful by keeping in a lower sphere.

A new epoch began with Lessing. The Gallomania was banished; the muse again descended from the courtly cothurnus to the sock of common life.

Taste deserted the court theatres, and travelled about with the strolling companies, who introduced the best tragedies and comedies of the English and the later German poets. The hero of these birds of passage was Eckhof, the first great German mime. Schröder held a middle station between these strollers and the permanent players. He alternated between Hamburg, Hanover, and Brunswick. Fleck occupied a fixed position in Berlin. These able and memorable men did what Lessing wanted to have done, and made such a revolution in the German stage, that it departed more and more from the example of the French and approached the English, and brought before the public all the first promising productions of the German dramatists, not without a patriotic enthusiasm. Then Engel made the first attempt to form a theory of imitation, and Flögel collected rich materials, particularly for the history of comic literature.

The courts at that time, boasting of their illumination, took part with the innovations, and favored the German drama; as Iffland, in Berlin, attempted to catch the popular tone, while Goethe and Schiller, at Weimar, ventured to carry the drama back to the ideal elevation of the Greek tragedy. But the twofold dependence on the courts and the learned dramatic writers was not favorable to the further successful progress of the stage. Kotzebue, and the host of his petty imitators, deserted the honesty of Iffland, and flattered the social demoralization, which gained a new power in the train of the French supremacy in Germany. The attempts in the Greek style were followed by no consequences. On the contrary, some of

Goethe's and Schiller's pieces excited a great enthusiasm for the romantic style, which afterward also found nutriment in the patriotic and anti-Gallican sentiments. Augustus William Schlegel and Tieck, in their works on dramatic criticism, claimed for the romantic drama, and particularly for the godlike Shakspeare, nay, even for the ancient German drama, their high value; but as there was a deficiency of new poets corresponding to this tone, who might have made this taste flourish even on the stage, and as Schiller was already too classical for them, they had to leave the field to their indefatigable opponent Kotzebue, whose modern frivolity partially prevails at the present day. There was naturally a great incitement to the poets in the call for dramatic poetry in the romantic spirit, and many have here aspired after the crown of glory. But those who were poetical never understood stage effect sufficiently, and those who understood stage effect were not sufficiently poetical. The best poems were only printed, either without coming upon the boards at all, or without being able to maintain themselves there, and Raupach is the first romantic writer on the boards at present. He understands stage effect the best, but certainly is not the most poetical. After Iffland, Devrient was the most conspicuous among the dramatists in the epoch of Kotzebue; and now, in the epoch of Raupach, Seydelmann is the most distinguished.

What was modern thirty years ago, is already antiquated—for example, much, and perhaps the merriest parts, of Kotzebue. Since then no new poetic school has been formed for the poetical representation of

real life, and it has not been possible, because the stage is kept under too severe a censorship. We have, therefore, the old pieces, or spiritless imitations of them, by the comic writers of the day, and French conversation pieces, and pieces from common life; but among these, again, only the most insipid are selected, for the same political reasons. Consequently, real life, properly speaking, and every thing great, weighty, and affecting in it, are excluded from the stage. The past only may be transferred to our romantic poems; but the past, too, is put under a censorship, which is even a voluntary one; and very rarely is one of those numberless tragedies in iambics completed, without loyal sermons making their appearance therein. This direct and indirect blending of the politics of the restoration with the stage, is yet, perhaps, an advance of the age; for it proves that the stage which represents the world, and the world itself, have established a relation with each other, while formerly the stage was only a kind of dream-world, wholly independent of the actual state of affairs.

Of theatrical criticism, but little more is to be said than that it comes under the head of criticism. What Tieck, Börne, the late Schreivogel, (West,) and lastly, Lewald, have done in this department, though in a different spirit, has not succeeded in introducing, generally, a more refined taste and a dignified tone. On the contrary, the prodigious mass of our theatrical criticisms in journals, and partly even in pamphlets, are dictated by favoritism, corruption, rivalry, envy, malice, and revenge, and we find, along with unbounded arrogance, which stamps the most insignifi-

cant theatrical talent in traditional phrases, as "the first artist in Europe," the most vulgar abuse, which frequently attempts to degrade precisely the most estimable actors. The best of it is, that all this scribbling, though it still goes on, is gradually fallen into discredit with the public. The only misfortune is, that more intelligent theatrical critics become less and less inclined to make their clearer voices heard in this bestial uproar.

CHARACTER OF THE LATER POETRY.

WE pass on to poetry, which, among all the arts, has the highest significance for this age, and perhaps for all ages. Poetry goes the deepest in unlocking the human heart, and again produces the deepest effects. Poetry alone has the power of doing what comes within the range of no other art, of mirroring the inmost nature of man in the most secret thoughts and feelings; and this gives it the sway over the human soul which all nations have acknowledged. By this revelation of human nature, poetry is at once the most effective means and the highest blossom of human culture. But poetry is also the most enduring, and the most permanent of the arts, because its monuments can be always multiplied and renewed in the easiest manner. Nations change; states are overthrown; one faith expels another; what once passed for truth becomes error; the works of the fine arts crumble into dust; the creations of poetry alone outlive the storms of time, and shine after thousands of years have passed away, in all the glory of their prime. Poetry encircles all ages with her crown; unites and reconciles them all. In the very midst of eternal change, the still and blooming island of poetry, the earthly heaven where wearied souls are again restored, where forefathers and descendants share the like enchantments, ever remains

steadfast. Even religion itself is not tranquillity, because one faith excludes another; in poetry alone rests that peace of God which the wild feelings acknowledge with holy awe, and which tames them with the harp of Orpheus, and reconciles nations and men, who are the greatest strangers to each other.

The Germans have an innate propensity to poetry; nay, we may call the poetical eminently their national characteristic, because their character is so enthusiastic, good-humored, fantastic, superstitious, warm, and tempestuous. The German possesses an extraordinarily delicate and profound feeling, a sparkling fancy, a strong tendency to allegory and symbolism, great dexterity in complicated creations of the poetic art, a flame of enthusiasm that sweeps every thing before it, a delicate sense for nature and idyllic life, for domestic and home-loving feelings, and an almost livelier illusion still for what is foreign and marvellous. Our poetical genius is shown in the most striking manner in the ill-use which we make of it, and which betrays an excess of power in the extravagant character of our proper poetical works, and in the poetical views of life, nature, history, and all the sciences which every where prevail, and on account of which we are ridiculed by the so called practical nations. We are fond of mingling the feelings of the heart, enthusiasm, and Oriental imagery, even with the severest science. If we are wont to bestow extraordinary praise upon the new development of German poetry, we have, unquestionably, a right to do so. Art has perfected itself, in every respect, and produced immortal works, which will hand down the memory of our age to the latest posterity.

Humanity has been far more generally and efficaciously promoted by our poets than by any moralist or misfortune whatever. Literature itself has received a new and great impulse, as the poets have unfolded all the charm of our language, and taught German to the learned again after they had fallen into the extremest barbarism of speech.

The recent poetry of the Germans, taken together, forms a particular cycle, which must be included in that of the collective poetry of modern Europe, and with that must be distinguished from the cycle of all the earlier poetry of the middle ages, of the East, of the Greeks and Romans, and of mythical antiquity. At the portal of the collective poetry of modern times stands Dante; at the portal of German poetry stands Jacob Böhme; both alike solitary. The last reflected light of the middle ages yet became the glory that encircled the head of the new-born infant. Seers, absorbed in God, baptized it with holy fire. Dante gazed at the evening redness of the middle ages, and Jacob Böhme into the morning glow of the modern world. The solemn magical morning was soon followed by a bright, variegated, tumultuous, and secular day.

In the tumult of this day; in the splendor and brilliancy of so many dazzling phenomena; in the changing and fluctuating of names and modes,—it is difficult to draw a correct character of the entire poetical movement of modern times. The present exercises a certain charm over us; it dazzles us with its petty lights, by reason of their nearness. We are easily led away in one object to forget the rest, either because it imperiously forces our exclusive admiration

and worship, or because we endeavor to cling to it, that we may not stumble in the universal confusion, that we may at least love and possess something entirely, as otherwise our interest would be too much divided. In this manner, onesided opinions and partial judgments have been frequently formed upon the more recent poetry. We cannot, in fact, escape them, unless we soar above the confusion, and gain a free point of view, and an unobstructed survey, on the elevation of history; unless we free ourselves from the present and its pressing, hurrying, and contradictory demands, and fly for refuge to the past, to measure the present thereby.

We must trace out the history of poetry to this, its latest development. Poetry had already passed through many great periods, before it entered upon this last. In every one of these periods a change took place. It displayed itself in a peculiar manner, at each several stage, and exposed to us one side after another. Two principal periods have usually been adopted—the Greek or antique, and the mediæval or romantic. Schlegel has attempted to characterize them by calling the antique poetry plastic, and the romantic picturesque. This is no idle comparison. The distinctions in the arts in general are again repeated in each single art. The law of the external affinity is at the same time the law of their inward distinctions. Poetry changes according to its affinity with the other arts, and each of its developments and historical periods corresponds to such an affinity; only we must not rest satisfied with sculpture and painting, with this distinction of Schlegel into plastic and pictu-

resque. Along with poetry there are five leading arts — architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and the dramatic art. To these also correspond, in fact, the periods and different developments of poetry. The most ancient religious poetry of the cosmogonies and mythi was essentially architectural in its character; the later Greek and Roman, and the poetry called exclusively antique, was sculptural. The lyric poetry of the rude nations after the overthrow of the ancient world, and before the period of the highest culture in the middle ages, was musical, and the romantic middle ages themselves were picturesque. Finally, modern learned poetry, which studies itself into the parts of all ages, may properly be called a theatrical poetry; and in fact it embraces as much of all the earlier kinds, as the dramatic art adopts of all the other arts. Even individual poets among us try their hand in all kinds and forms of poetry, because they are parts which the poets play; in former times, each poet cultivated but one kind alone, according to his natural turn of mind.

The poetic enthusiasm of the earliest men seemed to unfold the last blossom of creation. The same spirit of nature, which laid the foundation of the world, mirrored itself in the cosmogonies of childlike nations. Poetry had not yet torn itself away from nature; it animated the masses; it was not yet the exclusive property of an individual; it divided into diverging views as men divided into races; but it remained the property of whole generations; and as it belonged to no poet, but to the nation, it also represented no hero, nothing individual, but the whole world. All its forms were

architectural. With heroism, the individual element broke from the mass, and heroic fable from the cosmogony, the statue from the Cyclopean edifice, and history, poetry, and plastic art, unfolded the highest blossom of this life in Greece and Rome. But here also the poetic art was closely bound to the present and its prevailing character, and what we call classical in it was the strict consequence of the plastic impulse which freed that age from the dark womb of the cosmogonical period, but at the same time gave it the definite form of a vegetation limited to itself. When this life, in its onesided tendency, had shed its blossoms, another great branch of human nature began to unfold in a new direction. As formerly the senses had first torn themselves away from universal life, so now the affections sought to apprehend themselves, and the rising sun of love drew forth the earliest tones from the Memnon columns of the nation. The feelings of the people were expressed in peculiar natural voices, which have now died away, as every tone dies away, of which nothing testifies save a distant echo. These are the "Voices of the Nations," as Herder has called them, such as ancient legends indicate, such as still echo in popular songs, and such as are still heard in their purity and originality, among the pagan races of distant quarters of the world.

In this tendency, Christianity took a mighty hold of the nations; and this tendency arrived at its most flourishing period in the middle ages; the national feeling became a universal feeling; the voice, familiar only to the national ear, became an image, manifest to the eyes of all. Poetry again became *cosmic*, and,

consequently, architectural again in its proportions, as painting now is; as formerly, starting from universal cosmogony, it had petrified into the plastic and individual character, it now poured from the various fountains of the nations into the rushing waves of a boundless sea. Christian romanticism, however, had been absorbed in the unstable element of feeling, as that more ancient poetry had stiffened into sensible forms. Hence it was bound to the same consistency; and, even in this romanticism, a certain instinct gained the ascendancy, which could not go beyond definite boundaries, but, within their limits, moved with perfect security; and so romantic poetry, too, like the antique, has something of the classical character.

This classical character — the involuntary certainty and harmony of subject and form, in which the works of art perfectly resemble the works of nature, and appear to be formed by the same creative impulse which made the heavens, the mountains, plants, and animals, as they are, and not otherwise, as if it could not have been helped — this is, properly, what distinguishes all the ancient poetry from the modern. The poetic inspiration of those ancients was the creative impulse of nature, without selection and without wavering. Ours has become an affair of reflection, and we choose and waver.

The later poetry is wholly theatrical. People go to poetry as they go to the play-house — to deceive and entertain themselves in an agreeable manner. Poetry is no longer connected with life; no longer life's noblest blossom; but stands opposed to it, as dreaming does to waking. It is no longer something involuntary

and necessary; no longer the outpouring of a holy spirit, which comes from within; no longer the creation of an urgent, unconscious, involuntary impulse of nature; no longer the free growth which springs up, nobody knows how. It has rather become a talent which one applies this or that way, at his will, and a mere plaything for entertainment. It springs up no more; it is only made: it is no more; it only seems: it has faith in itself no more; it only wants to deceive. To write poetry, one needs no more the inward and sacred inspiration, but only some knowledge of what gives people pleasure, and some skill. A perfectly clear consciousness in the understanding has taken the place of an unconscious impulse in the affections. The poet does not create as a blind impulse forces him to do. He sets him down and reflects; he asks himself the question, What do I want to *make*, and how must I make it to please the people? The same talent that formerly came of itself, when the poet's heart was in the poetic inspiration, now obeys the careful precepts of the understanding. Formerly, poets had no definite aim; they merely expressed themselves as the fountain pours out its stream, and as the bird sings. They were greater than others, as one mountain is higher than another. But now their aim is to delight the people, and they vie with each other in producing that effect; and, as they govern themselves no longer by inward genius alone, but by applause from without, so they torment themselves about fame, and walk on stilts, to raise themselves higher than others.

Or is it otherwise? With the really great and origi-

nal poets, unquestionably. Among them poetry is life still, as it was with the oldest singers of the ancient world; and they are poets, because they must be, and in the manner that they must be, urged only by genius within, and careless of applause. But the great mass of poets are such as I have described, and it is the very existence of this mass which characterizes our period. But even our best poets have to pay their tribute to the age. They are the offspring of this age, and the spirit of nature which prevails in them proceeds from the nature of our time. Like the children of a player, they have to become players too; they are, as it were, born to their parts.

Universality is the character of this age. Writers are all in all. They transport themselves to all ages and countries, and imitate every thing. The forms of the remotest past, of the most distant nature, blend daily with the images of the present. We travel in one day through all the zones, through all ages, and the chamber, in which we remain quietly sitting, becomes a cavern of Mithra, on the walls of which the earth and heaven are mirrored. The ancient poets did not go beyond the circle of their nationality. Shakspeare brought the whole world within the enchanted circle of his poetical creations; yet they bore throughout the stamp of an English and Shakspearean individuality. But our later poets adopt the foreign view with the foreign subject, and not only conjure Greece into their northern forests, but also a Greek way of thinking into their northern minds. The same German fidelity with which our old painters copied nature, still distinguishes our poets, so far as they apply themselves to

what is past and foreign. If they feel a longing after ancient Hellas, they want to be entirely Greek, so that they may not be afraid of Plato, and might escape ridicule in the presence of Aristophanes. If the middle ages enchant them, they would leave not a single little strap in the harness of the ancient knights, not a single cross on the way-side, without its share of respect. No nation can think themselves so well into another as the German. Our poets make an affair of devotion of this interchange of parts. It is, in fact, a modern polytheism. We turn every thing into objects of poetical adoration, and resemble entirely the ancient heathens in the toleration with which they appropriated to themselves all the gods of foreign nations, the moment they crossed the borders of the country.

: No universal conquest was ever greater than that now undertaken by our poets. Every corner of nature and history is visited by them, and incorporated with the boundless empire of fancy, of which literature is designing innumerable charts. In this universal tendency, however, poetry follows only in the footsteps of the understanding. This later poetry has an intimate connection with modern science. It receives its character from science, as the poetry of the middle ages received its character from religion. Then the affections prevailed, as now does the understanding. The fancy, incapable ever of becoming self-dependent, follows impulse, which it receives in one case more from the affections, in the other more from the understanding. Then it changed emotions and feelings, now it changes conceptions and thoughts, into images and words. The affections turn more within,

and draw the world, by a mysterious attraction, inwardly; the understanding turns more outwardly, and thoughts become wings which bear men through all space and all time. There all life and light are concentrated in one full, glowing sun. Here they are dispersed, scattering and sparkling, into innumerable stars, to traverse and to people the Infinite.

This great empire of modern poetry, whose limits are nowhere, may yet be distributed into certain systems. The ground of division lies partly in the subjects, partly in the forms, but most of all in the spirit, the mode of apprehending, the views of the world belonging to our poetical creations. According to these, certain schools have been formed. It is difficult, however, to draw precise distinctions between them. As, in the great Roman empire, different nations were blended together, so, in our poetical empire, the different poetical styles run into each other. Something has been transferred from each to the others, inasmuch as, on the one hand, individual poets, in the universal struggle, have gone through all parts; and, on the other hand, entire poetical periods have successively been under the influence of particular styles, whose characteristic impress is stamped upon all.

This confusion is most strikingly displayed, in regard to the distinction between the antique of every kind, the monuments of which have been communicated to the poets by the learned researches of philology and history, and the *modern*, which is impressed on every poet by the present moment, by his own experience, manners, and nature. We accordingly make a general distinction between learned poets and nat-

ural poets, or those who borrow the materials of poetry and the manner of treatment from the study of the past, and those who borrow them only from the present. But this distinction is not very accurately observed. The learned poets can never belie their nature; and, for example, how much soever a Voss may strive to turn himself into an old Greek, he remains forever an uncouth boor of Lower Saxony. In just the same way, the sentiments and peculiarities of the modern world, involuntarily find their way into all the imitations of the old chivalry poetry, and into every representation of former times. On the other hand, the modern poets of nature can never break entirely away from the influence of learned culture, of the thousand-fold reminiscences of the past, impressed upon them from their earliest youth. The forms of another world spontaneously hover around them, and an innumerable multitude of conceptions have come down to us, by education and literature, partly from Greek and Roman antiquity, and partly from the middle ages, and are so intimately blended with all our modes of thought and expression, that they have become our second nature.

The distinction, therefore, is limited to a question of degree, of a more or less of the antique and the foreign in our poetical literature. We must, accordingly, draw a general distinction between the learned poets, to whom the *more* applies, and who, for this very reason, find greater acceptance among the more learned and cultivated readers, and the unlearned poets, whom all readers understand, because they admit into their poetry only that little of the foreign

which has become universally known and is current every where.

A distinction like this did not obtain among the ancients. They had religious mysteries, which spread an obscurity over their poetry too, which obscurity was cleared up only to the initiated; but the profane poetry was intelligible to every body. In this, erudition, foreign ideas and foreign expressions never gained the ascendancy. These are a characteristic peculiarity of our recent times alone. Among us alone are readers divided into the educated and the common classes. We possess an innumerable multitude of poems which contain obscurities only for him who has not appropriated to himself the whole apparatus of mythological and historical knowledge, which the understanding of them requires.

As we have gone further in imitating all the nations on the globe, and as the greatest beauties of these imitations consist exactly in the appropriation of the most national peculiarities, their enjoyment requires a more complete acquaintance with those nations. In this, poets as well as readers are distinguished from each other. Local situation has some influence. The most eminent imitators of the light French style — Wieland, for example, and Goethe too, to a certain extent — belonged to the west of Germany; the imitators of the English were universally North Germans. Time, too, makes some distinction. We know the change from the Gallomania to the Anglomania, and so forth.

We have spoken of the influence, both of scholastic learning and foreign literature, at the beginning of

this work, in general terms. Poetry, also, has been subjected to this influence, and derives from it many of its distinctions. But more important still than these are the distinctions which are transferred from the religious or philosophical modes of thinking to the creations of poetry and the taste in regard to them. We Germans differ so essentially from each other in our modes of feeling, thinking, and believing, as even our separation into sects demonstrates, that it cannot but exercise an influence upon poetry. Here, too, nature comes into play again. The North German is more fantastic, witty, and humorous; the South German has more feeling, more earnestness, and more passion. Nature always is the final basis. These fundamental modifications are the cause of the North Germans having particularly cultivated Protestantism, the philosophy of the understanding, and poetry of a fanciful and witty character; and the South Germans, Catholicism, the philosophy of nature, and the poetry of feeling. For the same reason, also, more of the learned poets are to be found in Northern Germany, and more of the unlearned in the south. The great difference in the fundamental views of the poets, which rests on original differences of nature, and which is still more distinctly marked by the religious division, distinguishes our poetical literature from that of all other nations. Nowhere else do we find so great a variety in such marked contrasts. The universal levelling has, to be sure, smoothed away the characteristic distinctions on the surface, here as well as elsewhere, and a poetical rabble, neither one thing nor another, has spread all over Germany; but still, where any depth

whatever is to be found, there these distinctions likewise are to be traced. The superficial rabble shun them, hate them, or look on them with pity; and whenever a poet joins himself decidedly to one creed or system of philosophy, he becomes an object of suspicion to the rest. This frequently deceives us in regard to the value of the most distinguished poets, and disturbs the enjoyment of them. We need only call Ludwig Tieck to mind, whose best poetical works are to this day despised by many people, because a certain Catholic odor is perceptible therein.

We will now pass to the single kinds of poetry, and consider the lyric, epic, and dramatic, with special attention. Each of these species has risen to the supremacy among us; to-day one, to-morrow another; all have been cultivated in every possible direction, and not a few single poets even have taken up all together; and Goethe the most universally among them all. Homer was only an epic poet; Anacreon and Pindar were only lyric poets; Æschylus and Sophocles only dramatists; our modern poets, however, readily and easily, are all in all. The source of this we have already discussed.

We can distinguish, in our later poetry, a transition from the lyric, through the dramatic to the epic, without, however, attempting to draw the lines too sharply. Unquestionably, lyric poetry had the ascendancy at first. The Silesian school, to which we must return, was preëminently lyric, as afterwards was the school of Haller, Gleim, Utz, Hagedorn, and others, and that of Klopstock, Voss, Stollberg, and the rest. Then the passion for the stage took possession of the

Germans; and, after Lessing had led the way, Schiller and Goethe, Iffland and Kotzebue, founded the dramatic period almost in the same way as the operas succeeded arias, symphonies, and oratorios in music, and Mozart followed Bach and Händel. At present, however, we have grown eminently epic in that deluge of novels which threatens utterly to overwhelm our elegant literature.

This transition is very natural. If it cannot be affirmed that this is the course originally necessary, which the poetry of every nation or of the human race in general had to take, still it has become necessary for our nation and our age. The poetry of the human race began with a purely epic symbolism; and from this objective poetry of the world, by degrees, *subjective* lyric poetry was developed, just as man himself has grown freer and freer and more independent. That most ancient poetry sprang from a harmonious and believing view of the world; the modern poetry of the Germans, on the contrary, from a distracted and perfectly discordant and unbelieving view of things. There, men passed from the whole to the part, from the outward to the inward, from the objective all to the subjective personality. The ancient mythical epos divided into dramas, and these again into lyrical characters, as the wars of the heroes sprang from the theocracy, and political freedom again from these. Æschylus began to translate Homer into the drama, and Anacreon again disengaged the lyrical strains from the pieces of Euripides, like blossoms plucked from the tree, and scattered them about like lyric leaves. So the statue was disengaged from the

edifice of the ancient temple, and took its place, freely and proudly, in the midst of the consecrated halls, as man in the midst of creation, from whose bosom he had at last been disenthralled. This was the original and natural progress of human, and, consequently, of all poetical development. Later poetry, however, takes the opposite course. It is essentially a restoration and reorganization of perfectly dissolved and anarchic elements. That most ancient poetry, becoming more and more divided and broken up, was at length entirely resolved in the Roman age, and passed into a state of putrid fermentation, until nothing remained but dry bones; and these, too, crumbled finally into dust. Then, in the Christian middle ages, began the first great process of reorganization, and a new poetry opened its great blossom-eye to heaven. But this blossom, too, faded away, bore only harsh fruit, in the didactic, narrow, and satiric age, shortly before and after the reformation, then shrivelled up miserably, and was trampled under foot in the mire of those great military roads, which were made by neighbors in the thirty years' war through Germany. The world, however, was a second time reorganized, and in this period we are now living. Now, if we reflect that modern poetry had to be reconstructed out of universal dissolution, we immediately understand that it could not, like the early poetry of the race, proceed from a whole, and extend itself to single parts, but, on the contrary, had to seek a whole from single parts, in a concentric direction. A poetical feeling had to begin to glimmer in individual men, just as, in putrid slime, new life begins to dawn

in the *infusoria*; and the first poetic schools had to be formed in sensibility, in a dim intimation, in a certain poetic Mesmerism, before they could unfold the higher sense for all beauty, just as organizing nature decks the surface of the heaving mass in which the germs of future created things are chaotically fermenting together, first, with the green matter of Priestley, with pappy water plants, and hosts of sensitive, phosphorescent, aquatic animals, before the higher organized beings come in their many forms to light. Thus we see those lyric poets, between Opitz and Voss, watery in character, but yet with the feeling of life, and shining not a little in the ancient night of witchcraft, begin the new development of poetry. They are soon followed by higher, freer, and nobler forms, and a new paradise springs up with sunbright clearness from the night, and over the cold, prosaic flood. That which at first is only felt in lyric poetry, becomes free in the drama, and arranges itself into a harmonious whole in the epic.

If we take our departure from lyric poetry, we must, in pursuance of what has been said, assign to it, on the whole, a general importance in the development of our poetry, and judge of it according to this, and not merely according to its particular, and, as it were, specific value and weight. Were we to regard only the latter, we should have to set aside most of the elder lyric poets as awkward beginners, and place them, without qualification, in the rear of most of the moderns. But if we look to their general importance, even the bad lyric poets of the first period take precedence of most of the far better poets of the

present age, and the public is just enough to acknowledge this. They reverence still an Opitz, a Flemming, Haller, even a Gleim, Kleist, Hölty, although our latest lyric poetry far surpasses them in the matter of taste. People consider still, that those poets began, what our later poets are easily and happily improving.

Lyric poetry not only commenced the new golden age, but always continued to maintain an eminent rank in it. Nay, the greatest of our later and latest poets were lyric poets at the same time, and Schiller and Goethe before all. We may affirm that the Germans are inclined to lyric poetry by nature more than any other nation whatever. We always speak of the German heart. Our lyric poetry establishes the existence of this preponderating power of the affections. Even the earliest monuments of German antiquity mention the songs of our bards. In the middle ages, all Germany blóssomed in a single, great, lyrical spring, and now again every year brings out many thousand songs. Properly speaking, the thread of lyrical poetry has never been wholly broken in Germany, though it has certainly become attenuated. We were always men of feeling, and lyric poetry is the first and simplest language of feeling. Our lyrical poems are like the interest of an immense capital of good feeling and good heartedness, which we have kept undiminished under all circumstances.

Lyric poetry is the poetry of youth; and the German youth have always been more enthusiastic than the youth of any other nation. Feeling runs over, and these young poets probably care more for singing than

for being listened to. Like the birds in spring, they twitter on all the branches, and seem not to know that there are so many thousands of them, and that they are singing only the old song for evermore. They are impelled for once to make their voices heard; and most of them are again silent when the spring of life is over. Hence the prodigious multitude of lyric poets, and the similarity of their songs. Why should they not enjoy this innocent pleasure? Many thousand flowers still blossom by each other's side. If all these poets do not lay claim to immortality, nobody can say any thing to the contrary. This was already the case in the middle ages. Then, too, innumerable poets sang, and on the same subjects. We cannot consider the *Minnesingers* individually; they were a whole nation.

It was the same power of feeling which then impelled to song as now, only then it seemed more closely allied to nature, and healthier; now it languishes more in reflections, and is often diseased. Inspiration, instead of being drawn from nature, is drawn frequently from books; it is often learned, artificial, and over-refined. But in general, healthy nature still ever makes its way.

Lyric poetry expresses either general states of feeling, or feelings on particular occasions, which still may always more or less be traced back to a predominating key-note in the affections. There are in general only four such predominating states of feeling, to which also the principal kinds of lyric poetry correspond. They are arranged according to the temperaments. The sanguineous state produces the bright and joyous songs; the choleric, the daring and warlike;

the melancholic produces the sentimental, passionate, plaintive; and the phlegmatic, the contented idyllic songs. The subject of the first is particularly love, pleasure, and wine; of the second, country, honor, freedom, war; of the third, plaintive love, virtue, and religion; of the last, the landscape, still life, domestic life. As to the form, the social song corresponds particularly to the first; the ode and dithyrambs, to the second; the elegy and hymn, to the third; poetic narrative and picturesque delineation, to the fourth.

The sanguineous songs of pleasure and festive enjoyment exist in extraordinary numbers, but, like the comedies, they fall quite too often into the sugary, the sentimental, or the vulgar, and the gluttonous, if I may so say, or into the sportive style, even to silliness. One poet, particularly one from the school of Gleim, Matthisson, Tiedge, and their peers, calls to mind, in the very midst of enjoyment, some tedious virtue or other, which forces him, like a schoolmaster, to temperance; or he quotes Anacreon and Horace, and coquets with a very pedantic affectation of classic style, in the arms of love, or at the wine-glass. Another, particularly one from the school of Voss, Bürger, and the rest of that class, wants to keep the popular tone, and eulogizes substantial household fare. Finally, a third, particularly one from the school of Goethe, wants to be delicate and refined, and moral to boot, and toys with sin like a eunuch. Still we possess very excellent single songs of pleasure and festivity, which are too well known to need mentioning in this place. Among the later poets of this class, William Müller and Frederick Rückert have

gained an honorable distinction. The latter has an infinite talent in versification, particularly for its harmony. By alliteration, assonances, and rhymes, he knows how to bring all the capacities of language into play, and, by the most ingenious turns, to give each word a musical significance. But this ingenuity does not always agree with simple sensibility, and just as little does the Oriental abundance of his images. He speaks more to playful fancy than to sensibility, and, therefore, the sanguineous style is the most natural to him.

The love songs of the joyous and sanguineous kind generally succeed among us Germans much less than among the Italians. In suffering and complaining, we are much stronger than in possession and enjoyment. Modest and easily satisfied, we know how to pay a distant worship to the beloved object; blessed with the smallest favor, to indulge in merriment; to console ourselves agreeably for her reserve; but we know not how to season possession poetically; it makes us prosaic. Neglected and hoping love inspires us; happy love cools us down. Prudery also, and regard to behavior, prevent us from ever arriving at any right hearty pleasure. This is done only by the popular songs, the *Ranz des Vaches*, and the frisky airs of the merry dwellers on the Alps. The wine songs are certainly better in Germany than any where else, because we have always been, and still continue to be, the best drinkers in the world, in spite of the bragging of some foreigners. But a false tone has crept even into the wine songs, particularly in consequence of the different objects of social meetings assembled over their wine. They have been turned into toasts

somewhat lengthened out. The freemason drinks to the human race, the soldier to war, the liberal to country and liberty, the student to his little privileges. Miscellaneous societies, however, have a certain class of songs, which deserve to be sung over nothing better than cold water. They amount merely to this, that people ought to sit together; that they must drink lustily; that they must have wine or punch before them; that these things taste good, and make one feel well; and more of the like; all of which is understood, of course, by every one who sits down to his glass, and is jolly enough to tune up a song at all.

Of this kind are those songs also, which express a joyous frame of mind, in general, or which are meant to summon the company to that state of feeling. They indicate precisely the vacant place where the poet has wished to set down poetry. They are like superscriptions over musical notes, *allegro*, *andante*, and others, but the notes are wanting. We call for Joy—"Come, then, appear; descend below; daughter of heaven, be our guest;" or we inform ourselves, that "She is there; beloved Joy; now sit we merrily down together;" and so on.

The choleric songs presuppose a high, impassioned flame, and are seldom composed where this flame is not really blazing in the poet's bosom. These are suited only for elevated states of mind; and as, in ordinary life, one does not make himself particularly agreeable with these exaltations, they are the less wrought up by art. Their subject is stormy enthusiasm for honor, freedom, country, and wrathful excitement against the enemy, against vice and imbecility. This fire of

passion is seldom personal, because personal passion is seldom poetical. For the most part, it is a social and national enthusiasm, which burns in these songs. Among those rare souls of fire, for whose personal passion we take an interest on account of its purity and depth, Hölderlin stands at the head, in Germany. The divine delirium of this poet is the noblest of its kind known to poetry.

The period of patriotic enthusiasm, just expired, has called out a great number of patriotic songs, and songs of freedom and war. At an earlier period, Schiller had already given the key-note. Körner, Arndt, and Schenkendorf have sung strains well suited to their times, and excited a genuine enthusiasm. The finest songs, however, were those of Ludwig Follen; they are pealing trumpet tones, joyous, noble, full of the wild and headlong joys of battle.

The melancholic songs commonly express the general feelings of longing, of suffering, and of sorrow, or the sentiment excited by particular serious and mournful occasions. Genuine melancholy springs up in the soul without any external occasion, and seeks out its own object. Youth has its melancholy period; and as youth is most inclined to lyric poetry, the greater part of lyric poems are of the melancholic kind also. The sentimental contemplation of nature and the complaints of love form the staple of these songs. They are natural and moving, if the sentiment is genuine and the proper limits are not passed over. But there is a multitude of songs, likewise, in which sometimes an artificial sensibility, sometimes an extravagant, weak, and womanish whining, predominates. Thus we find

in Matthisson, Tiedge, Kosegarten, a great deal too much reflection, too many learned quotations, too much premeditated elegance, and far too much of minute painting. We see that the poets themselves have felt less than they have thought, and they consequently excite less feeling than sensible images and thoughts. These poets, notwithstanding, want to seem full of deep sensibility, and, therefore, exaggerate the expression of it. They dip the pen in the ever-running tub of tears of elegiac woe, and adopt a certain whimpering and plaintive tone, which strikes us as natural at best in an unhappy Louisa Brachmann.

Religious songs must also be reckoned with the melancholic kind. We are very rich in this species of poetry, and many of these songs are of the highest excellence, but the most fervent are those of Novalis. But, unhappily, we find the best religious songs scattered about only in collections of secular poems. The church takes no notice of them. Here the old hymn-books which were compiled in a barbarous age, by highly unpoetical theologians, or miserable versifications of the psalms, still prevail. The few good exceptions only make this abuse the more apparent. Thus the Protestant church deprives itself of the very means by which it might win souls. Philosophy offered herself to it; it declared war upon her: poetry offered herself; it has dismissed her with indifference.

The songs of the phlegmatic kind form a Dutch school in lyric poetry. Still life is its essence and its subject. Contentment is the state of mind from which they spring; idyllic nature, family scenes, sober happiness, their subjects: Voss, Kosegarten, the field

preacher Schmidt, with his muses and graces out upon the Marches, were the leaders of the choir. Here, too, we have not adhered to nature, but have quoted the ancients, particularly Theocritus and Horace. Nothing could be so ludicrous as this learned rusticity, and rustic learning.

In the last century, there were also a multitude of didactic, particularly of moral poems, which yet are very much out of fashion in the present. They never had any poetic value, unless, like Schiller's didactic poems, they proclaimed at the same time a great and noble passion and enthusiasm. Fables have at present equally declined.

In the present century, ballads, on the other hand, have become more numerous. We have passed from theory to experience, from the province of philosophy to that of history; and so we like better to look for examples in poetry than for precepts. Our greatest poets have written ballads; and the number of inferior ballad-writers is incalculable. Certain very favorite legendary subjects have been treated ten or twenty times over. One of our most meritorious ballad-writers is Gustav Schwab. Other authors, moreover, have brought down ballads, like every thing else, to the vulgar level. All the follies of our modern novels, insipid gallantry, stale cruelty, and feeble resignation, have had to be charged upon ancient knights and dames, in recent ballads; and we hear the antiquated measures alone resounding like an echo from the ruins of ancient castles.

We pass now to the drama. If the beginning of our poetical age produced more lyric poems, and

novels appear in greater numbers at the present moment, the intervening space abounds preëminently in plays. The brilliant period of the drama is just over, or at least interrupted; but the novel, on the contrary, is now enjoying its golden age.

It deserves to be remarked, that our plays belong almost exclusively to the more recent period of German poetry. The middle ages were great in epic and lyric poetry, and it was not till towards the end of that time, that something was heard of the drama. Of all the muses, the dramatic were the latest to wander into Germany, and made their first appearance in the Thespian cart, as they did in Greece. Stupid religious pieces, and secular carnival buffooneries, were their first wretched offerings. Those religious plays never reached the excellence of an ideal cultivation, as in Spain; and these secular burlesques arose and disappeared with the prosperity of the third estate, and never became what they have become in England and Italy. Hans Sachs made a whole dramatic world, as in a magic lantern, pass swiftly before the eyes of his contemporaries; but the pale and crowded forms disappeared in the night of that age, in whose thick darkness, Jesuitism, orthodoxy, and the witch-trials, taking the place of every other entertainment, played a great and universal tragi-comedy.

When Germany recovered herself again, power and pleasure were withdrawn from the nation to the courts of the princes; and here alone had they money and tedium enough to give Melpomene and Thalia, as handmaids, to the superannuated court fool. The fashionable world then went to the school of France and

Italy, and ordered over the theatre from thence, with all its appurtenances. But, fortunately, along with the distortion of the antique taste, a romantic element was still retained, which struck into a new path, particularly in the opera; and French comedy began gradually to return, merrily enough, to nature. Finally, the passion for the stage reached the cities, which had preserved some prosperity from the ruins of the middle ages, or had worked themselves up to a new flourishing state; and the old Hanse towns preëminently, Hamburg before all, opened an entrance for the muse of Shakespeare, and rendered the hitherto courtly and foreign drama civic and national. The earlier imperfect attempts were carried out by Lessing, who must be regarded as the founder of the modern German drama. He not only refined taste as a critic, placed before the eyes of the nation the best foreign models, and became an all-powerful oracle to the stage managers and the public, but he set the first example, as a poet, and gave the German drama the tone which it has ever since preserved. *Emilia Galotti* was the first German tragedy; *Minna von Barnhelm*, the first comedy.

Since Lessing's time, the German theatre has been raised to its most flourishing state by Goethe, Schiller, Schröder, Jünger, Iffland, Kotzebue, and others; but it has again sunk very low.

Every species of drama has again degenerated, after having, for a time, risen to a wonderfully prosperous condition. Tragedy, which had risen to its culminating point in Schiller, has sunk to the Fate tragedies. Comedy, which rose, in Kotzebue's hands, if not to the highest perfection, yet to the highest pop-

ularity, has wandered away to France once more, and imitates nothing but the French small comedies of intrigue, and the vaudevilles.

The sentimental plays, also, which were formerly made by Iffland a real national affair of the Germans, have taken the road to France, and imitate the ferocious melodramas and executioner's pieces of the Parisians. Even the opera has declined since Mozart, and shares all the faults to which every thing dramatic is now exposed. The tragic writers endeavor, with exhausted strength, to force originality; but the comic writers, who take every thing, even their own fame, more easily, content themselves with borrowing from ancients and foreigners, patching up, and slightly modernizing the good thoughts of others. In proportion as intellect has deserted the drama, sensuality has impudently forced itself into the vacant place. As, at the theatres in general, ballets, and the great show operas and spectacles, predominate, with all the splendor of decorations and machinery, the poet, too, strives to lend each single production as much external splendor as possible, in order to make sure of their theatrical effect.

Comedies have never yet thriven very greatly in Germany. The wittiest, and those which excite most to laughter, were not written for the stage. The most popular that are brought upon the boards, and that receive the loudest applause, are commonly somewhat vulgar. None but poets, who, like Tieck, renounce the stage, can give to comedy all its freedom unrestrained; on the stage, they are rather tame and courtly. Mad-cap farces and satires are not tolerated there, except when they are

vulgar and boorish, like "Rochus Pumpernickel," and the "Knight Tulipan." Ingenious farces of a more refined character, applicable to the legion of ridiculous things in our public life, comedies in the manner of Aristophanes, would be something unheard of. The petty follies of single classes or individuals are alone brought upon the stage, and people are honest or dull enough to look for Little-Pedlingtonians only in Little-Pedlington. People think, too, they cannot possibly be merry, unless some sentimental loving couple, or a touching family circle, be brought in. The ridiculous characters are commonly only secondary characters. The circle in which the intrigue revolves is only the family circle. As long as the comic character is not made the leading one, and that circle is not extended to public life on a large scale, comedy will always remain limited and petty.

On the stage we may see, essentially, two species of comedies — the high and refined, as they are called, and the lower and vulgar. The former are for the fashionable world, and their scenes are laid in fashionable society. They are commonly a little tedious, and not so clever and refined as the French of the same species. The wit is here always restrained out of regard to courtesy and etiquette, and commonly assigned to the servants, *soubrettes* and some old caricatures. German morality also permits no great freedoms; and, instead of an agreeable frivolity, we see, in the fashionable gentlemen and ladies who occupy the foreground, nothing but a starched formality. Of a freedom such as prevails in the Figaro of Beaumarchais, we have not the smallest intimation.

The low comedies for the common people are far better. They are rough, often indecent; but are merry, if nothing else, and have a more rapid movement. They adhere, also, more closely to nature, and have a far richer field of caricatures before them than the genteel comedies. In this species of comedy, Kotzebue had, preëminently, the art of making the Germans shake their sides. The circumstance is worthy of remark, that in nearly all these comedies, the ludicrous is almost always identified with what is old-fashioned. There are few German comedies in which there is not some caricature or other who wears the old-fashioned dress, peruke, queue, and bag. The ridicule of what is old has been reduced, in a certain degree, to a system. But certainly if people have exhausted themselves enough with this sort of ridicule, they would now do better to keep a sharper eye upon the follies of the present.

Within the most recent period, comedy has sunk very low. Short pieces of a single act, for the most part borrowed from the Parisians, have driven the greater pieces of our own more than they ought from the stage. Whether it be that people in general have been glad to secure brevity and variety, or that the ballettes and small operas have made preludes, interludes, and afterpieces more necessary, we see on the stage a disproportionately larger number of small than of great pieces, and even in the trade, more collections of small comedies are published than single great ones. These dramatic trifles are almost always nothing but manufactured wares of the Parisians, and extremely dull; or, if they are spirited, their wit refers

to local relations, which have no application this side of the Rhine.

The pathetic plays we can hardly distinguish as a particular species, since, for the most part, they are called comedies; and even in most of the comedies, properly so called, there occurs something of the pathetic. Diderot introduced this pathetic manner, and produced thereby a greater effect upon the Germans than upon his own countrymen. Iffland was the hero of the pathetic and tearful plays; but Kotzebue has also fully done his part. These pieces properly form a middle class between tragedies and comedies. They begin like a tragedy and end like a comedy. The hero or heroine is put to torture for a while, and then every thing comes out according to their wishes. Formerly, sensibility was their more prevailing tone, and soft tears only were sought to be drawn from the eyes of the public; at present, cruelty is their predominating character, and they aim to produce strong contrasts in the sensibilities, by means of cruelty and terror, and the happy issue following thereupon. Gentle emotion, however, is always more in place here than terror, which should never be idly abused. It is a real piece of barbarity to let the cruelty rise first to the highest point, merely to enjoy its pleasure, and then to exchange it for the delight of pardon and reconciliation. They want to add to the enjoyment of a Turk and cannibal, that of a good Christian and philanthropist. At one time, a false and quite too tragical tone is introduced into the pathetic melodrama, and terror is carried to excess; at another, a false and too mild tone is introduced into genuine tragedy, and pity is

abused. They do not scruple even to work over the best tragic materials for this purpose, and, where death and punishment ought to come in as the necessary conclusion of the tragic whole, all of a sudden to introduce pardon and a marriage.

Finally, we must pass on to epic poetry. Epic poetry, in the form of the novel, has manifestly acquired the ascendancy at the present day. The epic in verse, on the contrary, appears only as a stunted after-birth of earlier times. Our ancestors in the middle ages were not to be surpassed in heroic song. And yet their works, so like the ancient cathedrals, were, like them, for a long time misunderstood. When the Germans began to grow poetical again, they imitated only foreign models—the ancients and the French, and then the Italians and English also. As in architecture, so in epic poetry, a certain Jesuitical French court taste acquired the ascendancy, in which heathen Gods and Christian saints, in piebald allegories and new-fashioned curls, had to draw the triumphal car of Louis XIV., and his compeers. The epic muse was transplanted to Germany by Voltaire, whose *Henriade* was translated by Schönaich into a *Hermaniade*. But, as the Germans, if they once take up with foreign models, always instinctively choose the best, so our epic poets soon passed from Voltaire to Milton, Ariosto, Tasso, Virgil, and Homer. Klopstock borrowed from the kindred intellect of the Englishman the Christian mythical idea, and from Homer his moving simplicity and external form. Voss endeavored to copy this form with still greater fidelity in his *Louise*. But as soon as Herder had

gathered around us the poetry of all nations, and the earlier poetry of our own, as by the touch of an enchanter, and had disclosed worlds upon worlds, the poets too, and Fouquè and Ernst Schulze at their head, quickly grasped at every possible epic form, and imitated them all in gay confusion.

It cannot be denied that our later and our latest epic literature is very rich in numberless beauties ; but all that it has gained consists entirely in these single beauties. A perfectly satisfactory whole has been achieved as yet by no poet. The effect of all of them is injured by the circumstance that they are imitations, whether more in substance or form it matters not. A poem can no longer be borrowed from nature, but only from another poem. Such poets, therefore, — as Leonardo da Vinci said of the painters who paint, not after nature, but after the manner of a school, — are not the sons, but the grandsons, of the muse. Those old poets delineated their nation, their age. But how ridiculous it is for a modern German poet to invoke the muse of Homer, or to talk about his lyre, or pretend to grasp the harp of Ossian ! How offensive is the thought, that a poet, who has very possibly been drinking coffee, and is smoking his pipe or taking snuff, ventures to represent to his readers that he has worked his way completely, body and soul, into the company of the ancient Greeks or the knights of the middle ages ! They would be prodigiously amazed, — these Hectors and Achilleses — these Rolands and Tancreds, — were they to see how the mice are nestling in their helmets, in this ink-shedding age. And the old poets themselves, what would they say to their modern rivals ? They would be

compelled to believe that all the poetry in the world had disappeared with them, if this good old earth of ours did not still send, once in a while, a Shakspeare or a Schiller after them to Elysium. If it is merely ridiculous to cut out hundreds and hundreds of copies, after an *Iliad* or an *Orlando Furioso*, so it is, on the other hand, perfectly absurd, nay, pernicious, arbitrarily to apply the forms of the ancients to modern and unsuitable subjects, or to knead together the most diverse forms, into a part-colored mixture, as Ernst Schulze has done in his "*Cecilia*."

If we look for a genuine, a perfect epic, and wholly peculiar to our time, we shall find it only in the novel. The novel in former times appeared to be as much repressed and stunted as heroic poetry does in our own. The whole difference between the heroic poem and the novel, is a difference of ages and of their character. The heroes and destinies of the ancients were made the subject of living song; ours are only the subjects of description. Unquestionably, our all-embracing, all-penetrating knowledge of the world exercises the greatest influence upon the prodigious mass of our novels, as it does upon all the phenomena of modern civilization. Poetry, in Grecian antiquity, followed the plastic tendency which appealed to the senses; and in the Christian middle ages it followed the one direct and strong current of the affections; and now it follows the understanding alone in all directions, and into all the depths of the contemplation of the world. It goes along in the footsteps, as it were, of the understanding, to enjoy every thing which that discovers. It must, however, in consequence of

this, break away from all ancient and rigid forms, and select the freest form of all; and this it has found in perfection in the novel. There is no freer poetical form than that of the novel, as there is no freer poetical spirit than that of the novel, and as in general the human mind in our age is struggling after freedom.

The poetical creations of antiquity passed first, as it were, through the medium of the senses. They received a plastic form before they entered into song. The poetical creations of the middle ages passed through the medium of the affections, of enthusiasm, of passion. They were felt before they became words, before the heavenly glow was allayed in the "sound and smoke of name." But our poetry passes through the medium of the understanding, of observation, of judgment, and of reflection. This is the characteristic of our poetry, and most especially of our novel, in which this poetry has found its proper home. Even the invisible word among the Greeks had to flatter the senses, but in the middle ages it had to move the deep foundations of the heart, and among us it must flatter the understanding. The Greeks translated beautiful nature; the middle ages translated faith; we translate our science into poetry. The essence of our novel consists in nothing else. The Greek view of the world was drawn from the senses; that of the middle ages from piety; and ours from the understanding. Poetry has always adhered to these general views of the world, belonging to different ages; and why should not ours do so too?

The view of things drawn from the understanding

is always epical, for it places itself in the freest contrast to the external world. Therefore, the epic is its most appropriate form, and the novel preëminently, because this is the freest epic form.

The power of the affections, which still wells up ever fresh in our nation, always finds an immediate vent in lyric poetry and the drama. The understanding, however, which outflanks every thing more and more, draws away most poets to novel-writing; and as the greater part of our most eminent poets have sung songs in youth, written plays in the full vigor of manhood, and composed novels when age was approaching, so the like progression shows itself in the mass of the poetic rabble. The novel-writers are rapidly gaining the supremacy, as did thirty years ago the playwrights, and sixty years ago the lyric poets.

The novel sprang up when the heroic poems of the middle ages were resolved into prose. In this civic dress, and in contrast with the age which had lost all the characteristics of chivalry, they became ridiculous, and did not recover their high rank until they assumed the ironical character, and became comic and satiric novels. Thus from the heroic poetry sprang the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, and from the legendary poetry, the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. It was the reforming understanding that annihilated the middle ages and created the modern novel. But, as the understanding armed itself on one side with ridicule, and on the other side cherished the study of classic antiquity, as an offset to the scholasticism and pious poetry

of the middle ages, so Lucian offered himself as the most suitable prototype to the new novel-writers. Hence all the novels of the reformation were more or less formed after him. What Boccaccio did for Italy, and Cervantes for Spain, was done by Rabelais for France, and, somewhat later, by Swift for England. The Germans, as S. Brand, Erasmus, Hutter, Fischart, and others, imitated the satires at first in sermons, dialogues, letters, and in other ways; but at length, after the thirty years' war, they passed to the proper novel, and, to be sure, in an original style.

The "Adventurous Simplicissmus" and the "Island Felsenburg" stand somewhat solitary in literature, and were far from acquiring the fame which both of the contemporaneous Silesian schools of poetry have enjoyed. Verse was much more in fashion at that time than prose. Meantime, these novels, as they first departed from the satirical manner, and described events of the real world, the life of common-men under the influences of their age, and in conflict with the wants of the age, in a natural style, and with Homeric simplicity, became the prototypes of the proper modern novel, whose tendency is not that of satire, but, in fact, a calm and epic view of the world.

But as, in the meantime, the French taste, after the thirty years' war, gained the supremacy, and stiff madrigals, stiff pastoral pieces, stiff heroic and love novels, and stiff heroic and love tragedies, the materials of which were mostly drawn from the Bible, from the ancient world, or from the East, as the amusements of

the stately and dissolute courts, again supplanted every other kind of poetry in Germany; the taste and talent for the novel, which paints in a style of Homeric simplicity, were cultivated only in England, whence we at length regained it, in the so called *Anglomani*a, which was introduced among us by the novels of Goldsmith, Fielding, and others.

But these novels have again lost their free epic character, since, on one side, the enlighteners of the world, the *illuminati*, the followers of Nicolai, and the free-thinkers, have made use of them for satirical purposes, as Nicolai, Schummel, and others have done; on the other side, the famous *sentimentality* came into Germany from France, by means of Rousseau, which Goethe's "Werther," "Siegwart," and other things of the kind, spread immeasurably; and thirdly, by means of Voltaire, Crebillon, and others, the frivolous manner came in again from France, which was cultivated particularly by Wieland, Thümmel, and Heinse.

In these new directions the novel unfolded its capacities on all sides. From the novels of the illuminators proceeded, gradually, an innumerable multitude of theological, philosophical, political, pedagogical, moral — in short, of didactic novels of every sort, in which the novel form was but a secondary affair, but the doctrinal aim was the leading object. Then all possible views of the times, and all possible systems, came into play.

The sentimental novels did not maintain a long existence. They became either cockney productions, good-natured delineations, and eulogiums of the domes-

tic character, of domestic life, of the lazy peace in the good old times of "eighty," by Starke, La Fontaine, and the like, or they passed into the tragi-comic humor of Hippel, and Jean Paul, by seizing upon the contradiction between the still life of the citizens in that cockney age, and an elevated poetry, and the delicate wants of the heart, and the greater hopes of the nation.

The frivolous novels, too, were divided into two species; one of which merely flattered the abandoned morals of the age, as those by Julius von Voss, Schelling, Langbein, Laun, and others, or endeavored to unite them with philosophy and religion, as was done by Frederick Schlegel in his "Lucinde;" but the other class armed themselves with the keenness of sarcasm, in order, by falling in with the revolutionary tendencies of the age, maliciously to undermine all the foundations of religion, morals, science, and art, as is the case with the writings of Heine and his school.

Now, however, a feeling for the middle ages was re-awakened by Herder, Wieland, and Goethe; and men abstracted themselves from the present, to be absorbed in the spirit of the past. This was done at first in a very rude fashion, in the chivalry, robber, and ghost novels, by Spiess, Kramer, and Vulpius. But this taste afterwards became more refined. On the one side, pure Catholic romanticism opened a path for itself, and furnished excellent pictures of chivalrous and ecclesiastical antiquity, awakened anew the ancient legends, and clothed them with a beautiful robe, in the true colors of their age. Such were the labors of Tieck, Arnim, Fouqué. On the other side, the proper

historical novels, apart from that definite catholic tendency, went into all countries and ages, and into every corner of history, in order to make the costumes of the whole earth pass before us in an *orbis pictus* of a new kind, in endless *tableaux*. Even before the time of Walter Scott, Fessler, Meisner, the Naubert, Caroline Pichler, and others, had introduced these historical novels into Germany; but the amazing deluge of them first broke in upon us, it is true, with the imitation of that celebrated Scotchman.

Thus, then, in the whole circuit of the world, so far as it comes within the observation of the human mind, there is nothing left which might not have become the subject of a novel. The novel has, in the broadest sense, fused together science and art, philosophy and poetry. It is the form in which all the boundless erudition of the understanding in our age has reconciled itself to poetry.

So much upon the species of poetry. But in entering upon the characteristics of the poets themselves, I do not propose to follow the order of these classes, but rather the course of time, and, as I have to treat chiefly of the cultivation and development of the more recent poetry, I will dwell but briefly upon the earlier times.

German poetry in the middle ages, as has been already shown, was essentially romantic: the prevailing antique tendency did not begin until the reformation.

True, we find, at a very early period among the German poets, imitators also of the ancients; for

example, the nun Rhoswitha, who wrote comedies in the style of Terence; Saxo, the annalist, and some other historical poets, who imitated Lucan; but they wrote in Latin, and were far from changing the prevailing romantic tendency of the youthful poetry of Germany. Even the translations from Latin into German — for example, Virgil's *Æneid*, like all antique mythology, (Frau Venus, Gott Amor, and so on,) — received a completely Christian and German impress of sober simplicity, and served, in poetry as in architecture, only as a fantastic and heterogeneous ornament of the Gothic edifice.

The excellent history of old German poetry by Büsching and Von der Hagen, as well as the kindred labors of Görres, the brothers Grimm, Mone, Lachmann, and others, relieve me from the task of going into particulars. I will only touch upon the principal points; and, accordingly, I make the following divisions in the great affluence of that old poetry: — First, the German heroic epos, as still germinating from a pagan age and the popular sagas; second, the spiritual poetry and the legends, as having their origin in the spirit and history of Christianity; third, the vernal and love poetry, as the first blossom of the refinement of manners; fourth, the allegorical epic and the fable, as borrowed from the East. Thus they succeeded each other in the order of time, and allegory and fable formed immediately the transition to the citizen's *Meister* songs, and to the commencement of the drama in the carnival plays.

The heroic spirit of the archducal house of

Hohenstauffen was followed by the mercenary spirit of the electoral princes of Hapsburg, and the deep, poetical enthusiasm of the crusades by the mischievous scholasticism; then poetry could not well help going down. The way had been prepared for a new era. The reformation was destined to break the chains of superstition and falsehood by the power of reason; the age looked, with longing eyes, beyond its afflictions; a change was eagerly sought after; and, while a future differing from the present was anticipated, men fondly dwelt upon the contemplation of a past of an equally opposite character. They threw themselves with ardor back upon Greek and Roman literature, and fled thither as to a place of refuge.

The nearer the age of the reformation approached, the more that *naïveté*, with which ancient paganism had formerly been regarded, disappeared. The compassion with which believing Christians had looked back upon it, was converted into admiration; nay, into envy and imitation. But those ancients were accessible only to the learned, and, therefore, the imitation of them made its appearance at first chiefly in the strictly learned province. The Latin poets, who were celebrated at the universities, but did not penetrate to the people, succeeded the German *Meistersingers*. The satirists of the reformation were the first to form the transition from the Latin learned poetry to the German popular poetry. Lucian exercised a mighty influence on the reformation. He was universally imitated in Germany, by Sebastian Brand, Erasmus, Hutten, and many others, some of whom were stirred up to moral satires,

and others to ingenious irony. As religious controversy envenomed the passions, and turned the affections to savage rudeness, this satire degenerated to the coarsest polemics, to obscene outrage, and perished in its own abominations.

Under the Hohenstauffen emperors the nobility had been poetical; under the Luxemburg emperors, the citizens became so; under those of the Hapsburg family, poetry passed to the learned, from the living hand to the dead hand. The reformation pulled down; the thirty years' war swept away. Through numerous bloody breaches, foreign manners poured into our desolated country. Germany then resembled, in almost every respect, a conquered land, where foreigners of every description crowded tumultuously in, and assumed the reins of power. The younger generation, born in the midst of conflagration and death, were neglected in the highest degree, and imitated the foreigners. They dressed like the Dutch, ate like the Swedes, put on Spanish airs, swore like the Hungarians and Turks, and mingled up, in the conversational style, which was considered the most genteel and elegant, as many outlandish scraps as they possibly could. In this new barbarism, however, a twofold influence gradually gained the supremacy, and prepared the subsequent periods in the progress of taste, namely, on the one hand, the philological study of the ancients, which was cultivated at the universities and schools, and French fashion on the other, which came up at the courts and among the nobility, after the model of the court of Louis XIV.

At that time, Protestantism, when set in motion,

was a consuming fire of wrath, but in a state of rest, was a freezing northern snow light, and could least of all lay the foundation of a national poetry. But with the study of the ancients, which it favored for purposes of the understanding, the muse, too, came uncalled. On the Catholic side, creative power was equally obliterated; the ancient Uranus was unmanned by his recreant son; and the Jesuits could only contest the palm of supremacy with Protestantism by the arms of learning and taste borrowed from Protestantism itself. Thus the ancient classics were cherished as the canon of taste, at the Catholic as well as at the Protestant schools. If we have reason to complain of the want of a national poetry, familiarity with the Greek poets was still a healing balm, almost the only one, for the many wounds, with which Germany, in that age, lay bleeding. At length, out of the revival of antique taste, a freer culture sprang up, by which German poetry also was enabled to renew its youth. The mere blind predilection for the ancients, the tasteless attempts at imitating them, continued, indeed, for a long time, to be the only compensation for the better poetry which was still slumbering.

The new French poetry exercised the greatest influence upon the kind and the manner of imitation. With a few patriotic exceptions, the German poets only saw through French spectacles, even if they had ancient models before them. Properly, they were only imitators of imitators, until, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the pure German

Græcomania supplanted the French manner, through the influence of Klopstock, Voss, and others. I, therefore, comprehend all this period in the history of elegant literature under the name of the *Gallo-mania*.

GALLOMANIA.

FRANCE, although it maintained a German character, and was intimately connected with Germany, under the ancient dominion of the Franks, had more and more distinctly separated itself in the course of centuries, and the German influence had more and more given way to the Latin reaction. The inferior Frankish nobility had been already annihilated under the Carolingian dynasty by the civil wars; the higher nobility were afterwards disarmed of their power by the kings; the old Gallic-Roman nation gained a marked ascendancy in language and feeling; and the policy of the kings themselves leagued with all the Roman elements, particularly in Italy, against the German. When, moreover, the old French national poetry, so like the German and English, went down, and the study of antiquity gained the upper hand, there was formed, in France, a new poetic school, which was partly a copy of the Roman, partly modern court poetry, and in both cases stood in direct opposition to the German character. The Parisian scholars rivalled the Italians in promoting the taste for the ancients, and drew their nurture and support from Antwerp and Leyden, especially through the laborious scholars of the Netherlands and Holland. But as in France, at that time, every thing went to court, and, consequently, scholarship

and poetry did the same, and the model despotism of modern times was formed under Louis XIV., that extraordinary Parnassus arose, where Apollo, in the pedantic bag wig, led with his fiddle the concert of the frizzed and powdered Muses, disguised in bodices and hoop-petticoats, in order to furnish the gallant court with an amusing entertainment, and serve to enliven its festivities. Of the ancient motto of French chivalry, "God, the King, Honor, and the Ladies," nothing was left out but God and Honor, and all poetry was calculated for the sole object of flattering the king and the ladies. Hence, in tragedy, the strict monarchical principle, the new Sophocleses and Senecas, the disciples of Hobbes, made their appearance. Hence Horace was the idol of the age, the model for all courtly flatteries. Hence, finally, the frivolity of the operas, comedies, madrigals, and triolettes. The luxury in the pleasure palaces and parks, when the court retired to the country, favored the modern pastoral poetry, and sighing shepherds and coquettish nymphs were pillaged from Theocritus and Anacreon, and still more from Longus. It cannot be denied that the concentration of all talents in Paris already produced an intellectual rivalry, and that very remarkable poetical powers were lavished there; but the application of all poetry to court flattery, and highly immoral gallantry, poisoned the germs of noble feeling every where.

In England, too, this frivolous taste predominated through the influence of Charles the Second; and even the rich and stolid Dutch shopkeepers imitated the gardening and the poetry of Versailles with pedantry, and a certain kind of sturdy solidity. Here it was trans-

planted into bigoted Spain; there it gained over even the daughter of the pious Gustavus Adolphus. The two extremes of the Catholic and the Protestant united in acknowledging their fealty to Parisian taste. Whoever would see how it penetrated to foreign nations, must read the spirited letters of the Countess d'Aunoi on Spain. What wonder, therefore, that after the thirty years' war the unprotected, heavy, phlegmatic Germans, having no point of support within — having no idea of native country — stood open to every influence from abroad, and yielded before the overmastering spirit of French fashion? The Germans of the upper classes, who, at that time, frequently travelled in foreign countries to polish or amuse themselves, found every where the joyous, entertaining, and genial tone of Paris, and made all haste to transplant it to their own soil. Upon this point, read the highly-interesting *Memoirs of Baron von Pöllnitz*. Soon all the German courts remodelled themselves after that of Versailles; and, particularly, the far-travelled and luxurious electoral prince Augustus of Saxony set the most brilliant example, as is excellently described in the remarkable book, also composed by Pöllnitz, under the name of the "Gallant Saxony."

In regard to poetry, we distinguish various epochs of the Gallomania, and proceed to sketch them briefly.

The first German who composed in polished language after the filthy and abusive writings of the religious controversies, but who chose foreign, and particularly French models, was Öpitz, who died in 1639, while the thirty years' war was still raging —

a man who had travelled much, and was respected at courts; who, with a universality peculiar to the Germans, collected honey from all the foreign flowers, blooming but scantily, and transferred it to Germany, but, at the same time, also devoted his studies to the old German poetry of the middle ages, and proposed by no means to sacrifice the German to the foreign spirit, but only to unite them both. We need cast but a single glance upon his dramatic, and even his lyrical works, to recognize at once in them the French, Italian, and Dutch models. We hear, nevertheless, in his works, the echo of the genuine German songs, as well as, in the *Trutznachtigall* of his isolated contemporary, Spee, the Jesuit, that of the tones of the ancient *Minnesingers*. This lyrical German element was the characteristic trait of the first Silesian school, at the head of which Opitz stood, and from which — besides Flemming, who had travelled much likewise, and visited Persia — proceeded the excellent German song-writers, Tscherning, Simon Dach, and Paul Gerhard. Andreas Gryphius, also, made the fortunate attempt to carry forward the drama in the true German spirit of Hans Sachs; and his very spirited plays come much nearer the romantic spirit of the old English than to the affectedly antique spirit of the French theatre, which was adhered to by Opitz, and afterwards particularly by Lohenstein. The excellent Logau, on the other hand, in his epigrams, imitated Martial and the lively French satirists, to which he added a great deal of peculiarly German wit.

This first Silesian school, which half affected the antique in the French style, and half endeavored

to develop the lyric and dramatic elements in the old German poetry, represented the noblest taste of that time, and was followed by all the better minds.

Considerably below this school stood the poetic order of the "Shepherds of the Pegnitz," the remains of the old *Meistersingers*, established by Harsdörfer in Nurnberg, at the end of the thirty years' war, in a transport of joy for the final restoration of peace. This Harsdörfer, too, as well as Opitz, had travelled much, and cultivated, in the new order, the element of pastoral poetry, of the modern imitation of Theocritus, which found in the Italian Guarini its most distinguished master, but found also numerous imitators in France, Spain,—Cervantes himself being one,—and in Germany. These Pegnitz shepherds were dull fellows. They united foreign affectation with the pedantic stiffness and tediousness of the *Meistersingers*. Betulius was the best of them, but even he is no longer readable.

The poetical society of the Rose, which was set up at the same period by Philipp von Zesen in Hamburg, in opposition to those South German poetical orders, stood yet lower. Here the Spanish influence ruled preëminently, on account of the neighborhood of the Netherlands, and by reason of its commerce. Hence, on the one hand, sprung up a barbarous confusion of tongues, which was nowhere carried to a greater excess, but which, too, was the least striking characteristic in such a maritime city. Hence, further, the manner of the tedious moral novels, which were special favorites in Spain, and passed over thence into France. Hence, also, the references to the East

and West Indies, in the poetical descriptions of travels. Francisci, in Lubeck, the first German bookmaker by profession, wrote, among other things, a *novella* which occupies a thick folio volume, in which, after the manner of Boccacio's "Decameron," he describes in dialogues the wonders of the new world, the tropical nature, and all the supernatural tales which then passed current in relation to it. This book, unique in its kind, is called "The East and West Indian, as also the Chinese Pleasure and Public Garden." In rant and bombast, and declamatory conceit, in the novel, Zesen, Bucholz, and Anton Ulrich, Duke of Brunswick, vied with each other. Their so called "wonderful histories,"—the wonderful history of Ibrahim and Isabella, or of the African Sophonisba, by the first,—the marvellous history of Herculiscus and Herculadiska, by the second,—and the renowned Aramene the Syrian, and Octavia the Roman lady, by the last,—form the transition from the beautiful old popular romances—such as "Genoveva," "Melusina," and others—to the modern novel. There was still something of ancient chivalry in them, but already translated into the stiff Spanish *grandezza*, and made intolerable besides by German tediousness and pedantry. The moral and humorous imitations of Quévedo, by Moscherosch, and the peculiarly German novel "Simplicissimus,"—in which Samuel Greifensohn, of Hirschberg, has sketched a very good description of the condition of Germany in the thirty years' war, in the form of a novel of incident,—are much better.

Meantime, Louis XIV., in France, had spread out

the splendid peacock's tail of his court, and dazzled the eyes of all Europe. But all that remained of ancient manners and ancient simplicity was compelled to give way before the luxury and splendor of this court. This influence extended itself even to Germany, and the second Silesian school was destined to mark the uttermost degeneracy of poetry. Hoffmannswaldau translated the still very simple Opitz; Lohenstein translated Gryphius, who often showed something of the genius of Shakspeare; Besser translated the pure Flemming; Talander translated Zesen, who still retained a comparative simplicity; and, finally, Happel, the still modest Francisci into intolerable caricatures. Without being original, the second Silesian school was only the most tasteless distortion of the first. Hoffmannswaldau was acknowledged without dispute as the first lyric poet of his age in Germany; and it gives us a good notion of that age to see how the same man published openly spiritual and licentious songs, nay, poems obscene to loathing, in the same volume, under his consecrated name; and so little offence was taken, that this manner even became universally a favorite. Thus we see that the Baron von Besser, who held a high place at court, and is represented as a thoroughly noble man, did not have the least idea that he was sacrificing any thing of his dignity—and, in reality, lost nothing in the eyes of the public—by describing with anatomical accuracy the most secret beauties of his wife. Not a trace of this is to be found in Opitz or Flemming, any more than in the lyric poets of later times; at that time, however,

French frivolity had extended so far in Germany, that shamelessness was a mark of the highest fashion. It is singular that this licentiousness seems even to have been coupled with a sort of honest true-heartedness and simplicity, which it had never known in France, Italy, and Spain. Let this Hoffmannswaldau be compared with Boccacio and Aretino, with the French Lafontaine, with the English Rochester, and the Spanish Queen Margaret — and the Silesian nobleman will be pronounced, without qualification, the most obscene, indeed, but, at the same time, the most innocent of them all. His muse is like a still healthy and innocent country girl, who comes among corrupt city dames, and, in her simplicity and honesty, believes things must be as she sees them, and blushes only for blushing. Along with this tasteless and awkward immorality — which, as we easily see, is only put on, and not innate — the lyric poetry of the second Silesian school is distinguished also by poetical bombast. Almost universally, the French Alexandrine was adopted as the classic and heroic metre, and with it the ranting tragic and oratorical pathos, extravagant allegories and metaphors, the accumulation of unnatural figures dragged in by the hair of the head, the cold wit of learned quotations, everlasting allusions to the ancient mythologies, and the customary deification of the king and the ladies, in this style, at the court of Louis XIV. In the drama, Lohenstein was no less bombastic than Hoffmannswaldau had shown himself to be in lyric poetry, but he was more moral. The prose writers, however, went to the most disgusting excess. The universal favorite of that time, Ziegler of

Klipphausen, soared to the highest point of poetical rant in the pattern novel of the age—in the celebrated “*Asiatic Banise* ;” and Happel, who followed the example of Francisci, and was the second German author by profession, then inundated Germany with a deluge of historical novels in three or four volumes, whose scenes are laid in Asia, Africa, Turkey, Spain, Italy, Hungary, England, France, and Germany ; works abounding in intricate adventures, and remarkable neither for ideas nor for beauty of style. Talander or Bohse wrote just as many and just as bad novels, but more love-tales for the ladies ; and, among others, a “*Cabinet of Love for the Ladies*,” from which we see that hack writing for the fair sex dates earlier than the present day. The authors I have mentioned, lyric and dramatic as well as novel writers, found numerous imitators, whose names I shall at present pass over. Translations from the French also came into vogue, among which I would only mention Neukirch’s poetical paraphrase of the celebrated “*Telemaque*” by Fenelon. Fassmann brought into fashion the insipid dialogues of the dead, which breathed no more the spirit of Lucian’s satire.

But very few poets, principally Canitz and Günther, adhered to the noble simplicity of the first Silesian school ; and their moral and sentimental poems prepared the way for the subsequent better school.

The only one who distinguished himself among the novel-writers at the beginning of the eighteenth century was Schnabel, whose “*Island of Felsenburg*” has been lately republished by Tieck, and remodelled by Oehlenschläger. This was imitated in a great

many "Robinsoniads," as they were called, which brought the new world into a poetical connection with the old, in a much more spirited manner than the "Indian Pleasure Garden" of Francisci.

The Catholics at that time went their own way, as, at an earlier period, Spee and Balde had already done. Their most distinguished poet in the last half of the seventeenth century was Angelus Silesius, who announced his profound religion of love in epigrammatic verses. He has been brought out again in modern times to the light of day, as one of the noblest mystics, and his writings have been several times republished. He drew his poetry from heaven, since his unhappy country furnished it no more. In another style, Father Abraham à Santa Clara, court preacher at Vienna, was no less distinguished as a very lively humorist and a laughing satirist. His luxuriant abundance of imagery was never fustian and tinsel patchwork, but came forth in living reality from the wealth of his own mind and heart. A selection of his ingenious metaphors, antitheses, and sentences, would rank among the best that have been cogitated by German heads. His single sketches from the life, and small pictures from nature, also, are excellent. But the connection of his writings is always that of a sermon, or a moral work; and all the poetical treasures we find in them are, as it were, scattered about therein by his genius when occasion offered; here a whole heap of precious stones and pearls, there single ones, but never with niggard hand. He has written scarcely a single page in which the mind might not find nutriment. We must not here forget Stranizki, too, who

likewise lived in Vienna, and produced an equal effect in the humorous style, though not from the pulpit, but from the stage. He was the most celebrated dramatist of his age; a Silesian by birth, formed upon Italian models, and, in 1708, he introduced the first German theatre in Vienna, the spirit and tone of which have been preserved down to our days in the Leopoldstadt theatre. His happy blending of the old German legendary carnival drama with the Italian farces improved by Gozzi, was and is particularly suited to the cheerful character of the Austrians, and was much preferable to the wretched Frenchified antiques of Lohenstein, although Stranizki by no means rose to the height of Andreas Gryphius.

Meantime, the poetical supremacy in Germany remained safely in the hands of the Protestants who had taken the precedence in culture, and the second Silesian school was followed by the Saxon school of Godsched. This school, it is true, purified poetry of the filth which Hoffmannswaldau had introduced, but substituted for it only an insipid precocity of judgment and a self-complacent criticism, with which Godsched, following always the French examples, aped the encyclopedic philosophy, which was coming up in France, just as, at an earlier period, the second Silesian school had copied and exaggerated the bombastic and licentious court poetry of the French. In this blind devotion to the French modern antique, Godsched set himself about opposing the romantic taste, which was spreading from Vienna, with all his might. Stranizki's attempt to raise the old German carnival plays to the rank of a German national drama, was an abomination to him :

and, in 1737, he caused the German *Hanswurst*, (Harlequin,) the representative of the old romantic comedy, to be solemnly burnt at Leipzig, in honor of the stately theatre of France. And yet Godsched believed himself to be the veritable father of German poetry, and made all the claims which no one had the right to make until Lessing. Hence he occupied himself no less with the history of the elder German poetry than with the establishment of rules for the modern; and, in respect to the first, we are indebted to him for much valuable information, while his French theory of taste has long been buried under a load of ridicule and forgotten.

As the Gallomania had reached its extreme, and had arrived at a state of critical consciousness, the natural reaction, on the other hand, also came up. It was attacked at once from all those quarters from which, in its onesided views, it had turned away; on the part of nature, it was assailed by Brokes and Haller; on the part of a rational and historical criticism, by Bodmer and Breitingen; on the part of moral and religious feeling, by Gellert; and, finally, on the part of pure antique taste, and of the English taste already coming into vogue, by the period of Græcomania and Anglomania, which speedily followed.

The excellent Brokes, of Hamburg, marks the beginning of this reaction against the Gallomania. He deserted the French models, and, single and alone, took nature for his original, which he copied with the fidelity of a Dutch painter, in his "Enjoyment of God on Earth" — a very thick and tedious work, it is true, but one over which are scattered the liveliest pictures of nature, often not unworthy of a Homer. Then the

Swiss school, not without the influence of Geneva, and that of the spirit of Rousseau and Bonnet, waged an animated warfare against the prevailing school of Godsched, the object of which was to restore natural simplicity, in opposition to false and perverted taste, just as it was in Rousseau's warfare against the prevailing French unnaturalness. At the head of these patriotic Switzers, who had remained faithful to nature among the mountains, stood Albrecht von Haller, the great investigator of nature, and poet. He was followed by the sturdy critics Bodmer and Breitinger, who warred victoriously upon the school of Godsched. Bodmer made some attempts in poetry, but not till later, and imitated the manner of Klopstock. His "Noachide," composed in poor hexameters, a pendant to Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Klopstock's "Messiah," would make him ridiculous, if he had not rendered great service to criticism as the antagonist of Godsched. The simpler and more natural language of Haller and the Swiss school found an echo in North Germany also. Hagedorn was distinguished by an ease and grace of versification which were unknown to his predecessors. The greatest impulse, however, was given by the noble Gellert of Leipzig, whose "Fables," the first classical masterpiece of modern poetry in the eighteenth century, unfolded the hidden flexibility and grace in the High German written language, in a style that could scarcely have been imagined before, as, up to this time, strength was almost its only quality which had been recognized. All the stiffness of the earlier language ought to be known, to comprehend perfectly the delightful charac-

ter of Gellert. His other works are, indeed, inferior to his fables, with the exception of some religious poems; but they acquired a popularity unusual at that time, and certainly exercised the strongest influence upon the reformation of the language; and the natural and simple tone, which Gellert was the first to strike, prevails even in the writings of Wieland, Lessing, Thümmel, and Goethe.

In the course of the controversy between the followers of Godsched and the Swiss, periodical literature put forth its blossoms; but, as the English had already taken the precedence in this, and, after the elevation of the house of Hanover to the British throne, had come into closer contact with Germany, people began, on the one side, to look up English models, while, on the other hand, they expected salvation from a purified and un-Frenchified antique taste. The two schools of the Græcomania and the Anglomania speedily sprang from the reaction against Godsched. The gradual transition from Godsched to these new and distinctly-pronounced schools was marked by the journals of the brothers Elias and Adolph Schlegel, of Mylius, Gärtner, Giseke, and others, whose inferior lights afterwards disappeared before the sun of Lessing.

GRÆCOMANIA.

NOTHING was more natural than the fact that the German Protestants who had conjured up the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity, in order to resist with it the spirit of the Catholic middle ages, not only persevered in reverence for this antiquity, but were even more enthusiastic in its cause, when they threw off the Gallic spectacles through which they had hitherto regarded it.

Rammler of Berlin, the translator and imitator of Horace, formed the transition from the Gallomania to the Græcomania. That celebrated flatterer of Augustus had been, as every body knows, the ideal of the Parisian court poets; and so then Rammler took pains to become to the great Frederick what Horace had been to his emperor, or Boileau to his king. In Paris, this manner was made subservient to politics. As the Christian saints could not very properly be made use of to glorify the triumph of worldly power, the heathen gods at least must permit themselves to be employed for this purpose. The court poets in France first assigned to the deified prince a whole camarilla of gods and demigods, who had no other business than to indicate the godlike qualities of Louis XIV., in allegorical representations. In innumerable pictures and poems, the prince appeared accompanied by a retinue of gods,

among whom the high offices of state were distributed. Minerva bore the sceptre before him, Mars the sword, Victoria crowned his temples, Hebe held the post of cupbearer, Ceres that of carver, and Venus was the equery. In Germany, also, this manner had been already introduced long before, by the first and second Silesian schools, and Hoffmannswaldau had been the chief master of ceremonies. But the honor which had been vouchsafed to the small, and even the smallest, princes of the empire, and petty counts, could not, of course, be withheld from Frederick the Great. Rammler, therefore, summoned the ancient gods and heroes in a body, as if they were a band of musicians, from Paris to Berlin, to crown old Fritz with laurels like the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Louis; and his odes and songs of victory and triumph swarm with mythological allusions, which were considered the more refined and elegant, the more they stood in need of learned expounders.

There had, however, sprung up, even in France, in Rammler's time, a beneficial reaction. Rousseau had exercised an indirect influence. Batteaux, the æsthetic writer, ventured to reject the bombastic, and to recommend the natural style. Rammler translated and circulated his doctrine, although he by no means yet followed it himself. At the same time, Klopstock already exercised an influence upon him, and this spurred him on to rival Klopstock in the melody of antique measures. The unrhymed verses which then came into fashion, and which, at the beginning, had a somewhat odd appearance, — for example, the hexameter with an iambic anacrusis, — be-

came soon a mere slavish imitation of Greek metres, and this naked form already announced the new supremacy of antique taste. It is not to be denied that Rammler, in spite of his half French taste in some of his unrhymed, as well as rhymed poems, was distinguished by an admirable melody.

Between Rammler and Klopstock stood Gleim and Kramer; the one more akin to the latter, the other to the former. Gleim attempted to be the German Anacreon, as Rammler had tried to be the German Horace. But he gained, by his "Songs of a Prussian Grenadier," which celebrated the exploits of his illustrious king, greater fame than by his Anacreontic pleasantries, which would not so well apply to the age of perukes and hoop petticoats in North Germany, as to the age of Hellenic nudity. But the universal mistake of all the Græcomaniacs was, that, with the best will in the world to return to nature, they made a blunder in their choice, and thought they might take the southern and antique in exchange for the barbarous and northern nature, and that no one would be sensible of the exchange. Cramer, as the German Pindar, celebrated Luther in a stormy ode.

Gessner, the Swiss, struck into a peculiar path as the German Theocritus. His idyls repeopled the brooks and forests where so much barbarian blood had flowed, and where cloisters, castles, and Gothic cities had afterwards arisen, with naked nymphs and goat-footed satyrs, with Philemon and Baucis, and a host of little geniuses. But it cannot be denied that his imitations had more of fidelity and natural beauty together than those of Guarini, or any of the pastoral poets

of the court of France; that in them a ray of Rousseau's spirit gleamed forth; and that to this charm of a beautiful fidelity to nature they are indebted for the fame which they will continue to enjoy.

Lichtwehr followed the example of Gellert, but endeavored, in his fables, to remain more faithful to the antique model, and to become the German Æsop. His works, too, contain much that is beautiful.

Klopstock, the German Homer, stands before all these German Horaces, Anacreons, Pindars, Theocrituses, and Æsops. It was in truth he, who, by the powerful influence of his "Messiah" and his "Odes," gave the antique taste its supremacy, not, however, in defiance, but operating rather in favor of the German and Christian manner. Religion and native land were with him the highest themes; but as to form, he regarded the ancient Greek as the most perfect, and thought to unite the most beautiful substance with the most beautiful form, by exalting Christianity and Germanism in Grecian fashion—an extraordinary error certainly, but perfectly natural to the extraordinary character manifested in the progress of his age. The English, it is true, did not fail to produce an effect on Klopstock, for his "Messiah" is only a pendant to Milton's "Paradise Lost;" but Klopstock was by no means, on this account, a mere imitator of the English; on the contrary, his merit in regard to German poetry is as peculiar as it is great. He supplanted the hitherto prevailing French Alexandrines and doggerels by the Greek hexameter, and the other metres, the Sapphic, Alcaic, and iambic, of the ancients. By this means,

not only the French fustian and senseless rhyming were set aside, and the poet was compelled to think more of the meaning and substance than of the rhyme, but the German language also was remoulded by the attention paid to rhythmical harmony, and attained a flexibility which would have been serviceable to the poets, even if they afterwards threw aside the Greek form as a mere study and exercise. Moreover, Klopstock, although he wanted to be a Greek in form, still always meant to be only a German in spirit; and it was he who introduced the patriotic enthusiasm, and that worship of every thing German which has never disappeared since, in spite of all new foreign fashions, but, on the contrary, has broken out against what is foreign, often to the extreme of injustice and absurdity. Strangely as it sounds, when he, the son of the French age of perukes, calls himself a bard in Alcaic verses, and thus blends together three wholly heterogeneous ages, — the modern, the antique, and the old German, — still this was the beginning of that proud revival of German poetry, which finally ventured to cast off the foreign fetters, and to drop that humble demeanor which had been customary since the peace of Westphalia. It was, indeed, needful that one should again come, who might freely smite his breast, and cry, "I am a German!" Finally, his poetry, as well as his patriotism, had its root in that sublime moral and religious faith which his "Messiah" celebrates; and he it was, who, along with Gellert, lent to modern German poetry that dignified, earnest, and pious character, which it has never lost again, in spite of all the extravagances

of fancy and wit, and which foreign nations have constantly admired most in us, or looked upon with distant respect. When we call to mind the influence of the frivolous old French philosophy, and the scoffing of Voltaire, we begin to comprehend what a mighty dam Klopstock set up against that foreign influence in German poetry.

His patriotism, therefore, and his elevated religious character, have, still more than the improvements he introduced into the German language, conferred upon him that reverential respect which he will always maintain. They have had the effect of securing to him forever the admiration of those who could hardly read him through; which furnishes matter for Lessing's ridicule. It is true that Klopstock loses every thing, if he is closely examined and judged by single parts. We must look upon him at a certain distance, and as a whole. When we undertake to read him, he appears pedantic and tedious; but when we have once read him, and then recall his image to memory, he becomes great and majestic. Then his two ideas, country and religion, shine forth in their simplicity, and make upon us the impression of sublimity. We think we see a gigantic spirit of Ossian, striking a wondrous harp, high among the clouds. If we approach him more nearly, he dissolves into a thin and wide-spread mass of vapor. But that first impression has wrought a powerful effect upon our souls, and attuned us to lofty thoughts. Although too metaphysical and cold, he has still given us, in the highest ideas of his poetry, two great truths—the one, that our un-Germanized poetry, long alienated from its native soil, must take root there

again, and there only can grow up to a noble tree; the other, that, as all poetry must have its source in religion, so, too, it must find there its highest aim.

These new views were impressed upon his mind by the study of antiquity. Among the Greeks he found the love of country and the susceptibility of religious feeling, which constitute, in fact, the poetry of every nation. In this manner, we must consider Klopstock as the first pioneer of the tendency which followed up the spirit of classical antiquity. He pointed out two ways to his followers, some of whom aimed at the Greek form, and others at the Greek spirit. In the former, Voss stands nearest him; in the latter, Wieland.

Voss cultivated the antique taste in relation to the form. Here he is the master. The proper Græcomania began with him. Voss is the error to which Klopstock inclined, the extreme of the whole of this false tendency in our poetry. It could not go farther astray. A freak of nature, by which sometimes the strangest things become an object of appetite, impelled Voss, the most extraordinary of all literary pedants, to a tragicomical passion for Grecian grace, which he imitated by the most ludicrous capers. For more than half a century, he undertook the Sisyphean toil of rolling the rough runestone of the German language up the Grecian Parnassus, but

“Back again down to the plain rebounded the ragged rock
swiftly.”

He had the fixed idea that the German language must be fitted to the Greek, in mechanical fashion,

syllable for syllable. He confounded his peculiar talent for these philological trifles, and the predilection which flowed out of it, with a universal capacity, and with a universal want of the German language and poetry, as if a rope-dancer were to insist upon every body's dancing on the rope. The most obvious means of trailing the German language over the espalier of the Greek, was naturally translations. Here the German language was brought so near the Greek, that it was forced to follow all its movements, like a wild elephant harnessed to a tame one. Voss is celebrated as the most faithful translator, but only so far as regards the materials of language and its mechanical laws: spirit and soul have always vanished under his clumsy fingers. In his translations he has banished the peculiar character and the natural grace of the German language, and put a strait jacket upon the lovely captive, which allowed her to move only in a stiff, unnatural, and constrained manner. His great merit consists in having introduced into the language of literature a great number of good, but antiquated words, or those used only among the common people. He was forced to this, because it was necessary that he should have a wide range of words to choose from, in order to fill out always the prescribed Greek measure with the greatest exactness. He has, moreover, like Klopstock, developed the powers of the German language, by these difficult Greek exercises, just as the money-diggers, though they found no money, yet made the soil more fertile. I am very far from denying him this merit with regard to the language — a service as laborious as it was useful; but his

studies cannot pass for masterpieces; they were only the apparatus, the scaffolding, the school, and not the work of art itself. They were distortions of the language, in order to show how far its capability extended, but did not exhibit the grace of its proper movement. No one could talk as Voss wrote. Every body would have thought it vexatious and ridiculous, who had been required to arrange his words like Voss. They never sound like any thing but a stiff translation, even when he does not in fact translate. These translations, however, are often so slavishly close, and, therefore, not German, that they are unintelligible until we read the original. And yet that fidelity could not express the spirit and the peculiar character of the foreign author, together with the sound of the words. On the contrary, the painful stiffness of constraint is the universal badge of all his translations; and in this they are all alike; this was the last, upon which he stretched them all. Whether Voss translates Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Shakspeare, or an old *Minnesong*, every where we hear only the goat-footed steed of his prose trotting along; and even the mighty genius of Shakspeare cannot force him out of his own beat for a moment. The translator's powers may be put to the test by having wholly different poets to translate. If they resemble each other then more than they did before, the translation in both cases is certainly unfaithful, and fails to give the peculiarities of the poets' character. Voss made this trial, and was unsuccessful. The good old poets have been plunged fresh and sound into his witches' caldron, and have come up again changelings.

All have become only little Vosses ; all go in buckram dress ; one wears the same uniform with all the rest.

In every respect, moreover, Voss was so much a caricature of Klopstock, that he even recoined his two poetical ideas, country and religion, after his own fashion. As poetry with him was a mere mechanical adroitness in arranging syllables, so the idea of country, with this narrow-hearted man, shrunk into the idyllic family circle, and religion into an atrabilarious old Protestant system of polemics. True, he preached tolerance to the Catholics, but would not exercise the smallest tolerance towards them.

His "Idyls," his celebrated "Louise," and his "Letters," merit immortality only for this reason — that they are the quintessence of all the cockneyism and domestic pampering of the last century. Indeed, there never has been an old woman who busied herself, with such tiresome self-complacency, about petty, womanish household affairs, domestic entertainments, family visiting, and godfatherings, on the one hand, and about womanish tale-telling, pouting, gossiping, suspecting, and calumniating, as this Johan Heinrich ; and so he passes on down the path of the ages, in damask night-gown and nicely-washed night-cap.

This arch cockney regarded himself and his Ernestine as the second paradisiacal pair ; and hence he wanted himself and her to be called Father and Mother Voss, *par excellence*. Domestic feeling, paternal feeling, and maternal feeling, however, are things whose whole value consists in the absence of all pretension. The sentimentality, which had then already broken in,

came to the aid of his vanity; and of this I shall speak particularly hereafter. Voss coupled modern sentimentality and the Græcomania together; and from this union sprang such abortions as Matthisson, Kosegarten, and others, of whom more by and by. But when we consider the sentimental poetry, we must come back to the classical parson's family. I have proposed here only to indicate, as a preliminary, the manner in which Voss caricatured Klopstock, and debased his sublime love of country to a confused and narrow domestic feeling and family effeminacy.

So, in regard to religion, Voss is the caricature of his great master Klopstock. In the first part of this work I have already given a sketch of those rationalists, who, fawning upon every secular power, and, with cowardly heart, persecuting those whose opinions differ from their own, had the cunning to set up for second Luthers and Huttens, before the eyes of the senseless multitude, by painting on the wall the phantom of a Jesuitism every where creeping stealthily about, and fighting against it, as if there were really a dangerous enemy at hand. Among these sham fighters, Johan Heinrich Voss took one of the foremost places. He understood the art of passing for a liberal friend of the people, while he made his bow before every power, kissed hands all round, fawned upon princes and counts, and obtained for himself handsome pensions from the great. And in what consisted his heroism? In maliciously attacking poor Stollberg, who had done him so many friendly services, for which he had clumsily praised him in all the ancient

metres during half a century, and, with the aid of Paulus, the privy church councillor, whose valor against the invisible Jesuits was not to be surpassed, persuading the gaping multitude, for a number of years, that his nonsensical babble had rescued Germany from the greatest of all dangers—from a universal conversion to Catholicism, from a complete restoration of the middle ages, and that he, Voss, was certainly a second Luther, if not more than Luther.

While Voss was thus running himself out in the antique form exclusively, others sought the antique spirit. The impulse proceeded partly from the plastic arts, and their great *Musagetes*, Winckelmann, partly from the more tasteful philologists, who gradually passed from grammatical, historical, and scientific criticism in general, to the criticism of taste. At length, scholars penetrated the spirit of classical antiquity, and formed their own upon it. Pains were taken to transfer the plastic clearness, the natural grace and delicacy, of the Greeks to German poetry, to improve and refine the latter upon the former, without sacrificing its peculiar spirit. A mutual influence, a mutual instruction of the nations, is the aim of their intercourse, the result of all historical recollections. If each has in it something wholly peculiar, which no other can imitate, each still cultivates something of universal interest to mankind, which every other can appropriate. Among all the nations of antiquity, however, the Greeks enjoy the undisputed fame of a civilization of the most general import to man. Apart from their national peculiarities, their culture of the understanding was so uni-

versal that all nations may go to school to them; and no less so was their social culture of art. The truth, nature, and grace of this culture shine before the eyes of all nations as their models. This culture was purely human, and, therefore, it is no imitation to be guided by them, but only a natural effort of the mind of man as soon as it becomes conscious of its tendencies, and has attained to some certainty in what it wants. We do not imitate the Greeks; the Greeks only teach us how we must cultivate our own understanding, and how to introduce the graces into our own modes of life.

Undoubtedly it is the clear and plastic understanding, and the airy and natural grace, that must first attract us to the Greeks, and which we must feel the liveliest desire to appropriate, if we have only preserved some right judgment and a healthy feeling for nature, from the chaos of the miscreated world of perukes. Therefore, the men who first restored a better taste devoted themselves at once to the understanding and the graces of Hellas.

It was Wieland who transplanted the lively Athenian spirit to the German forests and the Gothic cities, but not without a dash of the lighter and more trifling genius of the French. Wieland united in his own character the Gallomania and the Græcomania. He was educated in the first, and did not devote himself to the second until a later period; but he perceived at once the partial and wrong direction which Klopstock and Voss had taken, and led the Germans back from their demure formality to the agreeable movement of the

Græco-Gallic graces. German poetry, although in the time of the *Minnesingers* moving with a cheerful and easy grace, had been disguised by the *Meistersingers* in starched and buckram drapery, and, after the thirty years' war, in full-bottomed wigs and hoop petticoats, and then was utterly at a loss what to do with her hands, and played the simpleton with her fan. If mighty geniuses, like Klopstock and Lessing, threw this trumpery aside, and broke away from the minuet, daring to take their own course, yet vigor had to be satisfied in them before others could return to gracefulness; and the principal tendency of their efforts aspired after what was higher, in order to occupy themselves chiefly with that. To prepare a suitable reception for this gracefulness again, there needed a mind of peculiar genius, in whom this tendency alone manifested itself.

Wieland — the cheerful, amiable, delicate Wieland — a genius overflowing, inexhaustible in agreeableness, ease, raillery, and wit — made his appearance. One must know the whole stiff, distorted, ceremonious, and sentimental age which preceded him; to be able to appreciate justly the free and soaring flight of this genius, and to excuse, as it deserves, what we, judging from the higher point of view of the present age, to which he has raised us on his own shoulders, might, perhaps, find reason to except to in his writings.

Wieland first restored to German poetry the unrestrained spirit, the free look of the child of the world, the natural grace, the love and desire of cheerful pleasantries, and the power of supplying it. Daring,

humorous, and imposing, he cut off the pig-tails of the cockneys, disrobed the blushing beauty of the odious hoop petticoats, and taught the Germans, not to play with lambkins naked in the ideal and idyllic world, in the narrow spirit of the earlier pastoral poets, but to find nature again of themselves in the world as it is, by throwing off their unnatural habits, and to move their unfettered limbs in an easy and confident harmony.

His whole being was penetrated with that spirit of agreeableness, joyousness, freedom, and confidence; free, delicate, and witty, easy, nimble, and inexhaustible in pleasantry, as a natural and healthy condition of life always requires, and as is still more required by the antagonism of a harsh and severe age. Therefore he detected, with unfailing skill, whatever of attractive grace distinguishes our forefathers and other nations, and easily acquired the difficult art of refining his own mind thereby, of breathing it into his own poetry, and of explaining to the Germans in what it ought to be imitated. But it was this grace almost exclusively which he placed before every thing else in his extensive study of the ancient and foreign poetry, as the thing that most particularly claimed his attention, and was to him of the most importance. In this he stands alone.

Wieland's genius was most powerfully drawn towards Greece. There he found all the ideals of his grace; there he drank the pure draught of life and of nature. But few minds have been at home in that abode of the beautiful, each in a different way from

the others. A mode of life like the Greek is too great to be wholly comprehended by a single mind. Only an existence conceived and nurtured in that very life, could entitle one to make this claim. But we stand afar from that world, and it is given only to here and there a traveller to discover it again, and merely as a transient pilgrim in a strange land. Wieland made the harmony and grace with which the whole life of the Greeks was pervaded, a part of his own mind. Had any modern European whatever, before Wieland, recognized and appropriated to himself the Grecian grace? Before this, the excellent form of man, the natural beauty of his figure, had been covered with helm and harness; afterwards, with perukes, and frisures, and endless vests, and ruffles, and hoop petticoats. In this matter, Wieland did for poetry what Winckelmann did for plastic art. He taught us to recognize and embody natural beauty again, after the model of the Greeks; but it can hardly be affirmed, although he has undeniably seized upon one of the most prominent aspects of the Greek character, that he has entirely penetrated the depth of Grecian genius, or that he has sounded the depth of the romantic spirit. The plastic beauty of Greek architecture and statuary, the gladness and harmony of the Greek enjoyment of life, the mirror-clear smoothness of the Greek philosophy, reached to him their full, overhanging blossoms over the high walls of time, but nothing more. His Greek novels, therefore, correspond to the Greek genius only in a certain sense, and are, in other respects, the productions of Wieland and his age, in which they are naturalized. French taste, too, has its part and lot therein.

His feelings inclined to the French with just the same original want that was experienced by Frederick the Great and others of his time, only that the one satisfied it as a philosopher and king, the other as a poet. In that knowledge of the world, in the capacity for the safe and clear-headed management of affairs, and of every relation of life, which is, at the same time, the source of all their art, the French had very long surpassed us Germans. After Voltaire, however, their best writers had shown such a spirit of routine, that in fact there was but little difference between them and the most witty authors of the later period of antiquity, particularly Lucian. Now, if we find, in truth, that Wieland, in his romantic poems, took for models not only Ariosto, but also Voltaire and Parny; in his novels, not only Lucian and Cervantes, but also Crebillon, Diderot, and Cazotte,—we cannot help admiring the unerring tact and skill with which Wieland, amidst all his levity, could set aside the real obscenity and the moral poison of those French authors, whose genius was as great as their corruption, and added to the antique Grace, and the Grace of France, the third and youngest of all, the German Grace, a pleasing and simple one, coquetting, it is true, but still coquetting with her innocence. The manner in which Wieland tempered down French frivolity does far more honor to his taste than his adoption of it merits reproach. He has often been severely censured, and has been called the seducer of our pure and moral nation; and in particular the new-fangled, old-German Nazarenes, and the sighers, have for a long time wanted to damn him utterly.

When I, the first among the younger literary men, vindicated him, and ventured again to utter his praises, there was a universal surprise, as the numerous and stupid reviews of the first edition of the present work sufficiently demonstrated. The silly people seemed to think they had a right to despise Wieland! O thou gentle spirit, nature's bosom friend, through whose sun-bright life a smiling genius passed, and, with the lily sceptre of Oberon, changed the vulgarity of thine age into a sweet marvel! thou clear and sagacious spirit, to whom wisdom was the measure of prosperity, and whom the way to the temple of Venus led only through the temple of Urania! thee, a gracious and radiant Apollo among the herdsmen; thee, a lovely god among the German cockneys, whose skulls are thicker than Bœotia ever produced; — thee would they defame, with puckered lip, and blinking eye, and folded hands — the prudish eunuchs of the present age! No; as long as the world can smile and kiss, Wieland, my immortal friend, thee will it vindicate against these apes of the middle ages; and if a single Grace has ever wandered, or shall ever wander, over the earth, in Wieland she will recognize her darling. It is not this natural and airy feeling and gayety, it is only hypocritical and sentimental licentiousness, that is to be condemned. So far from seducing an uncorrupted generation, Wieland has done much more to lead back a generation, already perverted by the Gallomania, to decency and moderation, to lively and intellectual social enjoyments; and the later sentimental, and, in part, the romantic poets, under the mask of transcendently sublime sentiments, were the first to spread abroad the poison of a morbid voluptuousness, which

was wholly foreign to the sound-hearted Wieland. In general, laughing pleasure is not dangerous—only the serious, musing, weeping, and praying is so—the voluptuousness found in the writings of Goethe, Heinse, Frederick Schlegel, and the like. The senses, guarded by the understanding, are frank and smiling graces, cheerful companions; it is only when they put on the disguise of sublime and noble sentiments, and under this mask reign over the affections, that they become foul poisons that kill in secret.

We must not, also, lay upon the thoroughly intellectual Wieland the faults of his coarse and insipid imitators, the stale toyings of Gerstenberg, the flat chivalry poems of Alxinger, the vulgarities of the wretched Blumauer, who wanted to play the little Voltaire under Joseph II., in Austria, and swept together, in his travesty of Virgil, and other works, nearly every thing of impudence and vulgar wit that an imperfect and false illumination brought forth in rude spirits.

The graceful and lively apprehension of Grecian antiquity was transmitted by Wieland to the more aristocratic poets of the last century, and particularly to Goethe. Do you not feel the soft Ionian air when you read his *Wilhelm Meister*, his *Tasso*, and his *Iphigenie*? The mirror-like clearness of his language, his power of looking upon nature face to face, have been attained by no other poet since the days of Homer. This charm of form, which we have learned from the Greeks, is so far from being limited within the narrow boundaries of one age, one nation, and one

language, that it has been imparted even to the romantic poetry, whose tendency is very distinct from that of the antique. On the other hand, the artificial imitations of the antique—for example, of the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, as the French, and after them Goethe, Schiller, Schlegel, and others, have attempted to imitate them—are precisely those which are the most unsuccessful. It deserves to be noticed, that the best rivals, by universal consent, of Grecian grace and naturalness are the romantic poets, and that, too, in their romantic representations, and not in their express imitations of the antique. The noble, free, and clear gracefulness of the antique form readily associates with the full, vigorous, profound, and delicate spirit of the romantic. Hence the romantic writers found it easy to draw the foreign goddess within their enchanted circle, which the periwigged scholars and word-catchers never could do, although they gave out their philological and mythological letters, as if they were letters of invitation to stand godfathers for Minerva herself.

We shall have occasion to speak, when we come to consider the schools of poetry that have been formed after Goethe, of the later cultivators of the antique taste, of those who wanted to restore it wholly pure and plastic, as Goethe in his *Iphigenie*, Schlegel in *Ion*, or like Count Platen in his ingenious Pindaric and Aristophanic poems, as well as of those who coupled together the antique and the sentimental, like Matthisson and the other elegiac poets, and, finally, of those who attempted to join it with romanticism in a monstrous union, as

Goethe in the second part of *Faust*. But, since these schools are of a later date, and since influences of such various kinds are confusedly at work in them, we will first examine, with more precision, the elder schools before Goethe; and, accordingly, we pass on to the Anglomania.

ANGLOMANIA.

IN England, the great revolution by which the Stuarts were expelled had stirred up all the powers of the nation, and had, at the same time, secured the freedom of the press, so necessary to the progress of intellect. Hence the English thinkers and poets were not content, like the French, with aping the ancients, but travelled upon independent paths, and served, not the court, but the people, science, humanity, and civilization in general. To the Germans, who remained far behind them in freedom and independence, belongs at least the credit of having recognized and adopted, speedily enough, the superiority of England. I am mortified when I have to point out, more clearly than my predecessors have done, the ways in which most of the merit assumed by the German authors has been brought to them from abroad; but a bitter truth is better than a sweet deception. It is true — and the successive histories of the Gallomania, Græcomania, and Anglomania, demonstrate it to be so — that our ancestors have borrowed by far the greater part of their fame from foreign lands; nay, we shall have to make the same observation, also, in the history of the sentimental and romantic poetry. Our passive character greatly outweighed our active powers, and the suns in the heaven

of our modern poetry were to a very great extent nothing but moons, who received their light from the older and foreign suns.

It is true that the French taste made its way into England with the restoration, under Charles II., and its most distinguished supporter was Pope; but the old romantic tendency of the English, their sound understanding, their spirit of civil liberty, and their philosophical and historical clearness of view, soon showed the Gallomania the way across the channel again. The high reverence with which Shakspeare was regarded did not agree with French frivolity; the religious earnestness of Milton, and the temper of the people, defied the dissoluteness of the court. Ossian's newly-discovered poems, and the reviving admiration for the old English ballads, cherished the romantic taste in opposition to the antique, which Thomson had to bring nearer to nature in order to create admirers for it as landscape painting. The melancholy which is natural to the land of clouds found its expression in Young's "Night Thoughts." The vigorous wit of the revolutionary controversies, and of Butler, was improved upon in Swift's spirited satires, and adopted the modern sentimental element of Rousseau by a wholly original blending of laughter and tears, which, under the name of humor, acquired so great celebrity and spread so far; the real creator of which appears to be Sterne in Yorick. Finally, the old Spanish and French romance was cultivated in free England to classical correctness, by throwing off the marvellous character, and passing to the delineation of real life. Fielding, Goldsmith, Smollet, — to say

nothing of the somewhat tedious Richardson, — produced those admirable novels, in which modern life, with its characters and destinies, its attractions and peculiarities, first attained to a consciousness of itself: to all this was further added the great influence of the English philosophers, such as Locke, Hume, Hutcheson; and of the historians, as Hume, Gibbon, Robertson; and of critics, like Addison, Johnson, and others.

In all these directions, the Germans followed, with childlike submission, the manly genius of England. Shakspeare was translated by Eschenberg and Wieland; Ossian, by Denis, in Vienna, and Stollberg; Young, by Ebert; Sterne, very felicitously, by Bode; Smollet, by Mylius; the old English ballads were circulated by Herder and Bodmer. But the Germans not only translated, they imitated likewise.

Zachariæ became the German Pope, whose “Rape of the Lock” he imitated in several heroi-comic poems. But we have received from Zachariæ, also, a truly original poem, called “The Renowner,” in which the savage rudeness of the students of that day at Jena is most agreeably contrasted with the gallant refinement of Leipsic, which was then called “the Little Paris.” Along with “Sebaldus Nothanker,” this “Renowner” is the best monument of the manners of that time.

Ewald von Kleist became the German Thomson, whose “Seasons” he imitated in the poem of “Spring,” which has become so celebrated. He was much distinguished by refined sentiments and beautiful imagery; but he shared the faults of this species of

poetry, which knew not how to express a fine sentiment directly, but could only do so through the medium, and in the mirror of reflection, and which, without intending it, perhaps, played the coquette a little with her charms.

There was somewhat of Ossian's tone blended with the old German bardic songs and heroic plays of Klopstock, such as the "Battle of Arminius," and so forth. But to a far higher degree still was Klopstock the imitator of Milton.

Swift's satires agreed better with the German taste, and I might even say German morality, than Voltaire's. Liscow, Rabener, Lichtenberg, do no dishonor to their British prototype, and belong to the most spirited writers that Germany has produced. Liscow has the advantage of age; Rabener surpasses him in fidelity to nature, and a certain dramatic animation; Lichtenberg, again, surpasses Rabener by the inimitable grace of his irony. Liscow and Rabener occupied themselves chiefly with Germany; with her perverted intellectual tendencies; with the literary wretchedness of the first half of the century; with the luxurious habits that were encroaching; with the unnatural fashions; with the ignominy of the Protestant church; and their writings so far have also an historical interest. The letters of Rabener, particularly, written in a very amiable spirit, contain remarkable pictures of the manners of the age.

Lichtenberg devoted himself with so strong a predilection to England, that he seems properly to belong to that country more than to us. Hogarth exercised no less influence upon him than Swift; and this was

natural, as both were of kindred spirit, though one was a painter and the other an author. Lichtenberg's principal work is the "Explanations of Hogarth's Designs," which are as unique in their way as the designs themselves. Apart from their wit, and their poetical value, these illustrations, like Lichtenberg's writings generally, exhibit a knowledge of men, such as before had been found only in ancient, populous, and corrupted Rome, during the time of the emperors, and such as, in modern times, could only be perfected among the crowds of London. I believe that this knowledge of mankind, with which a certain contempt of the human race is always coupled, made its way from England to Germany some time before Lichtenberg, and was not without its influence on the spirit of Lessing, as well as of Goethe. Lichtenberg himself looked upon the bright side of men and things, and even the vices of London became agreeable when set off by his delicate and refined irony. What an elevation of humanity, to know men thus, and thus to make merry over them! The most refined and beautiful soul dwelt in Lichtenberg's hunchbacked body.

Thümmel also drew his culture from England. In his first heroicomic poem *Wilhelmine*, he imitated Pope's style of heroicomic poetry; but he became a master of this manner; for nothing of this species is to be found that can be said to rival the classical beauty of the *Wilhelmine*. In this, he takes up the petty German courts on the comic side; and his poem is, at the same time, a measure of the manners of the age. In the great novel, "Journey to the South of France," the models of Sterne and Fielding are not to be

mistaken; but, even here, Thümmel maintained the fine originality of his genius. This novel bears a strong resemblance to those of Wieland; but Wieland has more of the French, Thümmel more of the English spirit. The most remarkable thing is the artless nobleness, the lofty calmness of noble emotion, which sprang from this English character, and in which the Germans before, and, unhappily, long afterwards, have been deficient. If Thümmel united the frivolity of the aristocratic spirit with the acute understanding and wit of the freethinkers, yet one of these elements seems softened down by another, and both appear to be tempered by a grace peculiar to him alone. The difficult art of allowing oneself to take liberties without giving offence, the fine old Grecian way of concealing a little Satyr within a Grace, was his by nature.

The greatest influence was exercised by Yorick upon our Hippel, the first who introduced into our poetry genuine humor, the tragicomedy of personal experience, the self-derision of woe, laughter in tears. This humor, which, properly speaking, was first brought forward by the works of Shakspeare and Cervantes, is something completely modern — unknown to early antiquity. It could not make its appearance until the time when the feelings which were conspicuously predominant during the middle ages came into conflict with the understanding which made itself master of modern civilization, and when the conjugal squabble between head and heart, between wit and sentimentality, began. Among the French, this opposition had an outward development. Voltaire represented wit alone; Rousseau, sentimentality

alone. Among the English and Germans, however, this opposition remained shut up within the breast of each individual, as, generally, profound and mystical feeling here steadily predominated. Hippel's noblest work is "Biographies in Ascending Lines;" but his "Knight of A. Z." has also many beauties. More truthfulness has justly been ascribed to his sentiments than to those of Yorick, under whom there is the subtlest coquetry of the soul disguised. Hippel's tears are genuine pearls; and he is just as far removed from the affectation, as from the soft pap, of the later sentimental school. In the "Biographies," there are traits of a beauty of soul, the like of which are not to be elsewhere found.

The tedious but reflective Richardson found an imitator just as tedious, though not quite so reflective, as himself, but with more understanding, in Hermes, whose novel — "Sophia's Journey from Memel to Saxony" — was once the favorite book of the educated ladies of Germany, as Richardson's "Clarissa Harlow" was among the English. Frightfully long-winded, this novel yet contains fine traits, and a description of the manners and characters of those days, which is not uninteresting. His other novels have less, or only a like value. With the pains he took to preach to the women, unfortunately, began that literature for ladies which has already swollen to such a boundless extent.

Goldsmith, Fielding, and Smollet, found likewise imitators in Germany, who, though they did not equal their originals, still deserve all respect as faithful painters of their age. The celebrated bookseller,

critic, and poet, Nicolai, of Berlin, took Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" for his model, and described, accordingly, in his *Sebaldus Nothanker*, the life of a poor German country parson. Although he is far from having reached the classic grace of the amiable British poet,—who, though imitated hundreds of times, has never, in a single instance, been equalled,—yet Nicolai has put into his novel an abundant knowledge of mankind, and of the state of things at that time, and has delineated the corruption which had overwhelmed the Protestant church, in a manner that makes the friendship of Lessing for him very intelligible to us. The time has gone by when Nicolai's merits could be forgotten because of his partial and imperfect attempts at illumination. He was certainly a stranger to the deep regions of faith, and a shallow and arrogant champion against the romantic spirit; but the contest he waged, by the side of Lessing and the noble Mendelssohn, against the hard-hearted theology, and the barbarism of the pulpit and the chair, secures him an honorable place in German literature; and his *Sebaldus Nothanker* will always be esteemed, by good judges, one of the most interesting novels, on the whole, and unique of its kind, and will be read with as much interest as instruction.

Müller von Itzehoe wrote many novels in the humorous style of Smollet, among which "Siegfried of Lindenberg" takes the first rank. Here, he delineates a Pomeranian nobleman, whose simple manners and strong feelings come into strange and amusing conflicts with modern illumination and culture. Meantime,

Müller's language is somewhat obtrusive; it is good-humoredly coarse, and sometimes rude, which makes it more characteristic, indeed, but not more agreeable.

Above both stands Schummel, whose fine spirit, whose incomparable style, make him worthy to be named with Lessing and Thümmel, although he is much less known. He, too, learned from the English, and wrote three comic novels, the oldest of which, *Spitzbart*, dated about the sixtieth year of the last century, is the best. In this, he ridicules the pedagogical enthusiasm of Basedow, under the form of the biography of a schoolman who is, theoretically, an idealist and reformer, who is for overturning every thing, but, in life, shows himself a perfectly unpractical simpleton. Little suited as a subject of this kind seems to be to poetry, Schummel has yet treated it with such a spirit that the book may be read with genuine satisfaction by others than a schoolman. At a later period, he painted with faithful lineaments the German caricature of French free-thinking in the "Little Voltaire;" but this work is of more value for the history of manners than for poetry. Lastly, he wrote the "Revolution of Scheppenstadt," an unworthy satire upon the admirers of the French revolution, almost in the spirit of Goethe's "Citizen General," and "The Excited," although Schummel displayed infinitely more wit than Goethe. It shows the cockney character of the age, that the horrible and all-terrifying events of which France was the theatre, gave occasion to German night-caps for humorous pastimes, but only until the thunder of the cannon at Jena put them into such a fright that they forgot their sight

and hearing, and the great poet of the "Citizen General" took refuge under the petticoat, and, seized by a fit of cannon fever, got married.

Finally, I must here make mention of Knigge, who also learned of the English, and whose comic novel — "The Journey to Brunswick" — unquestionably belongs to the best works of this species, and is full of delicious humor. Through the other celebrated work of Knigge, — "On Intercourse with Men," — there prevails, on the contrary, a social doctrine, which exhibits a very unfortunate mixture of English experience of the world, French politeness, and German servility. It is a kind of Machiavelism of private life — the science of making self-interest the leading object, with prudence, and under a pleasing form.

I must not omit to mention, that most of the original editions of the above-described novels of Thümmel, Hippel, Hermes, Nicolai, and Müller, as well as the translations of English novels, some French novels, and "Don Quixote," are adorned with engravings by Chodowiecki, which lend them a still higher value, and which have become indispensable to the eyes of the judges and lovers of that agreeable literature.

On the whole, the Anglomania of the last century has operated very beneficially upon the progress of the German mind; for by its means manly power and moral earnestness have been arrayed against the Gallomania, and naturalness and simplicity against the Græcomania. This English influence made itself

felt no less deeply by its effects upon philosophy, historical composition, and the political sciences, than by the coloring it gave to poetry, as we have already seen in the earlier portions of this work.

LESSING.

THE range of Lessing's acquisitions embraced the study and the culture of all the schools of his age. He passed through the Gallomania, Græcomania, and Anglomania, like the sun through the zodiac. He attached himself to neither of these manners, but went on his own ascending pathway, free and independent.

During that age of foreign influence, and of self-contradictory tendencies in taste, great minds could not grow up as it were from a virgin soil; they had to fight their way, with Herculean strength, through foreign obstructions, perplexities, and enticements; they had first to clear the course by a sound, circumspect, and incorruptible criticism. Hence in Lessing the critical power existed along with the poetical; hence, above all, the armed Pallas stands with him, side by side! He exercised this critical power, with a broad spirit, on the field of theology, philosophy, philology, the history of art and literature, as well as on the field of poetry. He waged war upon the coarse rudeness, the gross fanaticism, and the spiritless pedantry of the faith of the letter, in his celebrated controversy about the Wolfenbüttel Fragments. Here he was able to avoid falling into the extreme of perfect unbelief, as his noble "Nathan" also demonstrates. Hence the base rabble of blasphemers

have always appealed to him without reason. He exercised no less influence by exciting a profound and comprehensive study, and especially a better taste in philology, and by coöperating with Winckelmann, upon the revival of the fine arts. But while he was giving his principal attention to poetry, he became the true Hercules Musagetes, the victor over all the yet remaining filth of the Gallomania, and the pathetic extravagance inseparable from it; he showed himself, too, the true Eckart before the Venusberg of modern sentimentality and poetical debauchery, to which, notwithstanding, after him, gate and door were thrown wide open. If we inquire into the relation he sustained to the earlier and later schools, we find, universally, that he saw their faults with the most correct eye, and marked them by the most precise language.

No one noted with such piercing keenness the distinction between the genuine antique and the French caricature as Lessing; and we are indebted to him, first, for clearing our German stage from the stiff French Alexandrines, and for purifying our language generally from its ancient bombast. Even before the Græcomaniacs appeared, before Klopstock, before Voss, Lessing had taken up the contest; but he was very far from making common cause with them. He rescued the ancients from French bombast, not for the purpose of handing them over to the German pedants. Hence he had as great an aversion to the Græcomania as to the Gallomania, and made no attempt to conceal it. His epigram upon Klopstock is well known:—

"Who will not mighty Klopstock praise?
Will every body read him? Nay:
A little less applaud our lays,
And read a little more, we pray."

And what did he think of Voss, when Voss himself relates that Lessing visited him once to be sure, but fell asleep in the middle of the conversation? Lessing was more akin to the Anglomaniacs, because they really had the most mind and the most naturalness. We can, if we choose, find a certain resemblance between the great British critics Johnson and Addison, and Lessing; but he far surpassed them in comprehensiveness and depth of knowledge, of general ability, and particularly by his genius as a poet. Throughout his works also we can detect no kind of plagiarism from the English.

While Lessing remained free from the influence of foreign schools, he was unable yet to make his countrymen free. He saw, and resisted, and despised, the various manners that came up before, and during his age, and was fortunate enough not to behold the subsequent manner of manners, the universal confusion of taste, the blending together of all foreign modes. But he lived to see the beginning of the sentimental period; and against nothing did he express himself with more bitterness than against this; for he recognized and abhorred under its corrupt effeminacy and vain affectation the absolute antithesis to his own vigorous and natural character. When Goethe made his appearance with a worthless aping of Rousseau's *Nouvelle Heloise* bearing the name of the "Sorrows of Werther," and even outdid the

feebleness of Rousseau, and, despite this worthlessness, was extremely acceptable to the Germans of that day, then Lessing had a presentiment of what a dirty slough — it must be called so — Goethe would lead German literature into; and he wrote, in the year 1774, to Eschenburg, the literary historian and translator of Shakspeare, “A young man who reads *Werther* might easily take its poetical excellence for moral beauty, and believe that he who makes such strong claims upon our sympathy, must have been a good man. And that he certainly was not.” Lessing thus struck the hardest blow upon the plague-spot of sentimentality. Immorality by itself is as little unpoetical as morality by itself is poetical; and Lessing neither pronounced Voltaire’s immoral *Pucelle* unpoetical, nor Schönaich’s very moral *Hermann* poetical. It would, therefore, be ridiculous to pretend to reproach him with having confounded beauty and morality. But he was perfectly right when he disdained that sentimentality, which, under the mask of the noblest and most exalted sentiments, concealed nothing but vulgar vanity and sensuality, — when he disdained that unmanly and grimacing virtue of romance which confused all our conceptions of true virtue, that Goethean tag-rag virtue, which bears the same relation to the genuine that Shakspeare’s tag-rag king bears to the real Hamlet, from whom he has stolen the crown and purple robe. Had Goethe, had all his innumerable apes, treated their effeminate heroes as Voltaire and Crebillon treated theirs, that is, like libertines, dandies, and voluptuaries, there would be nothing to be said against them: but what deserves our scorn and detestation is, that he makes these voluptuaries

the ideals of the manly character, the noblest and sublimest souls, the pillars of the highest manly culture, incarnate gods; and hides their real worthlessness under every kind of glittering show; so that the cheated reader's judgment is bribed, and he takes them by no means for fops, destitute of every sentiment of honor, as they are, but for infinitely interesting, nay, saintlike persons. Lessing proceeds: "Do you, indeed, believe that a Roman or Grecian youth ever took his own life thus, and for such a reason? Certainly not. They knew how to protect themselves from the extravagance of love by a wholly different method; and in the days of Socrates such an *ἐξ ἔρωτος κατοχή*,¹ which impels *τι τολμᾶν παρὰ φύσιν*,² would hardly have been forgiven a little girl. To produce such little-great, contemptible-precious originals, was reserved for Christian education, which has the art of metamorphosing so handsomely a mere bodily want into a spiritual perfection." Christianity might well be declared guiltless of this charge, as the fault belongs only to the altered character of the times. Of old, manly vigor and honor were quite at home among the genuine Christians; and this seductive and lying Goethean sentimentality is, in every respect, the production of modern days. It cannot, however, be more distinctly drawn than it has been by Lessing. These few expressions are sufficient to characterize the subsequent sentimental poetry, which continues even to our days. It represents that which is small as great, that

¹ [Madness from love. — TRANSL.]

² [To dare something against nature; that is, to commit suicide. — TRANSL.]

which is contemptible as precious, and hopes, by this lie, to appear original. This is, in fact, every thing that can be well and briefly said about it; and this will be confirmed on every page, when we delineate this degeneracy of our poetry.

Thus much upon Lessing as a critic. These few hints are sufficient to show how clearly he understood, looking before and after, the aberrations of German poetry as far as he could trace them out. But it is very remarkable that Lessing was honored by after times as a great critic, and yet his judgment was entirely set aside. Here, too, the worthlessness, and, to a certain extent, the political perfidy, of the subsequent oligarchs of taste, is to be recognized. They praised the man whom they really hated; but this praise answered their purpose of keeping the difference between him and them out of sight, and gave them the appearance of being really his natural successors and heirs.

When we consider Lessing as a poet, we must not forget that he had first to work himself free from the Galomania, Græcomania, and Anglomania, by criticism, and that he was occupied with a hundred other things besides poetry. Hence his earlier poetical studies and essays, as well as his occasional poetical trifles, on which he himself set but little value, are to be broadly distinguished from the classical works of his full poetical maturity; that is, from "*Minna von Barnhelm*," "*Emilia Galotti*," and "*Nathan*," each of which would alone be sufficient to rank him with the greatest poets of all ages. The spirit and form of these works are alike important.

Honor stands forth as the inmost principle of the

poetry of Lessing. We can understand why the poets and critics whose principle, on the contrary, had been hitherto the utter absence of honor, overlook this circumstance, and have contrived fairly to forget it, in their eulogies of Lessing. So much the more reason for me to return to it.

I say, still further, that honor was the principle of Lessing's whole life. He composed in the same spirit that he lived. He had to contend with obstacles his whole life long; but he never bowed down his head. He struggled, not for posts of honor, but for his own independence. He might, with his extraordinary ability, have rioted in the favor of the great, like Goethe; but he scorned and hated this favor as unworthy a free man. His long continuance in private life, his services, as secretary of the brave General Tauenzien, during the seven years' war, and afterwards as librarian at Wolfenbüttel, proved that he did not aspire to high places. He declared that he would resign the latter situation at once, when the censorship undertook to impose restraints upon his liberal opinions. He ridiculed Gellert, Klopstock, and all who bowed their laurel-crowned brows before heads encircled with golden crowns; and he himself shunned all contact with the great, animated by that stainless spirit of pride, which acts instinctively upon the motto *noli me tangere*. He went so far as to upbraid the respectable Winckelmann, who could not even have existed unsupported by the great, with his dependence upon them. When he himself visited Italy, he rejected all recommendations. He wrote, in 1768, to Nicolai — "I want no acquaintances at Rome, but those which I make for myself by accident. Had not Winckelmann been

such a particular friend and dependent of Albani, I am confident his *Monumenti* would have been a very different work. There is in it a mass of useless stuff, simply because it stands in the Villa Albani: as to its bearing upon art, it is good for nothing; and in respect to learning, it has nothing more than Winckelmann presses in by force. What I purpose to see, and how I purpose to live, I can very well manage to settle without the aid of cardinals." To make himself wholly independent, and to give a great example to the literary men of Germany, he proposed to unite all the important authors, and to publish their works on their own account, and in connection, volume by volume, under the general title of "The Museum," and thus put a check upon the extortions of the booksellers; and, on the one side, to secure to good authors the profits so necessary to their independence, and, on the other hand, to suppress bad books, and the hack authorship, which was even then beginning to appear. The plan naturally miscarried, since it is as impossible to bring the authors into a system of concerted action¹ as to disarm the booksellers of their power. The emperor Joseph II. excited much attention by his liberal reforms; and in 1769, the project of assembling all the great and liberal minds at Vienna became the topic of conversation. Lessing expected nothing from it; but he expected just as little from any other kind of court favor. He regarded the courts, in spite of all their pretended love of philosophy and the fine arts, as the enemies of all genuine, that is, of all free, intellectual culture. He wrote,

¹ [Unter einen Hut zu bringen: literally, to bring under one hat.—TRANSL.]

therefore, to Nicolai, who took this occasion to ridicule Vienna, and praise his own Berlin, by contrast — “Say nothing, I pray you, about your Berlin freedom of thinking and writing. It is reduced simply and solely to the freedom of bringing to market as many gibes and jeers against religion as you choose; and a decent man must speedily be ashamed to avail himself of this freedom. But let any body once make the attempt in Berlin to write as freely upon other things as Sonnenfels has written in Vienna, — let him make the attempt to tell the truth to the genteel rabble about the court, as he has done, — let any body come forward in Berlin, and dare to raise his voice in behalf of the rights of the subjects, and against extortion and despotism, as is now done even in France and Denmark, and you will soon know by experience what country, at the present day, is the most enslaved in Europe.”

Such was Lessing himself, and such we find him in his “Major Tellheim,” in “Odoardo Galotti,” and in “Nathan.” Humanity and wisdom were never so intimately connected with the romantic essence of manly honor; and no modern poet — I repeat it, no one — has known how to represent this grace of manliness so well as Lessing.

And what charming daughters has this austere father! What enchantment is there in Minna, Emilia, Recha! Who, except Shakspeare, has understood the nature of woman, in its sweet softness, noble simplicity, laughing vivacity, and sacred purity, like Lessing? We are amazed at the lovely miracles of fiction, and would fain converse with these so natural creations, as if they were standing before us.

Lessing was the first of our modern poets who reconciled the ideals of poetry with real life, — who dared to bring upon the stage heroes in modern costume, heroes of to-day. Up to this time, we knew only the manly virtues of the ancient Romans from the French comedy. Lessing showed, by his "Tellheim," and "Odoardo," that, even in the present prosaic world, a hero, a man of honor, may still exist.

By this modern costume, by the naturalness of his dramatic characters, and by the prose which he brought into the field against the old French Alexandrine as well as the Greek hexameter, he exerted a great influence on the subsequent age, and became the creator of the proper modern German poetry, which undertook to picture life as it now is, while hitherto nothing but what was ancient and foreign had been imitated.

The Anglomaniacs, who also came forward as friends of the natural style, with pictures of the present and of common life, — Nicolai, Müller von Itzehoe, and others, — were later than Lessing, and followed the impulse which he first gave. Then came Goethe; then Schiller, whose first prose dramas — "Götz," "Clavigo," "The Robbers," "Cabal and Love" — every where betray the influence of Lessing's school, and, without his example, would never have existed.

Lessing was also the first who, in his "Emilia Galotti," delineated a modern prince. Before that time, we knew nothing but stiff stage kings, with crown and sceptre; or infamous court poems, in which the orgies of Versailles were celebrated under the form of pastoral poetry. Lessing surprised the world at once with a picture of courts that was as new

as it was true. Who can deny that he produced a powerful effect? Lessing's simple picture of courts had a much greater influence on the political opinions of the Germans than the later revolutionary philosophers of France. Schiller proceeded after this manner; and though Iffland's princes figured as very excellent characters, he made up for it by representing their ministers as so much the worse. The immorality of the courts became a stock article of the stage throughout Germany, and the courts, still secure, took it all very easily.

Lessing's "Nathan" forms, as to its general bearing, the luminous point of the liberal culture which had become prevalent in the eighteenth century. The neglect which his Jewish friend, the amiable Mendelssohn, still at times experienced, suggested to him the idea of this masterpiece, in which the profoundest understanding is united with the noblest sentiments. This immortal poem, of the mildest, nay, I might say, of the sweetest wisdom, is, likewise, of great importance to German literature by its form; for it is the parent of the numberless iambic tragedies which were brought into fashion by Schiller and Goethe, first after Lessing.

But no poet has again attained the early charm of the German iambus, with which, in Lessing's "Nathan," it takes a deep and wonderful hold of the affections, gently winning its way to the heart. Goethe cultivated only the melody and outward splendor; Schiller, only the overpowering vigor of this verse; and both of them, as well as their innumerable imitators, departed widely from the delightful naturalness and unpretending sim-

plicity which it assumed under the management of Lessing. The dramatic iambus has become too lyric; in Lessing, it was nearer prose, and much more dramatic.

But all the great impulses which Lessing gave to German literature can only be rightly appreciated when we pass on to the following periods.

ROUSSEAU'S INFLUENCE ON GERMAN SENTIMENTALITY.

IF Lessing did not succeed in stamping the impress of his spirit on German poetry; if those traits which, with him, were one and the same thing, — strength and beauty of soul, — soon divided and degenerated into the extremes of exaggerated strength, on the one hand, of the so called “storm and pressure period;” and of exaggerated feebleness in the poetical cockneyism, on the other; — I will by no means affirm that Rousseau’s influence was chargeable with this result; but it is certain that the liveliest susceptibility for a disposition of heart like Rousseau’s, manifested itself among the Germans, indifferent as they were to politics, inactive, narrowed down to their own family circle and to their own feelings; and the nutriment for it would have been elsewhere procured had not Rousseau already come forward to its aid.

Rousseau is the patriarch of modern sentimentality. He has the immortal merit of having enforced the claims of the truth and inward life of the world of feeling in the age of Voltaire, which knew nothing but wit and pathetic affectation. But from one extreme he went to another; and it was, perhaps, impossible to prevent the hitherto misused feelings from degenerating into extravagance when they became emancipated. Exaggerated hardness and coldness

could not but call out exaggerated softness and warmth. The devilish sneering of Voltaire could not fail to be encountered by a somewhat sweetish passion for blissfulness and angelic ecstasies. There were also general influences at work upon the age, which favored this modern softness and weakness of heart, particularly among the Germans.

The prevailing despotism of the last century excluded the cultivated men from all participation in public affairs. After the thirty years' war, the Germans had fallen into a state of inactivity, out of which it was impossible to rouse them, either by the Spanish war of succession, or even by the seven years' war. Things had even come to such a pass, that they no longer felt the necessity of troubling themselves about public affairs at all. Absorbed by the comforts or the cares of private life and the family circle, no one thought of the state, of the country. Hence that over-estimation and exclusive admiration of domestic life, and the apotheosis of the domestic night-gown. Hence, among those who had no families, or who felt a higher want still, the enthusiasm for art, the bacchanalian muses, the philosophical vertigo, the wholly unpractical idealism. Hence, finally, that sentimentality which insinuated itself into every thing at once. Where nothing is actually done, the pressure within finds vent at least in impotent feelings; and this impotence may be observed by a certain dash of wofulness with which the feelings are tintured. The middle ages were full of feeling without being sentimental; for vigor was there, and the consciousness of full possession. Our age is only sentimental, because it feels its impotence and its destitution.

An evil conscience has always much to do with sentimentality. It is the more or less clear consciousness of self-produced unmanliness. Rousseau, — the weak, unstable Rousseau, — now rising to the heights of sublimity, and now sinking to vulgarity, — at one time flattering his own weaknesses, at another despising himself again, — is a personification of the whole species. It is the unchivalrous character of modern times; it is man disguised in petticoats as a punishment for his cowardice; it is a temporary inversion of the sexual poles — the transferring of feminine timidity, feminine weakness of character, feminine longings, feminine frivolity, feminine vanity and love of finery, feminine excitability, and, preëminently, of the feminine luxury of tears, to the once vigorous, steadfast, proud, calm, and cold man.

The elder poetry of the *Troubadours* and *Minnesingers*, down to the time of Petrarch, showed much extravagance, but still not without a vein of manly feeling. Even the later pastoral poetry was only a coquettish whim; and, though we must deny the luxurious cavaliers of the seventeenth century many a virtue of their fathers, still, in their very vices, they showed themselves to be men. The aristocracy, excluded from civil government, found in the empire of love and gallantry a new arena for power and policy. There was always something of the romantic and chivalrous, and the public spirit made itself felt even in public vices.

But vices lead to diseases; and, if the sentimentality which was beginning at the commencement of the last century deserves to be called a virtue when com-

pared with the corruption of the French court, it was nothing but a convalescent virtue, a weakness after disease, a state of feebleness — of hopeless repentance. The unnerved rake betook himself to the country, and to the bosom of his family and of nature, that he might quiet his hypochondria by gentler feelings.

There was much more soundness, unquestionably, remaining in Germany than in France; but there was something so interesting and so languishing in the modern French sentimentality, that it speedily became the fashion with us also. This fashion extended even to the physical habit. Paleness came into favor; a lady without the vapors belonged not to good society. The hearty daughters of German country gentlemen, sound to the very core, painted themselves white, starved themselves thin, and drank vinegar, in order to get up the genuine invalid look.

The sentimentality which originated with Rousseau assumed in Germany three different forms. It took possession of domestic life, and became what has received the name of *Philistery*. The name is, indeed, older. When the Hussites called themselves the people of God, they gave to those of a different way of thinking the name of *Philistines*; and this usage of the University of Prague passed to the other higher schools of Germany, and the epithet *Philistine* has, since then, always been applied to the quiet cockney, as opposed to the restless student, aspiring after higher things. The ancient cockney, however, was another sort of fellow from the modern Philistine. He had no sentimentality; he lived contented in the exercise of his craft, and in the midst of his family; but

he played off no adoration of his every-day and modest happiness. This was not done until Rousseau had become known to Germany, and had awakened an enthusiasm for simple domestic life. In France, this simplicity was contrasted with the vices of the court. The extravagant admiration it met with in Germany secured the people some compensation, at least, for the want of public life; and how could they do otherwise than over-estimate the only thing they had? There are two reasons why the Græcomaniacs chiefly threw themselves into the arms of this *Philistery*. In the first place, an indirect relationship was found between them and Rousseau, so far as both were opposed to the Gallomania, to the Parisian school, which affected the antique. And then, too, Horace, Theocritus, Virgil, and Anacreon, furnished elements which harmonized very well with modern sentimentality. But could the Græcomaniacs comprehend the grand political and heroic aspect of antiquity? This could be done certainly by the English alone, who were themselves active upon a wide scene of political life, and by some of the French, who, like Montesquieu, foresaw and helped on the great political revolutions of subsequent times. The good German schoolmasters and parsons, however, to whom even the affairs of a petty burgo-master were utterly strange and incomprehensible things, and who, to a great extent, had to struggle with anxieties for their daily bread,—who sighed only for “a little cottage still and rural, and a fireside of their own,” as the highest aim of life,—they must naturally seize the idyllic aspect of antique poetry first; and here they met Rousseau’s sweet enthusiasm for the simple life of nature.

With this is connected the second form of sentimentality. I describe it as the deep feeling of poverty, weakness, impotence, which was but too natural to many Germans of that age. In relation to this subject, let one but read the very remarkable biographies of Moritz (Anton Reiser,) Jung Stilling, Bronner, the above-mentioned novels of Nicolai, Müller von Itzehoe, Miller's *Siegwart*, and, finally, the poems of poor Hölty, — who died not only of melancholy, but partly of hunger, — and he will have a faithful picture of the misery out of which it was not every one's fortune, like the persevering and vigorous Voss, to raise himself. Without property, without education, without any encouragement whatever for their talent, without any opportunity whatever to work their way upwards in the world, — many noble spirits had not the source of consolation which even the Polish serf possesses — national pride. In the midst of great and populous Germany, they found themselves helpless, desolate, oppressed by humiliations. Even a great portion of those who actually got up in the world purchased their good fortune only at the sacrifice of their independence, and had to flatter the wretched little powers with their talents, in order to obtain from them the pensions without which talent could not even exist. The free, self-elevated, and uncorrupted spirits of the last century may be counted; there are very, very few of them. Now, let any one place himself in the melancholy condition of the poor men of genius of those days, — to whose encouragement so little, to whose depression every thing contributed, — and he will find an excuse for so many gentle spirits

pinning away with sorrow, and, like Hölty, dissolving in tears.

The third form of sentimentality is to be seen in an extravagant impulse of feeling without an object. Here we distinguish two tendencies which this impulse of feeling takes — the one outwardly towards ideal objects, the other inwardly towards an egotistical self-worship. In these two tendencies, also, Rousseau was the prototype. He felt an outward pressure, although without a definite aim. He anticipated the French revolution, without being able to grasp it. But, for the very reason that he did not see his ideals outwardly realized, his overwhelming feeling poured back upon himself again, and, as it were, forced him to employ his energies upon himself, to contemplate himself through the microscope, and to comment upon his own character, sometimes with more vanity, and sometimes with more of a penitential self-contempt. Such an overmastering force of feeling broke out from the overflowing souls of Germany also, and with so much the more violence here, as it drew so little nutriment from the outward affairs of life. Hence, on the one hand, the aspiration after ideal creations, which, when the field of politics was seen to be utterly barren, the airy kingdom of poetry and philosophy was ransacked to supply; hence the enthusiastic love for art and the speculative sciences — a love which soon degenerated into wild orgies, and aimed at nothing less than to conquer the whole world for the Muses, and to allow nothing to exist longer under any other condition, or for any other interest, than that of philosophy and æsthetics. But hence, also, on the other hand, the self-apotheosis of poets and thinkers,

their devotion to the beauty of their own souls, and the arrogance, swollen even to bursting, the boundless extravagance of those ecstatic creatures, whose skin can scarcely hold them, and who think the world itself, great as it is, too narrow a scene for their imaginary greatness. This arrogance appears as the pure antithesis of the melancholy above described: the one rises to the highest excitement, the other sinks to the lowest relaxation. Both, however, are only symptoms of the same disease, flowing from one fountain — from the absence of public life; both bespeak the weakened nerves of the captive.

POETIC UNIVERSALITY. — HERDER.

BESIDES the modern sentimentality already characterized, which again weakened from within the spirit invigorated by Lessing, the charm of foreign and various influences, which dazzled the eyes of the German poets from abroad, and led them on, like children, to imitate whatever happened to please them, especially counteracted the efforts of this great man. It was, in reality, the same passive character of the age, from which this catching at foreign and various impressions proceeded, that gave rise to that womanish sentimentality; and a want of manly vigor lay at the foundation of both, which Lessing was able to possess himself, but could not communicate to his contemporaries.

As the genius of the Germans, even before Lessing's time, had been led away to imitate sometimes the French, sometimes the Greeks and Romans, and sometimes the English, so, also, the old romantic world and the poetical treasures of the East were thrown open to it, especially by the labors of Herder; and as, at an earlier period, one German poet had devoted himself exclusively to this, and another to that prototype, so, now, there came forward men of capacity, whose chief aim was to enjoy the poetical charms of all ages and nations at once; and these were soon followed by eclectic

talents, whose chief aim was to imitate all these together. The poets who had followed, through all their poems, only one foreign direction, — for example, those who had affected the antique style, — were soon followed by the poets who imitated the antique in one poem, the French in another, the romantic in a third, the Oriental in a fourth; and these, lastly, were followed by the poets who composed, in one and the same poem, in the antique-romantic and West-Eastern styles all at once, mixing them up together, as in an *eau de mille fleurs*.

Lessing was the first and greatest judge of foreign and ancient tendencies of taste, but he did not imitate them; he availed himself of them only for purposes of comparison—to correct his own taste, and make it keener, by them. If his earliest labors still bear the marks of Roman and English imitation, his later and wholly independent works show to what extent he had emancipated himself by a criticism whose peculiar tendency was not to enrich itself, ever more and more showily, by foreign shreds and patches, but, exactly the reverse, by throwing off foreign additions, to unfold, with classical truth, power, and beauty, the powers and qualities of the individual nature.

But the influence from abroad was still too strong, and the passive character of the Germans expressed itself with more and more distinctness during the last half of the last century, in poetry as well as in politics. Every thing foreign was dragged in merely to be imitated.

The noble Herder glanced over the field of history with philosophic eye; and as, hitherto, nothing had been seen in national differences but different costumes

of the same man, — and, for this reason, it had ever been believed that the essential qualities of the French, Greeks, and English, might easily be transferred to the Germans, — so, now, Herder — as Lessing had formerly done in single departments, particularly with regard to the antique — drew attention to the original elements of every national existence, to the deep poetical peculiarity found in the inborn constitutional character of the nations. But, while he showed clearly, by this very means, that one nation cannot imitate another, his investigations and collections of ancient and foreign poetry served the purpose of infinitely increasing the tribe of blind imitators. We must, therefore, not judge of his noble endeavors by their consequences.

Herder taught the Christians and philosophers, who are so willing to set aside all national differences, of what importance these really are. It is true that all the efforts of this great man are marked by the purest and most genuine humanity, and he always sought, even in nations, for the man alone; but he filled up the chasm which had hitherto existed between the real and nationalized man and the abstract of an ideal man. In opposition to that masonic view, which proposes to separate the man from the nation, from the age, and from nature, and to place him as a member of a higher universal society, he labored with the far more natural view, that human culture can only be advanced and unfolded within the limits of nationality and of genuine national character, as the sap circulates among the fibres of the tree.

Human culture has of necessity two leading directions. The one leads upwards; it seeks its ideal, its

end and aim, in the true, the beautiful, and the good for in this ideal alone, or the effort to reach it, is found the only band of union that encircles the human race. The other direction leads off into the distance; it seeks that ideal every where, in history, among all nations, and thereby links together all that exists in a severed state.

Herder's genius took up both these tendencies completely. But, for this very reason, he was not merely a poet; he was a man in the purest sense — a citizen, philosopher, and poet. Poetry, in the more limited sense of the term, was cultivated by him not merely as a productive poet; he sought for it among all other nations, and adapted it to the wants of his countrymen. In this, philosophy and practical life were alike objects of his regard, and he was a confessor of the true and the good as well as of the beautiful. But whoever reverences these loftiest ideal forms for the sublimest manifestations of the human soul, harmoniously united, like one Deity under a threefold appearance, and kindles the flames of his heart on an altar sacred to them, — his whole being must be penetrated with poetry — must be poetry itself. Such a union is possible only in the poetical soul. The original spring of all these tendencies and efforts — the original spring of such an all-embracing longing and love — is the heart alone. As it is of itself poetical by reason of its inmost principle of life, so when outwardly exhibited it appears poetical to the eyes of others. For this reason, Jean Paul, Herder's most thorough admirer, made the brief and pertinent remark, "He was rather a poem than a poet."

The great effect which Herder's writings had upon

the Germans is to be ascribed to his genius on the whole, and not to single poetical creations.

What Herder, under the term *humanity*, proposed to himself as the aim of all his efforts, was the flowery crown of all that is human, the ideal, the pure, the noble, the beautiful, to which all ages, all nations, all institutions, ought to lead, for the attainment of which mankind ought to live, and which appears to guide and govern their progress. In the world he saw an organic whole, a plant, which, in its progressive development, should bear that flower of nobleness and beauty. Development, evolution, was to him the essence of the world; no still-stand, no disunion without a higher union. By this direct perception of living and organic changes in the course of the world,¹ of its growth, and its improvement, his philosophy took the precedence of Schelling's, which has attained its distinction by the recognition of this very principle of progress.

He looked upon all individuals and nations only as the matter, and all institutions and careers of life as the form under which that evolution is reduced to reality. By this principle, he united them all into one spirit and one life. His "Ideas towards the Philosophy of the History of the Human Race" show us his genius on the broadest scale, and embrace all his views and all his tendencies, according to a regular order. But the execution could not satisfy this plan. No form would have been adequate to it. He felt this well; he indicated by the title the fragmentary character of the work, and left

¹ [*Anschauung eines lebendigen Werdens der Welt*: literally, "intuition of a living becoming of the world." — TRANSL.]

it to the right judgment of contemporaries and posterity to recognize all his remaining writings as additions or fragments of this work continued.

He began his great picture of the progress of the world with the representation of the physical world as a scene of progress and change. We cannot but acknowledge that he produced a highly-poetical effect thereby upon his age, and that he contributed no less towards the enriching of science, or at least the improvement of its methods. A great living picture of nature, which would have been intelligible and familiar even to the uninitiated, had hitherto been wanting among the Germans. The most comprehensive view of the whole, the evolution of beauty in the single parts, here unite to produce the most brilliant effect. While others have coldly constructed for us the whole frame of nature as a mechanical piece of wheel-work, he breathed into it an organic life, and awakened a warm feeling of love for its beauty in every breast. While others had counted off at their fingers' ends the single phenomena of nature, numbered and classified one after another, he caused them all to appear as members of one organism, and elevated each by placing it in its natural position. The stone did not appear wrapped in the cotton of the mineralogical cabinet, but in the living bosom of the earth, where it had grown; the plant was not seen withered in the herbarium, but fresh on the mead, by the hill-side, still growing from its moistened root, with the smell of earth upon it; the animal, not stuffed or in a cage, but in the freedom of the forest and the field, of the air and the water; the eye, not set in a ring, but beaming from a beautiful countenance; man,

not in the solitude of the study, but like Adam among the creatures of the first days of creation, like Cæsar among men, like Christ in heaven.

The moral world appeared to him elevated above nature, but only as the flower is elevated above its stalk, and is pervaded by the same life. The same principle of natural growth and evolution, but only at a higher stage, appeared to him to reign over this higher sphere of creation also, and he uttered the great thought — that the life of the individual man and the life of the whole human race are subjected to the same laws of evolution. He placed a reason of mankind by the side of the reason of the man; the former guided by an everlasting Providence in the life of nations; the latter imparted to man as a divine inheritance, and only an efflux of a supreme and universal reason. Both, acting upon each other, struggle to attain the highest goal of the improvement of the human race, and the embellishment of human life. To that end, all the powers of the human race put forth their blossoms. Guided by this lofty view, Herder searched the depths of the human soul, followed out all the bearings of private life, of manners, of education, of states, of religions, of sciences and arts; the history of institutions, of nations, and of the whole human race; and showed the same tendency, the one identical principle of life extending through them all. Every individual object was considered by him only as a member of the whole. His numerous fragmentary writings were always more occupied with pointing out the connection than the separation of the single phenomena of human life.

Among the writings in which he takes that which

is of universal interest to man, without regard to particular nations, for the subject of his consideration, next to the "Ideas," the "Metacriticism" is chiefly distinguished for philosophy, and "Calliope" for æsthetics. His works on the Bible, on politics, on education and manners, upon which his numerous essays and fragments are employed, are circumscribed within narrower circles of discussion. In the *Adrastea* he has felt himself impelled to devote a special attention to modern history, since he, too, is a child of the present age. All these works are distinguished both by the truth and clearness with which the subjects are brought at once before us, and particularly by the fact that they are never solitary efforts, never leave an unsatisfied feeling behind, but always refer to a great and harmonious view of the world, and make us see the whole in single parts, just as they, when united, form, at length, the whole.

Herder's sublime genius, however, did not limit itself to tracing out the development of the powers of the soul as they lie in individual men, to the complete formation of the flower to which these individuals may bring them. He rather discovered that a still higher development will be attained in the variety of natures, both of nations and of individuals. In this, he thought, consisted the highest and last form to which the course of human progress was subjected; and, therefore, the just appreciation of this was the crowning glory of his system. In nationality, Herder recognized the cradle of a still higher culture than could possibly be attained by men themselves; but the cradle of the highest culture was, he thought, the variety of human nature. As he placed the moral

world of mankind above nature, so he placed the civilized and polished nation above the rude, and the man of genius above the ordinary man. This highest view, however, stood in the most intimate connection with his entire system; and he unfolded the spirit of nations only for its important bearing upon the spirit of mankind and the world, and the spirit of great geniuses only with relation to all of them together.

To this last view we are indebted for his noblest works, and for the noblest part of all of them. With a warmth of feeling, such as is possible only in Germany, and which his example has made a conscious will and a law to the Germans, he penetrated the peculiar character, both of the Germans and of every foreign nation, and of their men of genius, and showed how the most fragrant flowers of all nobleness and beauty have blossomed among them. Out of all these flowers he wreaths a sacred garland for the genius of humanity, and deserves himself to be revered as its worthiest priest. Far from all the vanity of attributing special honor to the German nation, he secured to it, unconsciously, the greatest—for by his own great example he showed that the German spirit was capable of receiving the broadest and most comprehensive culture. As in various parts of his "Ideas" and other works, he has represented the spirit of nations under the forms it has assumed in their history and institutions, always with reference to their progress towards the noble and the beautiful, towards humanity, generally, it seemed, also, to his correct judgment, an object worthy of special regard, to conjure up this spirit in the poetry of nations. Hence he collected the "Voices of the Nations," one of his noblest works,

where he brought together the most beautiful and characteristic popular songs, from all quarters of the world, into a great song-book of mankind. The lofty spirit of this collection, and, again, the rich variety and marvellous beauty of the parts, did not fail of their effect. After this, a higher importance was attributed to poetry, by and for itself, and its relation to popular life; or rather it has been recognized in poetry and unfolded from it. Since then, an animated intercourse between living minds and the dead has been extended over the whole earth. We have explored all nations, all ages, and brought up the hidden treasures which Herder had marked with fire. From the far India, Persia, Arabia; from the Finnic and Slavonian north; from Scandinavia, Scotland, England; from Spain; even from the New World, the gold of poetry, under Herder's guidance, has been piled up in an ever-increasing hoard in German literature.

But we ought to have been content to furnish the eye with the works of foreign nations and other ages for enjoyment and instruction, without attempting to imitate them. We ought at least to have had taste enough to seek the beauty of every national poetry where it is distinguished from others; and then we should not have fallen into the ridiculous passion for imitation which degraded the German poet, not only to a soulless puppet, on which a foreign garment was hung, but even to a harlequin, who had to wear the colors of all nations together.

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